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THE ESSAY

HOW TO STUDY AND WRITE IT

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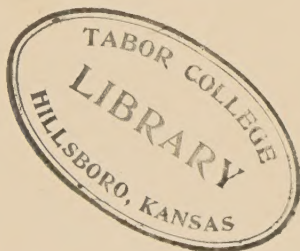
THE ESSAY

HOW TO STUDY AND WRITE IT

BY

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OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



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L. H. J.

TO MY MOTHER

P R E F A C E

Today more than ever the essay form appeals to writers because of the freedom it offers for discursive comment on men and affairs. Unlike the short story, which imposes the necessity of adopting the point of view of some one character of the plot and holding to it throughout the dramatic crisis chosen, the essay permits the author to give his personality free play. Instead of suppressing his own individuality, instead of submitting to the tyranny of the character he has created, he breathes the free air of self-expression. Little need he care whence the wind of inspiration comes and whither it goes so long as its freshening touch causes his garden to bloom. No wonder the essay is coming into favor among men of introspection, whose experience in life, far from blunting standards of appreciation for race culture and far from spoiling an innate sense of harmony, has intensified a desire to correlate every stray bit of information. Still more forcefully should the essay appeal to the beginner, who is just awakening to the fascination of life and feels an impulse to study afresh all that surrounds him in order to express its significance.

For all who would learn how to write and how to appreciate essays, this book is tendered as a guide. It is especially designed for essay courses and college freshman composition classes.

Here are to be found plenty of good essays by good writers. Yet, because experience has shown that essays often discourage a beginner unless the key to their genesis and growth is given, there have been added some pages of questions and comments designed to answer that often repeated question, "How can I understand, except some one shall guide me?" By aid of these suggestive questions the reader may reach inductively for himself the principles of composition and may apply his findings to his own writings.

The demand for a textbook that combines essays and principles of writing is well grounded. Both general readers and students, if novices, need a standard of judging what has been done in the field—a standard they know not how to acquire. They need a rich background of experience and knowledge and a many-sided environment on which to draw for material—all of which, if unaided, they may idly stand and wait for. They need to know how to utilize such sources of background as they do possess, a task that requires an insight not yet developed.

They need to know how to discern reactions to all that comes their way in life—a self-analytical observation they are perhaps not yet schooled in.

To make it easier to attain these requirements, the essays in this volume have been divided into three groups. The first group will be studied from the standpoint of personality in relation to environment, in order to show the student how successful writers utilize their resources. The second group will be studied from the standpoint of structural technique, in order to disclose the means found most effective in organizing ideas clearly and forcefully. The third group will be studied from the standpoint of art, in order to ascertain the craftsman's devices, practical and artistic, for the skilful presentation of thought.

Before each group of essays *guiding questions* have been placed; and, at the end of each group, *questions* for intensive study and *exercises* for practice, so that the student may apply to his own situation what he has learned.

Acknowledgment is gratefully made of the aid received from Mr. Harry Webb Farrington; Professor Helen Gray Cone and Professor Renata Remy, of Hunter College; Professor Carey C. D. Briggs, of the Riverdale Country School; Dr. John Calvin Metcalf, of the University of Virginia; Dr. William S. Dye, Jr., of the

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D. D. F.

INTRODUCTION

TO TEACHERS

What the function of a textbook of essays shall be in a composition course will depend on the personality and method of the teacher. Yet the following suggestions, resulting from sixteen years of college composition teaching, may be not without value.

The first, last, and most important principle in teaching composition is that composition is not a science but an art; it is not the acquisition of a body of information, but the expression of oneself. For the student the corollary is write, write, and again, write. For the teacher the corollary is inspire, open vistas into new ranges of self-expression, and continually inspire and open ranges.

To formulate this principle in educational terms is to point out and emphasize that the relation of a teacher to a composition class is that defined in the newest theories of education: the class, a self-governing body doing its own appropriate type of research work and formulating its own findings; the teacher, a guide and counselor, remaining in the background as much as possible.

Given such a principle and such a method, it follows that the function of any textbook is also to remain in the background until needed.

The criterion of this need will be the papers of the class. The students will write, doing the best they can when properly inspired and devoted to the course; blundering, discontented with the visible results of their efforts, but not knowing how to improve or how to revise. These papers the teacher must read, preferably within a day or two of their being written, and certainly within a week. Like a keen physician, the teacher must diagnose each paper to see its failings, note the diagnosis in a notebook or on cards of a card catalogue, and from examination of all the papers of the group formulate the most pressing needs. The findings of the teacher should then be presented to the class before the next paper is written. Specifically, this means that if there are three recitations a week, and the papers are handed in at the first recitation, the teacher should return them no later than the third recitation.

How the teacher presents his findings is all-important. Like a physician again, he should utilize all the power of psychology in order to win the confidence and coöperation of the group in striving toward a higher standard, and in believing in the possibility of its attainment.

The failings of the students will fall into two classes: first, specific and positive errors accumulated from the past, such as slips in grammar, punctuation, and spelling, in multitudinous variety; second, weak general treatment of the theme as a whole, through feeble grasp of subject matter or inadequate expression of it, resulting in long passages haltingly written, poorly constructed, or vaguely phrased. In the first case, the teacher faces the history of the student, such as gaps of instruction because of illness, inadequate drill, and like vicissitudes of student life. In the second case, what the teacher faces is untutored aspiration, immature thinking, narrow range of knowledge, and lack of standard of style—or, in fact, of standards of any sort.

In the first case, simple tests, consisting of mimeographed sheets, or passages from a handbook containing errors in the use of tenses, correlatives, adjectives, and adverbs, and so on, may be given to the student in the classroom; he may be asked to correct these in five minutes, without being allowed time for rereading or revision. The teacher may then give the correct forms. These tests should never be graded or even collected by the teacher. Their object is not to punish the student but to show him his deficiencies. Afterward, however, if the errors

corrected appear in carefully written themes, they should be marked severely. But this type of corrective work is very much the minor, though an exacting, part of composition teaching—the mere drill work to correct careless, left-over errors. The student and teacher should have no illusions on this point.

The real test of the teacher's ability, the real test of the student's progress lies not in the elimination of left-over grammar and high school errors, but in the advance to mature thinking, to logical presentation, to artistic treatment. Just here lies the function of this book—namely, to present to the student essays by authors who have successfully solved problems with which he himself is wrestling. To be sure, occasionally a fellow student's paper can do this. If so, by all means read this paper to the class and by skilful questioning lead the class inductively to see how the object has been attained. Then turn to this book of essays. Spend an hour or part of an hour on an essay. If the essay is too long to read aloud in class, assign it for home reading and leave class time free for discussion. After four or five minutes of *resumé* of the main points of the essay—often on the blackboard in a not too-detailed outline form—discuss the phase in question from the point of view of composition.

For example, suppose the class has conspicuously failed to convey its main points clearly and forcefully, as revealed by students' repeatedly failing to give instantly the two or three main points made in a short theme when read aloud by teacher or student. Then have the class turn to Eliot's essay, "The Function of Education in Democratic Society," note the clear-cut statement of the theme, "the main elements of instruction and discipline in a democratic school," and note the transitions to the two paragraphs on the two kinds of *instruction*, and then to the two on types of *discipline*. Assign for similar study and later report the essays of Pater, Bryce, or Palmer. In order that the students may see exactly how to obtain clarity and emphasis in formulating the theme and the main points in relation to each other, spend two or three periods in analyzing these essays and in having class themes outlined and written.

This raises the question: In what order shall the various phases of composition technique be discussed with a class? Perhaps it may be objected that the themes reveal ten points that should be touched on. "That way madness lies." Much better is it to discuss one phase at a time, though other important phases be overlooked temporarily. By planning from the beginning of the term to allow time for succes-

sive phases, an orderly procedure of presenting technique may be carried out. Let this planning be understood to refer not to correction, which goes on all the time, but to the steady progress of the group. Since the group is comparatively homogeneous in age, experience, and training, though each member may come from a different preparatory school, systematic progress is possible.

A good order in which to present principles of composition technique is to take up, first, matters of freedom of expression—in a word, to inspire a desire to write, to open a world of subjects, to show the student his own resources, to develop interest in presentation. Group A essays are arranged with this in view. A rapid-fire type of discussion, in which the writer's personality, reading, travels, study, and observation may be discussed, as suggested by the questions after Group A essays, will, under an inspiring teacher, reveal to the student his similar resources and encourage him to delve into himself. Next come problems of structure, for, once the student becomes convinced that he has something to say, he takes pride in saying it well. Problems of structure involve the organization of the whole: introduction, theme-sentence, body, conclusion, transitions, paragraph structure, and so on. Here Group B

essays are a guide with their suggestions for study. Lastly come elements of style in the narrower sense of the word—the sense of devices to further artistic presentation, dependent particularly upon sentence variety and diction, as suggested in Group C essays. How to blend all this together with reference reading and oral work into a harmonious, well-balanced course is the task of the teacher of composition. If a teacher allows himself to be guided by his students' themes and by the order of discussion in this book of essays, he cannot go far astray. At the end of the book are presented three lessons illustrating how to teach one phase of each of these three groups of problems.

Here it may not be amiss to point out that some of the questions and suggestions following each group of essays had best be left as meat for the more mature or gifted students who would like to make brief studies in literary criticism. Which suggestions will prove more fruitful for class discussion and which for assigned study the teacher can quickly discern from experience with the average student. The needs of both gifted and typical students are here met. The subject matter of the essays themselves also opens up interesting fields of comparison and contrast in some cases. For instance, the art of writing is touched on by Chesterton, Benson,

De Buffon, Thoreau, and Emerson. Again, Stevenson's essay on "Walking Tours" was suggested by Hazlitt's essay "On Going a Journey," and presents interesting contrasts. Similarly, Eliot, Newman, and Pierce touch on educational matters, and Bryce, Frank, and Pierce on civic duty.

In conclusion, to revert to what was said at the beginning, one must remember from first to last and all the time that to secure self-expression by the students is the aim of a composition course. The student must write and the teacher must inspire.

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PART ONE

GROUP A ESSAYS

PERSONALITY AND ENVIRONMENT

PART ONE

GROUP A ESSAYS: PERSONALITY AND ENVIRONMENT

DIRECTIONS FOR READING AND GUIDING QUESTIONS

Directions for Reading

1. Read one author at a time.
2. Read the entire group of essays of an author at one sitting for the pleasure of reading.
3. Before the second reading, glance through the guiding questions to see what points are to be noted.
4. At the second reading, read one essay at a time and write full comments on each of the guiding questions below.
5. After finishing the reading and study of one author, proceed to the other authors, following the same routine.
6. Be sure to finish the reading and study of one author before proceeding to a second.

Guiding Questions

1. List the qualities of personality each author reveals in the particular set of essays chosen; as, for instance, humorous,

- genial, frigid, dogmatic, morbid, optimistic, conservative, a lover of nature.
2. Give the sources of the illustrative material of each writer, instance by instance; as travel, books, nature.
 3. What is the central thought of each essay? Does it center about an experience, an object, or a problem as a starting point or genesis? If so, is the significance of the concrete starting point made clear?
 4. Exactly how is the title related to the essay? Is there any juxtaposition of words from unlike realms? If so, what effect is produced?
 5. Diction and phrasing: List the ten most striking examples in each essay. What obviously suggested the phrasing in each case? Is contrast used? Group the data. *Example*—"sauced with sprightly discourse," suggested by food.

THE LEFT-OVER EXPRESSION
OF COUNTENANCE¹

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

There are certain humorous sidewalk observations that are open to one as a kind of compensation for having to elbow and jostle along the public ways. One of these is the trick people have of looking at you with the left-over remainders of the expression of face just bestowed on the companion with whom they are walking and talking. A pair of persons engaged in lively argument are approaching you. One of them is laying down the law with great vigor of facial and muscular gesture. At the moment of brushing by he glances at you, with the ferocious scowl of his fervid eloquence still puckering his features. You would think he was your bitterest foe. Of course it would be opposed to the great law of economy of force to have relaxed and then puckered up again just for the momentary meeting of another face. Perhaps his apparatus of facial expression is not agile enough to have accomplished the maneuver if he had tried.

Shortly after, you encounter Saccharissima and Dulcissima, chatting and laughing together as they come. They are entire strangers to you, but as you pass you receive a most captivating smile,—from both of them this time, as it happens, for both are talking at once. It produces an effect like those momentary streaks of warm air through which one suddenly walks on an autumn day.

Sometimes you get a mixed expression, with much the effect of a stream of warm and cold water poured on

¹From *The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill*. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company.

the head at the same time. The eyes, which are the more mobile portion of the expressional apparatus, will nimbly alter their look, at the instant of meeting you, to that freezing glance appropriate to the encounter of an un-introduced fellow creature. The mouth, meanwhile, with its attendant cheek-curves, continues the companionable smile, thus bridging over the interruption and allowing the conversation to go on with its atmosphere unchanged.

Occasionally it happens, however, that the mixture was already in the original expression. We all know that blood-curdling look which passes between eminently civil people, wherein the eyes remain distant and stony, while the unfortunate mouth (which—for its sins, perhaps—always has to do the hypocrisy for the whole countenance) is forced to maintain an expansive mechanical smile. Thus I meet, of a morning, two middle-aged ladies engaged in polite exchange of views upon the weather. Rival boarding-house keepers, possibly. The effect now is quite complex. They are already wearing, for each other, the mixed expression referred to, and in glancing at you each infuses an additional drop of vitriol into the ocular and adjustable part of her look. This momentary contact with expressions that were intended for other people is singularly noticeable on the road in meeting open carriages. Sometimes on a crisp afternoon, when everybody is out and all are animated, it is like encountering an intermittent running fire of faces: some real rifle shots (such as Emerson described), and with explosive bullets at that; others, the mere sugar-plum artillery of the carnival—and none of them intended for you particularly. It is merely that you happen to intervene in the line of fire. An

effect of this sort is when two crowded open horsecars meet and pass. Here you have, not single shots, but the simultaneous discharge of a whole battery of divers facial howitzers.

Perhaps the oddest case of this persistence of previous expressions is where you have stopped a moment to speak with a lady on a village sidewalk. You are only slightly acquainted, and neither your mutual relation nor the business in hand calls for anything but a very indifferent and matter-of-fact cast of countenance. But suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, this daughter of Eve is aware of a favorite young gentleman bowing and smiling from a rapidly passing carriage. Without moving her head—there is not time for that—but only her eyes, she flashes on her vanishing friend a bewitchingly intimate smile. Then she instantly looks back to you and finishes the business sentence, with the remains of this charming but now queerly incongruous glance fading out of her face in a most interesting manner. It is like watching the last tint of sunset vanishing from a mountain peak or a pretty little wave ebbing back on the beach, or the closing of a flower at night, or the putting up of the shutters on the village apothecary shop at bedtime.

I remember an appalling instance of such a phenomenon that occurred to me when a child. Even at this late day, whenever I vividly recall the scene, it gives me a chill. It was in a Virgil class, and I was a poor little palpitating new scholar. While I was anxiously construing the opening lines of the Dido-in-the-storm episode, the beetle-browed master turned slyly to a privileged older pupil with some *sotto voce* schoolmaster's joke. As I glanced up, having partly heard the words without catching the point, he was just turning back

to me, with a most genial and winning smile sweetening his usually acid features. Innocently, and no doubt with some timidly responsive look on my face, I said, "What?" But on the instant of speaking I divined that, alas! the grin was not meant for me. It was a case of left-over remainder. As it ceased to "coldly furnish forth" his rapidly congealing countenance, he bade me in a stern voice to "go on." It was much as if he had cried, "What right have *you* to be smiling at me, you miserable little sinner?"

But I have known over-sensitive persons of larger growth to have their disagreeable moments with these "remainder biscuits" of expression. For example, I have an unhappy friend who has all his life been intermittently ridden with the idea that he is in some way ridiculous. I can never find him really happy and at his ease except in his library or his garden. The books and the chickens, he says, do not laugh at him. Whether it be the effect on his nerves of tea drinking, or of living too much alone, or of having been brought up by homespun people, to whom his artistic tastes really did appear ridiculous, and who took no pains to conceal the fact—whatever the cause, there is nothing of which he has such terror as the "laughter of fools" directed against himself. Lately I set myself seriously to combat this fancy. I said, "Let us go out together on the street, or into company, and see if you can show me any reliable instances of people's laughing at you."

The first persons we happened to encounter, after leaving the house, were two sauntering schoolgirls, satchels on arm, maxillaries active, and one was telling the other with infinite secrecy—as if the very lamp-posts were sure to be listening—some wonderful experience,

such as only schoolgirls have. As my friend and I approached them, it appeared that the climax of the narrative had just been reached. Glancing up at us unconsciously, as we met, they continued to giggle and passed on. "There! you see!" said my friend. And I had much ado to convince him that it was only a case of left-over expression.

THE CLANG-TINT OF WORDS

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

It is interesting to notice what a difference there is in words as to their atmosphere. Two terms that the dictionaries give as being nearly or quite synonymous may have widely different values for literary use. Each has its own enveloping suggestiveness—"airs from Heaven," or emanations from elsewhere. Of two words denoting the same object or action, one may come drawing with it "a light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud;" the other bringing a disagreeable smudge. Accordingly, in the literary art, it is not enough to use language with an exact sense of definitions; one must add to this logical precision a nice instinct for atmospheric effect. Just as a tone of a particular pitch is one thing on a flute, and another on a horn, each having its own *timbre*, so a term having a precise meaning is one thing if it has dropped caroling out of Grecian skies, and from the delicate hands of Keats and Shelley, but quite another thing if it has come clattering and rumbling up out of clodhoppers' horse-talk. Moreover, just as the difference between tones on various instruments is due to their

¹From *The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill*. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, the Houghton Muffin Company.

diverse groups of harmonic over-tones, one superposed on another, so the individual atmosphere of any word comes from its having its own composite set of associations, some faint and vague, some strong and definite, that have through all its history been clustering upon it.

Now, this timbre or clang-tint of words cannot be learned from any dictionary. It must be caught, little by little, from a kind of household familiarity with the choicest writers. *Euphuists*, we may call these best writers of every age; for that much-misunderstood movement of old times, known and ridiculed as *euphuism*, was in reality only a product of this instinct of refinement in the choice of terms. In that passage from Wordsworth's "Brougham Castle"—a warm bit of color that stands out from a cold poem like a flash of red sunset on bare trees in the snow,—

Armor rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;
"Quell the Scot!" exclaims the Lance;
"Bear me to the heart of France!"
Is the longing of the Shield,

what could have been substituted for "quell"? "Crush," "beat," "kill," "smash,"—either one would have been out of the question. Or what could have been used instead of "bear"? "Bring," "take," "fetch," "lug,"—each is impossible. "Quell" and "bear," by the way, are not terms of everyday use in common speech; yet this is the poet who is popularly supposed, by those who have read about him more than they have read him, to have abjured all merely literary language. The truth is, his distinction is rather that of having passed honest coin instead of counters. He used language not for the sound

of it, but for the sense of it. The verse-carpenters had been in the habit of patching up their products with unfelt and unmeant "poetic words"; their work was called "poetry" because it was not prose. But Wordsworth never used a word, whether big or little, Latin or Saxon, except to carry an idea; and he picked them not only according to their exact sense, but according to their exact clang-tint as well.

No doubt one of the most charming among the atmospheric qualities of words is that inevitable suggestion of sincerity in their use which clings about the homely diction of everyday intercourse. Not only Wordsworth, but all of the good modern poets, sing for the most part in the same language in which they would talk; and, for that matter, did not Chaucer, and did not Shakespeare? The best literature and the best conversation contrive to get on with but one vocabulary. It is only the dreary scribblers that persist in prodding our inattentive brains with startling forms of speech. It is already merry times in literature when we are not any longer afraid of our mother tongue. We instinctively sheer off from any writer who uses what Rogers ("the poet Rogers") called "album words." Certain type-metal terms have come to serve as earmarks of insincerity and of the mere ambition to write something—terms that are never used in honest speech, and the employment of which in conversation would make a man feel absurd. When we find the ideas common and the words uncommon we have learned that we may as well put down the volume, or turn the leaf of the magazine. The newspapers have some words of this sort, dear to them, but the *bêtes noires* of all lovers of straightforward English; such are "peruse" and "replete."

One gets a vivid sense of the different atmosphere about words substantially synonymous in trying to make substitutions in a proof sheet. For example, the lynx-eyed proof reader has some day conveyed to you, by means of the delicately unobtrusive intimation of a blue-pencil line, the fact that you have repeated a word three times in the space of a short paragraph. You have to find a substitute. It is easy to think of half a dozen terms that stand for very nearly the same idea, but it is in the incongruous implications of them all that the difficulty lies. You consult your book of synonyms, and find there nearly all you have already thought of, but never any others. There is, however, one further resource. You have had from boyhood the *Thesaurus of English Words*. Hundreds of times, during all these years, you have referred to its wonderful wealth of kindred terms. You seem dimly to remember that on one occasion in the remote past you did find in it a missing word you wanted. It shall have one more chance to distinguish itself. Perhaps the sentence to be amended reads thus: "As he tore open the telegram, a smile of bitter mockery flickered across his haggard features, and he staggered behind the slender column." Suppose, now, it is the word "mockery" for which you seek a substitute. The *Thesaurus* suggests, a smile of bitter *bathos*, bitter *buffoonery*, bitter *slip-of-the-tongue*, bitter *scurrility*. Or suppose it is "staggered" that is to be eliminated. You find as alluring alternatives, he *fluctuated*, he *curveted*, he *librated*, he *dangled*. If each one of these would seem to impart a certain flavor that is hardly required for your present purpose, you may write, he *pranced*, he *flapped*, he *churned*, he *effervesced*, behind the slender column. Or should the word to be removed be "haggard," you

have your choice between his *squalid* features, his *maculated* features, his *besmeared* features, his *rickety* features. Or, finally, if you are in search of something to fill the place of "column," your incomparable handbook allows you to choose freely between the slender *tallness*, the slender *may-pole*, the slender *hummock*, *promontory*, *top-gallant-mast*, *procerity*, *monticle*, or *garret*. The object of this work, says the title-page, is "to facilitate the expression of ideas, and assist in literary composition."

PREFACE TO TREMENDOUS TRIFLES¹

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

These fleeting sketches are all republished by kind permission of the editor of the *Daily News*, in which paper they appeared. They amount to no more than a sort of sporadic diary—a diary recording one day in twenty which happened to stick in the fancy—the only kind of diary the author has ever been able to keep. Even that diary he could only keep by keeping it in public, for bread and cheese. But trivial as are the topics they are not utterly without a connecting thread of motive. As the reader's eye strays, with hearty relief, from these pages, it probably alights on something, a bedpost or a lamp-post, a window blind or a wall. It is a thousand to one that the reader is looking at something that he has never seen: that is, never realized. He could not write an essay on such a post or wall: he does not know what the post or wall means. He could not even write the synopsis of an essay; as "The Bedpost;

¹From *Tremendous Trifles*, Dodd, Mead and Co., New York. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

Its Significance—Security Essential to Idea of Sleep—Night Felt as Infinite—Need of Monumental Architecture,” and so on. He could not sketch in outline his theoretic attitude toward window blinds, even in the form of a summary. “The Window Blind—Its Analogy to the Curtain and Veil—Is Modesty Natural?—Worship of and Avoidance of the Sun, etc., etc.” None of us think enough of these things on which the eye rests. But don’t let us let the eye rest. Why should the eye be so lazy? Let us exercise the eye until it learns to see the startling facts that run across the landscape as plain as a painted fence. Let us be ocular athletes. Let us learn to write essays on a stray cat or a colored cloud. I have attempted some such thing in what follows; but anyone else may do it better, if anyone else will only try.

ON LYING IN BED¹

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

Lying in bed would be an altogether perfect and supreme experience if only one had a colored pencil long enough to draw on the ceiling. This, however, is not generally a part of the domestic apparatus on the premises. I think myself that the thing might be managed with several pails of Aspinall and a broom. Only if one worked in a really sweeping and masterly way, and laid on the color in great washes, it might drip down again on one’s face in floods of rich and mingled color like some strange fairy rain; and that would have

¹From *Tremendous Trifles*, Dodd, Mead and Co., New York. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

its disadvantages. I am afraid it would be necessary to stick to black and white in this form of artistic composition. To that purpose, indeed, the white ceiling would be of the greatest possible use; in fact it is the only use I think of a white ceiling being put to.

But for the beautiful experiment of lying in bed I might never have discovered it. For years I have been looking for some blank spaces in a modern house to draw on. Paper is much too small for any really allegorical design; as Cyrano de Bergerac says: "*Il me faut des geants.*" But when I tried to find these fine clear spaces in the modern rooms such as we all live in I was continually disappointed. I found an endless pattern and complication of small objects hung like a curtain of fine links between me and my desire. I examined the walls; I found them to my surprise to be already covered with wall paper, and I found the wall paper to be already covered with very uninteresting images, all bearing a ridiculous resemblance to each other. I could not understand why one arbitrary symbol (a symbol apparently entirely devoid of any religious or philosophical significance) should thus be sprinkled all over my nice walls like a sort of smallpox. The Bible must be referring to wall papers, I think, when it says, "Use not vain repetitions, as the Gentiles do." I found the Turkey carpet a mass of unmeaning colors, rather like the Turkish Empire, or like the sweetmeat called Turkish Delight. I do not exactly know what Turkish Delight really is; but I suppose it is Macedonian Massacres. Everywhere that I went forlornly, with my pencil or my paint brush, I found that others had unaccountably been before me, spoiling the walls, the curtains, and the furniture with their childish and barbaric designs.

Nowhere did I find a really clear place for sketching until this occasion when I prolonged beyond the proper limit the process of lying on my back in bed. Then the light of that white heaven broke upon my vision, that breadth of mere white which is indeed almost the definition of Paradise, since it means purity and also means freedom. But alas! like all heavens, now that it is seen it is found to be unattainable; it looks more austere and more distant than the blue sky outside the window. For my proposal to paint on it with the bristly end of a broom has been discouraged—never mind by whom; by a person debarred from all political rights—and even my minor proposal to put the other end of the broom into the kitchen fire and turn it into charcoal has not been conceded. Yet I am certain that it was from persons in my position that all the original inspiration came for covering the ceilings of palaces and cathedrals with a riot of fallen angels or victorious gods. I am sure that it was only because Michael Angelo was engaged in the ancient and honorable occupation of lying in bed that he ever realized how the roof of the Sistine Chapel might be made into an awful imitation of a divine drama that could only be acted in the heavens.

The tone now commonly taken towards the practice of lying in bed is hypocritical and unhealthy. Of all the marks of modernity that seem to mean a kind of decadence, there is none more menacing and dangerous than the exaltation of very small and secondary matters of conduct at the expense of very great and primary ones, at the expense of eternal public and tragic human morality. If there is one thing worse than the modern weakening of major morals, it is the modern strengthening of minor morals. Thus it is considered more withering

to accuse a man of bad taste than of bad ethics. Cleanliness is not next to godliness nowadays, for cleanliness is made an essential and godliness is regarded as an offence. A playwright can attack the institution of marriage so long as he does not misrepresent the manners of society, and I have met Ibsenite pessimists who thought it wrong to take beer but right to take prussic acid. Especially this is so in matters of hygiene; notably such matters as lying in bed. Instead of being regarded, as it ought to be, as a matter of personal convenience and adjustment, it has come to be regarded by many as if it were a part of essential morals to get up early in the morning. It is, upon the whole, part of practical wisdom; but there is nothing good about it or bad about its opposite.

Misers get up early in the morning, and burglars, I am informed, get up the night before. It is the great peril of our society that all its mechanism may grow more fixed while its spirit grows more fickle. A man's minor actions and arrangements ought to be free, flexible, creative; the things that should be unchangeable are his principles, his ideals. But with us the reverse is true; our views change constantly; but our lunch does not change. Now, I should like men to have strong and rooted conceptions, but, as for their lunch, let them have it sometimes in the garden, sometimes in bed, sometimes on the roof, sometimes in the top of a tree. Let them argue from the same first principles, but let them do it in a bed, or a boat, or a balloon. This alarming growth of good habits really means a too great emphasis on those virtues which mere custom can misuse, it means too little emphasis on those virtues which custom can never quite ensure, sudden and splendid virtues of

inspired pity or of inspired candor. If ever that abrupt appeal is made to us we may fail. A man can get used to getting up at five o'clock in the morning. A man cannot very well get used to being burnt for his opinions; the first experiment is commonly fatal. Let us pay a little more attention to these possibilities of the heroic and the unexpected. I daresay that when I get out of this bed I shall do some deed of an almost terrible virtue.

For those who study the great art of lying in bed there is one emphatic caution to be added. Even for those who can do their work in bed (like journalists), still more for those whose work cannot be done in bed (as, for example, the professional harpooner of whales), it is obvious that the indulgence must be very occasional. But that is not the caution I mean. The caution is this: if you do lie in bed, be sure you do it without any reason or justification at all. I do not speak, of course, of the seriously sick. But if a healthy man lies in bed, let him do it without a rag of excuse; then he will get up a healthy man. If he does it for some secondary hygienic reason, if he has some scientific explanation, he may get up a hypochondriac.

A PIECE OF CHALK¹

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

I remember one splendid morning, all blue and silver, in the summer holidays, when I reluctantly tore myself away from the task of doing nothing in particular, and put on a hat of some sort and picked up a walking stick, and put six very bright-colored chalks in my pocket. I then went into the kitchen (which, along with the rest of the house, belonged to a very square and sensible old woman in a Sussex village) and asked the owner and occupant of the kitchen if she had any brown paper. She had a great deal; in fact, she had too much; and she mistook the purpose and the rationale of the existence of brown paper. She seemed to have an idea that if a person wanted brown paper he must be wanting to tie up parcels; which was the last thing I wanted to do; indeed, it is a thing which I have found to be beyond my mental capacity. Hence she dwelt very much on the varying qualities of toughness and endurance in the material. I explained to her that I only wanted to draw pictures on it, and that I did not want them to endure in the least; and that from my point of view, therefore, it was a question, not of tough consistency, but of responsive surface, a thing comparatively irrelevant in a parcel. When she understood that I wanted to draw, she offered to overwhelm me with note paper, apparently supposing that I did my notes and correspondence on old brown paper wrappers from motives of economy.

I then tried to explain the rather delicate logical shade, that I not only liked brown paper, but liked the quality

¹From *Tremendous Trifles*, Dodd, Mead and Co., New York. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

of brownness in paper, just as I liked the quality of brownness in October woods, or in the peat streams of the North. Brown paper represents the primal twilight of the first toil of creation, and with a bright-colored chalk or two you can pick out points of fire in it, sparks of gold, and blood-red, and sea-green, like the first fierce stars that sprang out of divine darkness. All this I said (in an offhand way) to the old woman; and I put the brown paper in my pocket along with the chalks, and possibly other things. I suppose everyone must have reflected how primeval and how poetical are the things that one carries in one's pocket: the pocketknife, for instance, the type of all human tools, the infant of the sword. Once I planned to write a book of poems entirely about the things in my pockets. But I found it would be too long; and the age of the great epics is past.

With my stick and my knife, my chalks and my brown paper, I went out on the great downs. I crawled across those colossal contours that express the best quality of England, because they are at the same time soft and strong. The smoothness of them has the same meaning as the smoothness of great cart horses, or the smoothness of the beech tree; it declares in the teeth of our timid and cruel theories that the mighty are merciful. As my eye swept the landscape, the landscape was as kindly as any of its cottages, but for power it was like an earthquake. The villages in the immense valley were safe, one could see, for centuries; yet the lifting of the whole land was like the lifting of one enormous wave to wash them all away.

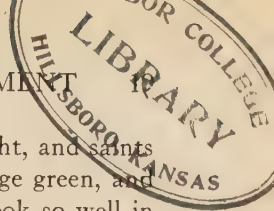
I crossed one swell of living turf after another, looking for a place to sit down and draw. Do not, for heaven's sake, imagine I was going to sketch from nature. I was going to draw devils and seraphim, and blind old gods

PERSONALITY AND ENVIRONMENT

that men worshiped before the dawn of right, and saints in robes of angry crimson, and seas of strange green, and all the sacred or monstrous symbols that look so well in bright colors on brown paper. They are much better worth drawing than nature; also they are much easier to draw. When a cow came slouching by in the field next to me, a mere artist might have drawn it; but I always get wrong in the hind legs of quadrupeds. So I drew the soul of the cow; which I saw there plainly walking before me in the sunlight; and the soul was all purple and silver, and had seven horns and the mystery that belongs to all the beasts. But though I could not with a crayon get the best out of the landscape, it does not follow that the landscape was not getting the best out of me. And this, I think, is the mistake that people make about the old poets who lived before Wordsworth, and were supposed not to care very much about nature because they did not describe it much.

They preferred writing about great men to writing about great hills; but they sat on the great hills to write it. They gave out much less about nature, but they drank in, perhaps, much more. They painted the white robes of their holy virgins with the blinding snow, at which they had stared all day. They blazoned the shields of their paladins with the purple and gold of many heraldic sunsets. The greenness of a thousand green leaves clustered into the live green figure of Robin Hood. The blueness of a score of forgotten skies became the blue robes of the Virgin. The inspiration went in like sunbeams and came out like Apollo.

But as I sat scrawling these silly figures on the brown paper, it began to dawn on me, to my great disgust, that I had left one chalk, and that a most exquisite and essen-



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tial chalk, behind. I searched all my pockets, but I could not find any white chalk. Now, those who are acquainted with all the philosophy (nay, religion) which is typified in the art of drawing on brown paper, know that white is positive and essential. I cannot avoid remarking here upon a moral significance. One of the wise and awful truths which this brown-paper art reveals is this, that white is a color. It is not a mere absence of color; it is a shining and affirmative thing, as fierce as red, as definite as black. When, so to speak, your pencil grows red-hot, it draws roses; when it grows white-hot, it draws stars. And one of the two or three defiant verities of the best religious morality, of real Christianity, for example, is exactly this same thing; the chief assertion of religious morality is that white is a color. Virtue is not the absence of vices or the avoidance of moral dangers; virtue is a vivid and separate thing, like pain or a particular smell. Mercy does not mean not being cruel or sparing people revenge or punishment; it means a plain and positive thing like the sun, which one has either seen or not seen.

Chastity does not mean abstention from sexual wrong; it means something flaming, like Joan of Arc. In a word, God paints in many colors; but He never paints so gorgeously, I had almost said so gaudily, as when He paints in white. In a sense our age has realized this fact, and expressed it in our sullen costume. For if it were really true that white was a blank and colorless thing, negative and non-committal, then white would be used instead of black and gray for the funeral dress of this pessimistic period. We should see city gentlemen in frock coats of spotless silver linen, with top hats as white as wonderful arum lilies. Which is not the case.

Meanwhile, I could not find any chalk.

I sat on the hill in a sort of despair. There was no town nearer than Chichester at which it was even remotely probable that there would be such a thing as an artist's colorman. And yet, without white, my absurd little pictures would be as pointless as the world would be if there were no good people in it. I stared stupidly round, racking my brain for expedients. Then I suddenly stood up and roared with laughter, again and again, so that the cows stared at me and called a committee. Imagine a man in the Sahara regretting that he had no sand for his hourglass. Imagine a gentleman in mid-ocean wishing that he had brought some salt water with him for his chemical experiments. I was sitting on an immense warehouse of white chalk. The landscape was made entirely out of white chalk. White chalk was piled more miles until it met the sky. I stooped and broke a piece off the rock I sat on: it did not mark so well as the shop chalks do; but it gave the effect. And I stood there in a trance of pleasure, realizing that this southern England is not only a grand peninsula, and a tradition and a civilization; it is something even more admirable. It is a piece of chalk.

THE TWELVE MEN¹

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

The other day, while I was meditating on morality and Mr. H. Pitt, I was, so to speak, snatched up and put into a jury box to try people. The snatching took some weeks, but to me it seemed something sudden and arbitrary. I was put into this box because I lived in Battersea, and my name began with a C. Looking round me, I saw that there were also summoned and in attendance in the court whole crowds and processions of men, all of whom lived in Battersea, and all of whose names began with a C.

It seems that they always summon jurymen in this sweeping alphabetical way. At one official blow, so to speak, Battersea is denuded of all its C's, and left to get on as best it can with the rest of the alphabet. A Cumberpatch is missing from one street—a Chizzolpop from another—three Chucksterfields from Chucksterfield House; the children are crying out for an absent Cadger-boy; the woman at the street corner is weeping for her Coffintop, and will not be comforted. We settle down with a rollicking ease into our seats (for we are a bold, devil-may-care race, the C's of Battersea), and an oath is administered to us in a totally inaudible manner by an individual resembling an army surgeon in his second childhood. We understand, however, that we are to well and truly try the case between our sovereign lord, the king, and the prisoner at the bar, neither of whom has put in an appearance as yet.

¹From *Tremendous Trifles*, Dodd, Mead and Co., New York. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

Just when I was wondering whether the king and the prisoner were, perhaps, coming to an amicable understanding in some adjoining public house, the prisoner's head appears above the barrier of the dock; he is accused of stealing bicycles, and he is the living image of a great friend of mine. We go into the matter of the stealing of the bicycles. We do well and truly try the case between the king and the prisoner in the affair of the bicycles. And we come to the conclusion, after a brief but reasonable discussion, that the king is not in any way implicated. Then we pass on to a woman who neglected her children, and who looks as if somebody or something had neglected her. And I am one of those who fancy that something had.

All the time that the eye took in these light appearances and the brain passed these light criticisms, there was in the heart a barbaric pity and fear which men have never been able to utter from the beginning, but which is the power behind half the poems of the world. The mood cannot even inadequately be suggested, except faintly by this statement that tragedy is the highest expression of the infinite value of human life. Never had I stood so close to pain; and never so far away from pessimism. Ordinarily, I should not have spoken of these dark emotions at all, for speech about them is too difficult; but I mention them now for a specific and particular reason to the statement of which I will proceed at once. I speak of these feelings because out of the furnace of them there came a curious realization of a political or social truth. I saw with a queer and indescribable kind of clearness what a jury really is, and why we must never let it go.

The trend of our epoch up to this time has been consistently towards socialism and professionalism. We

tend to have trained soldiers because they fight better, trained singers because they sing better, trained dancers because they dance better, specially instructed laughers because they laugh better, and so on and so on. The principle has been applied to law and politics by innumerable modern writers. Many Fabians have insisted that a greater part of our political work should be performed by experts. Many legalists have declared that the untrained jury should be altogether supplanted by the trained judge.

* * * * *

Now, if this world of ours were really what is called reasonable, I do not know that there would be any fault to find with this. But the true result of all experience and the true foundation of all religion is this: that the four or five things that it is most practically essential that a man should know are all of them what people call paradoxes. That is to say, that though we all find them in life to be mere plain truths, yet we cannot easily state them in words without being guilty of seeming verbal contradictions. One of them, for instance, is the unimpeachable platitude that the man who finds most pleasure for himself is often the man who least hunts for it. Another is a paradox of courage; the fact that the way to avoid death is not to have too much aversion to it. Whoever is careless enough of his bones to climb some hopeless cliff above the tide may save his bones by that carelessness. Whoever will lose his life, the same shall save it; an entirely practical and prosaic statement.

Now, one of these four or five paradoxes which should be taught to every infant prattling at his mother's knee is the following: That the more a man looks at a thing,

the less he can see it, and the more a man learns a thing, the less he knows it. The Fabian argument of the expert, that the man who is trained should be the man who is trusted, would be absolutely unanswerable if it were really true that a man who studied a thing and practiced it every day went on seeing more and more of its significance. But he does not. He goes on seeing less and less of its significance. In the same way, alas! we all go on every day, unless we are continually goading ourselves into gratitude and humility, seeing less and less of the significance of the sky or the stones.

Now, it is a terrible business to mark a man out for the vengeance of men. But it is a thing to which a man can grow accustomed, as he can to other terrible things; he can even grow accustomed to the sun. And the horrible thing about all legal officials, even the best, about all judges, magistrates, barristers, detectives, and policemen, is not that they are wicked (some of them are good), not that they are stupid (several of them are quite intelligent), it is simply that they have got used to it.

Strictly they do not see the prisoner in the dock; all they see is the usual man in the usual place. They do not see the awful court of judgment; they only see their own workshop. Therefore, the instinct of Christian civilization has most wisely declared that into their judgments there shall upon every occasion be infused fresh blood and fresh thoughts from the streets. Men shall come in who can see the court and the crowd, and coarse faces of the policemen and the professional criminals, the wasted faces of the wastrels, the unreal faces of the gesticulating counsel, and see it all as one sees a new picture or a ballet hitherto unvisited.

Our civilization has decided, and very justly decided, that determining the guilt or innocence of men is a thing too important to be trusted to trained men. It wishes for light upon that awful matter, it asks men who know no more law than I know, but who can feel the things that I felt in the jury box. When it wants a library catalogued, or the solar system discovered, or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its specialists. But when it wishes anything done which is really serious, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing round. The same thing was done, if I remember right, by the Founder of Christianity.

A PLEA FOR GAS LAMPS¹

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Cities given, the problem was to light them. How to conduct individual citizens about the burgess-warren, when once heaven had withdrawn its leading luminary? or—since we live in a scientific age—when once our spinning planet has turned its back upon the sun? The moon, from time to time, was doubtless very helpful; the stars had a cheery look among the chimney pots; and a cresset here and there, on church or citadel, produced a fine pictorial effect, and, in places where the ground lay unevenly, held out the right hand of conduct to the benighted. But sun, moon, and stars abstracted or concealed, the night-faring inhabitant had to fall back—we speak on the authority of old prints—upon stable lanthorns, two stories in height. Many holes, drilled in the conical turret roof of this vagabond Pharos, let up

¹From *Virginibus Puerisque*.

spouts of dazzlement into the bearer's eyes; and as he paced forth in the ghostly darkness, carrying his own sun by a ring about his finger, day and night swung to and fro and up and down about his footsteps. Blackness haunted his path; he was beleaguered by goblins as he went; and, curfew being struck, he found no light but that he traveled in throughout the township.

Closely following on this epoch of migratory lanthorns in a world of extinction, came the era of oil lights, hard to kindle, easy to extinguish, pale and wavering in the hour of their endurance. Rudely puffed the winds of heaven; roguishly clomb up the all-destructive urchin; and, lo! in a moment night reëstablished her void empire, and the city groped along the wall, suppered but bedless, occult from guidance, and sorrily wading in the kennels. As if gamesome winds and gamesome youths were not sufficient, it was the habit to sling these feeble luminaries from house to house above the fairway. There, on invisible cordage, let them swing! And suppose some crane-necked general to go speeding by on a tall charger, spurring the destiny of nations, red-hot in expedition, there would indubitably be some effusion of military blood, and oaths, and a certain crash of glass; and while the chieftain rode forward with a purple coxcomb, the street would be left to original darkness, unpiloted, unvoyageable, a province of the desert night.

The conservative, looking before and after, draws from each contemplation the matter for content. Out of the age of gas lamps he glances back slightly at the mirk and glimmer in which his ancestors wandered; his heart waxes jocund at the contrast; nor do his lips refrain from a stave, in the highest style of poetry, lauding progress and the golden mean. When gas first spread along a

city, mapping it forth about evenfall for the eye of observant birds, a new age had begun for sociality and corporate pleasure-seeking, and begun with proper circumstance, becoming its own birthright. The work of Prometheus had advanced by another stride. Mankind and its supper parties were no longer at the mercy of a few miles of sea fog; sundown no longer emptied the promenade; and the day was lengthened out to every man's fancy. The city folk had stars of their own; biddable, domesticated stars.

It is true that these were not so steady, nor yet so clear, as their originals; nor indeed was their luster so elegant as that of the best wax candles. But then the gas stars, being nearer at hand, were more practically efficacious than Jupiter himself. It is true, again, that they did not unfold their rays with the appropriate spontaneity of the planets, coming out along the firmament one after another, as the need arises. But the lamplighters took to their heels every evening, and ran with a good heart. It was pretty to see man thus emulating the punctuality of heaven's orbs; and though perfection was not absolutely reached, and now and then an individual may have been knocked on the head by the ladder of the flying functionary, yet people commended his zeal in a proverb and taught their children to say, "God bless the lamplighter!" And since his passage was a piece of the day's program, the children were well pleased to repeat the benediction, not, of course, in so many words, which would have been improper, but in some chaste circumlocution, suitable for infant lips.

God bless him, indeed! For the term of his twilight diligence is near at hand; and for not much longer shall we watch him speeding up the street and, at measured

intervals, knocking another luminous hole into the dusk. The Greeks would have made a noble myth of such an one; how he distributed starlight, and, as soon as the need was over, re-collected it; and the little bull's-eye, which was his instrument and held enough fire to kindle a whole parish, would have been fitly commemorated in the legend. Now, like all heroic tasks, his labors draw towards apotheosis, and in the light of victory himself shall disappear. For another advance has been effected. Our tame stars are to come out in future, not one by one, but all in a body and at once. A sedate electrician somewhere in a back office touches a spring—and behold! from one end to another of the city, from east to west, from the Alexandra to the Crystal Palace, there is light! *Fiat lux*, says the sedate electrician. What a spectacle, on some clear, dark nightfall, from the edge of Hampstead Hill, when in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the design of the monstrous city flashes into vision—a glittering hieroglyph many square miles in extent; and when, to borrow and debase an image, all the evening street lamps burst together into song! Such is the spectacle of the future, preluded the other day by the experiment in Pall Mall. Star-rise by electricity, the most romantic flight of civilization; the compensatory benefit for an innumerable array of factories and bankers' clerks. To the artistic spirit exercised about Thirlmere, here is a crumb of consolation; consolatory, at least, to such of them as look out upon the world through seeing eyes, and contentedly accept beauty where it comes.

But the conservative, while lauding progress, is ever timid of innovation; his is the hand upheld to counsel pause; his is the signal advising slow advance. The word *electricity* now sounds the note of danger. In Paris, at

the mouth of the *Passage des Princes*, in the place before the Opera portico, and in the *Rue Drouot* at the *Figaro* office, a new sort of urban star now shines out nightly, horrible, unearthly, obnoxious to the human eye; a lamp for a nightmare! Such a light as this should shine only on murders and public crime, or along the corridors of lunatic asylums, a horror to heighten horror. To look at it only once is to fall in love with gas, which gives a warm domestic radiance fit to eat by. Mankind, you would have thought, might have remained content with what Prometheus stole for them and not gone fishing the profound heaven with kites to catch and domesticate the wildfire of the storm. Yet here we have the levin brand at our doors, and it is proposed that we should henceforward take our walks abroad in the glare of permanent lightning. A man need not be very superstitious if he scruple to follow his pleasures by the light of the Terror that Flieth, nor very epicurean if he prefer to see the face of beauty more becomingly displayed. That ugly blinding glare may not improperly advertise the home of slanderous *Figaro*, which is a back shop to the infernal regions; but where soft joys prevail, where people are convoked to pleasure and the philosopher looks on smiling and silent, where love and laughter and deifying wine abound, there, at least, let the old mild luster shine upon the ways of man.

WALKING TOURS¹

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humors— of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel; and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand; they will either be always lounging or always at five miles an hour; they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day. And, above all, it is here that your overwalker fails of comprehension. His heart rises against those who drink their curaao in liqueur glasses, when he himself can swill it in a brown john. He will not believe that the flavor is more delicate in the smaller dose. He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupefy and brutalize himself, and come to his inn, at night, with a sort of frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit.

¹From *Virginibus Puerisque*.

Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker! He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bedtime and a double nightcap; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savorless and disenchanting. It is the fate of such an one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end; he is the man of the proverb, in short, who goes further and fares worse.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take color from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. "I cannot see the wit," says Hazlitt, "of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country,"—which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveler feels more than coldly towards his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw

it bodily over the hedge and, like Christian on a similar occasion, "give three leaps and go on singing." And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best. Of course, if he *will* keep thinking of his anxieties, if he *will* open the merchant Abudah's chest and walk arm-in-arm with the hag—why, wherever he is, and whether he walks fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy. And so much the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same hour, and I would lay a large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty. It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine. And here comes another, talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles, delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way. A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing. And well for him, supposing him to be no great master in that art, if he

stumble across no stolid peasant at a corner; for on such an occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubadour, or the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed besides to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gaiety of these passers-by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because, although a full-grown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed to me that, when on walking tours, they sang—and sang very ill—and had a pair of red ears when, as described above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner. And here, lest you should think I am exaggerating, is Hazlitt's own confession from his essay "On Going a Journey," which is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it:

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head," says he, "and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy."

Bravo! After that adventure of my friend with the policeman, you would not have cared, would you, to publish that in the first person? But we have no bravery nowadays, and, even in books, must all pretend to be as dull and foolish as our neighbors. It was not so with Hazlitt. And notice how learned he is (as, indeed, throughout the essay) in the theory of walking tours. He is none of your athletic men in purple stockings, who walk their fifty miles a day: three hours' march is his

ideal. And then he must have a winding road, the epicure!

Yet there is one thing I object to in these words of his, one thing in the great master's practice that seems to me not wholly wise. I do not approve of that leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration; they both shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion; and they both break the pace. Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the word of a copying clerk, it gradually neutralizes and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we think in a morning dose; we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with words and rhymes; but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and long as we please; the great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought!

In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the change is certainly great. As the day goes on, the traveler moves from the one extreme toward the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly

brighter, but the second stage is the more peaceful. A man does not make so many articles toward the end, nor does he laugh aloud; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical well-being, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content.

Nor must I forget to say a word on bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you; and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the housetop, and remember time and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the fête on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety

of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in a watch pocket! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows, of course, there were no appointments, and punctuality was not yet thought upon. "Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure," says Milton, "he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness." And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavor of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog; at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half an hour together; and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream. To all we have read on such occasions we look back with special favor. "It was on the 10th of April, 1798," says

Hazlitt, with amorous precision, "that I sat down to a volume of the *New Heloise*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt. And, talking of that, a volume of Hazlitt's essays would be a capital pocket book on such a journey; so would a volume of Heine's songs; and for *Tristram Shandy* I can pledge a fair experience.

If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste Joviality to the full significance of that audacious word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with anyone, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humors develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been "happy thinking." It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern, girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial plates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realize,

and castles in the fire to turn into solid habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire, with folded hands; and a changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humor of all social heresy. It is no time for shuffling, or for big, empty words. If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek; and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seem so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with the disproportions of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco

pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddlestick's end.

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains, your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content; when suddenly the mood changes, the weathercock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more: whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philosopher or the most egregious of donkeys. Human experience is not yet able to reply; but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, tomorrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH¹

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

There is a strong feeling in favor of cowardly and prudential proverbs. The sentiments of a man while he is full of ardor and hope are to be received, it is supposed, with some qualification. But when the same person has ignominiously failed and begins to eat up his words, he should be listened to like an oracle. Most of our pocket wisdom is conceived for the use of mediocre people, to discourage them from ambitious attempts, and generally console them in their mediocrity. And since mediocre people constitute the bulk of humanity, this is no doubt very properly so. But it does not follow that the one sort of proposition is any less true than the other, or that Icarus is not to be more praised, and perhaps more envied,

¹From *Virginibus Puerisque*.

than Mr. Samuel Budget the Successful Merchant. The one is dead, to be sure, while the other is still in his counting-house counting out his money; and doubtless this is a consideration. But we have, on the other hand, some bold and magnanimous sayings common to high races and natures, which set forth the advantage of the losing side, and proclaim it better to be a dead lion than a living dog. It is difficult to fancy how the mediocrities reconcile such sayings with their proverbs. According to the latter, every lad who goes to sea is an egregious ass; never to forget your umbrella through a long life would seem a higher and wiser flight of achievement than to go smiling to the stake; and so long as you are a bit of a coward and inflexible in money matters, you fulfil the whole duty of man.

It is a still more difficult consideration for our average men, that while all their teachers, from Solomon down to Benjamin Franklin and the ungodly Binney, have inculcated the same ideal of manners, caution, and respectability, those characters in history who have most notoriously flown in the face of such precepts are spoken of in hyperbolical terms of praise, and honored with public monuments in the streets of our commercial centers. This is very bewildering to the moral sense. You have Joan of Arc, who left a humble but honest and reputable livelihood under the eyes of her parents, to go a-colonelling, in the company of rowdy soldiers, against the enemies of France; surely a melancholy example for one's daughters! And then you have Columbus, who may have pioneered America, but, when all is said, was a most imprudent navigator. His life is not the kind of thing one would like to put into the hands of young people; rather, one would do one's utmost to keep it from their knowledge,

as a red flag of adventure and disintegrating influence in life. The time would fail me if I were to recite all the big names in history whose exploits are perfectly irrational and even shocking to the business mind. The incongruity is speaking; and I imagine it must engender among the mediocrities a very peculiar attitude toward the nobler and showier sides of national life. They will read of the Charge of Balaklava in much the same spirit as they assist at a performance of the "Lyons Mail." Persons of substance take in the *Times* and sit composedly in pit or boxes according to the degree of their prosperity in business. As for the generals who go galloping up and down among bomb-shells in absurd cocked hats—as for the actors who rattle their faces and demean themselves for hire upon the stage—they must belong, thank God! to a different order of beings, whom we watch as we watch the clouds careering in the windy, bottomless inane, or read about like characters in ancient and rather fabulous annals. Our offspring would no more think of copying their behavior, let us hope, than of doffing their clothes and painting themselves blue in consequence of certain admissions in the first chapter of their school history of England.

Discredited as they are in practice, the cowardly proverbs hold their own in theory; and it is another instance of the same spirit, that the opinions of old men about life have been accepted as final. All sorts of allowances are made for the illusions of youth; and none, or almost none, for the disenchantments of age. It is held to be a good taunt, and somehow or other to clinch the question logically, when an old gentleman waggles his head and says: "Ah, so I thought when I was your age." It is not thought an answer at all, if the young man retorts:

"My venerable sir, so I shall most probably think when I am yours." And yet the one is as good as the other: pass for pass, tit for tat, a Roland for an Oliver.

"Opinion in good men," says Milton, "is but knowledge in the making." All opinions, properly so called, are stages on the road to truth. It does not follow that a man will travel any further; but if he has really considered the world and drawn a conclusion, he has traveled as far. This does not apply to formulae got by rote, which are stages on the road to nowhere but second childhood and the grave. To have a catchword in your mouth is not the same thing as to hold an opinion; still less is it the same thing as to have made one for yourself. There are too many of these catchwords in the world for people to rap out upon you like an oath and by way of an argument. They have a currency as intellectual counters; and many respectable persons pay their way with nothing else. They seem to stand for vague bodies of theory in the background. The imputed virtue of folios full of knock-down arguments is supposed to reside in them, just as some of the majesty of the British Empire dwells in the constable's truncheon. They are used in pure superstition, as old clodhoppers spoil Latin by way of an exorcism. And yet they are vastly serviceable for checking unprofitable discussion, and stopping the mouths of babes and sucklings. And when a young man comes to a certain stage of intellectual growth, the examination of these counters forms a gymnastic at once amusing and fortifying to the mind.

Because I have reached Paris, I am not ashamed of having passed through Newhaven and Dieppe. They were very good places to pass through, and I am none the less at my destination. All my old opinions were only

stages on the way to the one I now hold, as itself is only a stage on the way to something else. I am no more abashed at having been a red-hot Socialist with a panacea of my own than at having been a sucking infant. Doubtless the world is quite right in a million ways; but you have to be kicked about a little to convince you of the fact. And in the meanwhile you must do something, be something, believe something. It is not possible to keep the mind in a state of accurate balance and blank; and even if you could do so, instead of coming ultimately to the right conclusion, you would be very apt to remain in a state of balance and blank to perpetuity. Even in quite intermediate stages, a dash of enthusiasm is not a thing to be ashamed of in the retrospect: if St. Paul had not been a very zealous Pharisee, he would have been a colder Christian. For my part, I look back to the time when I was a Socialist with something like regret. I have convinced myself (for the moment) that we had better leave these great changes to what we call great blind forces: their blindness being so much more perspicacious than the little, peering, partial eyesight of men. I seem to see that my own scheme would not answer; and all the other schemes I ever heard propounded would depress some elements of goodness just as much as they encouraged others. Now I know that in thus turning Conservative with years, I am going through the normal cycle of change and traveling in the common orbit of men's opinions. I submit to this, as I would submit to gout or gray hair, as a concomitant of growing age or else of failing animal heat; but I do not acknowledge that it is necessarily a change for the better—I dare say it is deplorably for the worse. I have no choice in the business, and can no more resist this tendency of my mind than I could prevent my body

from beginning to totter and decay. If I am spared (as the phrase runs) I shall doubtless outlive some troublesome desires; but I am in no hurry about that; nor, when the time comes, shall I plume myself on the immunity. Just in the same way, I do not greatly pride myself on having outlived my belief in the fairy tales of Socialism. Old people have faults of their own; they tend to become cowardly, niggardly, and suspicious. Whether from the growth of experience or the decline of animal heat, I see that age leads to these and certain other faults; and it follows, of course, that while in one sense I hope I am journeying toward the truth, in another I am indubitably posting toward these forms and sources of error.

As we go catching and catching at this or that corner of knowledge, now getting a foresight of generous possibilities, now chilled with a glimpse of prudence, we may compare the headlong course of our years to a swift torrent in which a man is carried away; now he is dashed against a boulder, now he grapples for a moment to a trailing spray; at the end, he is hurled out and overwhelmed in a dark and bottomless ocean. We have no more than glimpses and touches; we are torn away from our theories; we are spun round and round and shown this or the other view of life, until only fools or knaves can hold to their opinions. We take a sight at a condition in life, and say we have studied it; our most elaborate view is no more than an impression. If we had breathing space we should take the occasion to modify and adjust; but at this breakneck hurry, we are no sooner boys than we are adult, no sooner in love than married or jilted, no sooner one age than we begin to be another, and no sooner in the fullness of our manhood than we begin to decline toward the grave. It is in vain to seek for consistency or expect

clear and stable views in a medium so perturbed and fleeting. This is no cabinet science, in which things are tested to a scruple; we theorize with a pistol to our head; we are confronted with a new set of conditions on which we have not only to pass a judgment, but to take action, before the hour is at an end. And we cannot even regard ourselves as a constant. In this flux of things, our identity itself seems in a perpetual variation; and not infrequently we find our own disguise the strangest in the masquerade. In the course of time, we grow to love things we hated and hate things we loved. Milton is not so dull as he once was, nor perhaps Ainsworth so amusing. It is decidedly harder to climb trees, and not nearly so hard to sit still. There is no use pretending; even the thrice royal game of hide and seek has somehow lost in zest. All our attributes are modified or changed; and it will be a poor account of us if our views do not modify and change in a proportion. To hold the same views at forty as we held at twenty is to have been stupefied for a score of years, and take rank, not as a prophet, but as an unteachable brat, well birched and none the wiser. It is as if a ship captain should sail to India from the Port of London; and having brought a chart of the Thames on deck at his first setting out, should obstinately use no other for the whole voyage.

And, mark you, it would be no less foolish to begin at Gravesend with a chart of the Red Sea. *Si Jeunesse savait si Vieillesse pouvait*, is a very pretty sentiment, but not necessarily right. In five cases out of ten, it is not so much that the young people do not know, as that they do not choose. There is something irreverent in the speculation, but perhaps the want of power has more to do with the wise resolutions of age than we are always

willing to admit. It would be an instructive experiment to make an old man young again and leave him all his *savoir*. I scarcely think he would put his money in the savings bank after all; I doubt if he would be such an admirable son as we are led to expect; and as for his conduct in love, I believe firmly he would out-Herod Herod, and put the whole of his new compeers to the blush. Prudence is a wooden Juggernaut, before whom Benjamin Franklin walks with the portly air of a high priest, and after whom dances many a successful merchant in the character of Atys. But it is not a deity to cultivate in youth. If a man lives to any considerable age, it cannot be denied that he laments his imprudences, but I notice he often laments his youth a deal more bitterly and with a more genuine intonation.

It is customary to say that age should be considered, because it comes last. It seems just as much to the point, that youth comes first. And the scale fairly kicks the beam, if you go on to add that age, in a majority of cases, never comes at all. Disease and accident make short work of even the most prosperous persons; death costs nothing, and the expense of a headstone is an inconsiderable trifle to the happy heir. To be suddenly snuffed out, in the middle of ambitious schemes, is tragical enough at best; but when a man has been grudging himself his own life in the meanwhile, and saving up everything for the festival that was never to be, it becomes that hysterically moving sort of tragedy which lies on the confines of farce. The victim is dead—and he has cunningly overreached himself; a combination of calamities none the less absurd for being grim. To husband a favorite claret until the batch turns sour, is not at all an artful stroke of policy; and how much more with a whole cellar—a whole bodily

existence! People may lay down their lives with cheerfulness in the sure expectation of a blessed immortality; but that is a different affair from giving up youth with all its admirable pleasures, in the hope of a better quality of gruel in a more than problematical, nay, more than improbable, old age. We should not compliment a hungry man who should refuse a whole dinner and reserve all his appetite for the dessert, before he knew whether there was to be any dessert or not. If there be such a thing as imprudence in the world, we surely have it here. We sail in leaky bottoms and on great and perilous waters; and to take a cue from the dolorous old naval ballad, we have heard the mermaids singing, and know that we shall never see dry land any more. Old and young, we are all on our last cruise. If there is a fill of tobacco among the crew, for God's sake pass it round, and let us have a pipe before we go!

Indeed, by the report of our elders, this nervous preparation for old age is only trouble thrown away. We fall on guard, and after all it is a friend who comes to meet us. After the sun is down and the west faded, the heavens begin to fill with shining stars. So, as we grow old, a sort of equable jog-trot of feeling is substituted for the violent ups and downs of passion and disgust; the same influence that restrains our hopes, quiets our apprehensions; if the pleasures are less intense, the troubles are milder and more tolerable; and, in a word, this period for which we are asked to hoard up everything as for a time of famine, is, in its own right, the richest, easiest, and happiest of life. Nay, by managing its own work and following its own happy inspiration, youth is doing the best it can to endow the leisure of age. A full, busy youth is your only prelude to a self-contained and independent

age; and the muff inevitably develops into the bore. There are not many Doctor Johnsons, to set forth upon their first romantic voyage at sixty-four. If we wish to scale Mont Blanc or visit a thieves' kitchen in the East End, to go down in a diving dress or up in a balloon, we must be about it while we are still young. It will not do to delay until we are clogged with prudence and limping with rheumatism, and people begin to ask us: "What does Gravity out of bed?" Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body; to try the manners of different nations; to hear the chimes at midnight; to see sunrise in town and country; to be converted at a revival; to circumnavigate the metaphysics, write halting verses, run a mile to see a fire, and wait all day long in the theatre to applaud "Hernani." There is some meaning in the old theory about wild oats; and a man who has not had his greensickness and got done with it for good, is as little to be depended on as an unvaccinated infant. "It is extraordinary," says Lord Beaconsfield, one of the brightest and best preserved of youths up to date of his last novel, "it is extraordinary how hourly and how violently change the feelings of an inexperienced young man." And this mobility is a special talent intrusted to his care; a sort of indestructible virginity; a magic armor, with which he can pass unhurt through great dangers and come unbedaubed out of the miriest passages. Let him voyage, speculate, see all that he can, do all that he may; his soul has as many lives as a cat, he will live in all weathers, and never be a halfpenny the worse. Those who go to the devil in youth, with anything like a fair chance, were probably little worth saving from the first; they must have been feeble fellows—creatures made of putty and packthread, without steel

or fire, anger or true joyfulness, in their composition; we may sympathize with their parents, but there is not much cause to go into mourning for themselves; for, to be quite honest, the weak brother is the worst of mankind.

When the old man waggles his head and says, "Ah, so I thought when I was your age," he has proved the youth's case. Doubtless, whether from growth of experience or decline of animal heat, he thinks so no longer; but he thought so while he was young; and all men have thought so while they were young, since there was dew in the morning or hawthorn in May; and here is another young man adding his vote to those of previous generations, and riveting another link to the chain of testimony. It is as natural and as right for a young man to be imprudent and exaggerated, to live in swoops and circles, and beat about his cage like any other wild thing newly captured, as it is for old men to turn gray, or mothers to love their offspring, or heroes to die for something worthier than their lives.

By way of an apologue for the aged, when they feel more than usually tempted to offer their advice, let me recommend the following little tale. A child who had been remarkably fond of toys (and in particular of lead soldiers) found himself growing to the level of acknowledged boyhood without any abatement of this childish taste. He was thirteen; already he had been taunted for dallying overlong about the playbox; he had to blush if he was found among his lead soldiers; the shades of the prison-house were closing about him with a vengeance. There is nothing more difficult than to put the thoughts of children into the language of their elders; but this is the effect of his meditations at this juncture: "Plainly," he said, "I must give up my playthings, in the meanwhile,

since I am not in a position to secure myself against idle jeers. At the same time, I am sure that playthings are the very pick of life; all people give them up out of the same pusillanimous respect for those who are a little older; and if they do not return to them as soon as they can, it is only because they grow stupid and forget. I shall be wiser; I shall conform for a little to the ways of their foolish world; but so soon as I have made enough money, I shall retire and shut myself up among my playthings, until the day I die." Nay, as he was passing in the train along the Esterel Mountains between Cannes and Fréjus, he remarked a pretty house in an orange garden at the angle of a bay, and decided that this should be his Happy Valley. *Astrea Redux*; childhood was to come again! The idea has an air of simple nobility to me, not unworthy of Cincinnatus. And yet, as the reader has probably anticipated, it is never likely to be carried into effect. There was a worm i' the bud, a fatal error in the premises. Childhood must pass away, and then youth, as surely as age approaches. The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honorable youth, and to settle, when the time arrives, into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbor.

You need repent none of your youthful vagaries. They may have been over the score on one side, just as those of age are probably over the score on the other. But they had a point; they not only befitted your age and expressed its attitude and passions, but they had a relation to what was outside of you, and implied criticisms on the existing state of things, which you need not allow to have been

undeserved, because you now see that they were partial. All error, not merely verbal, is a strong way of stating that the current truth is incomplete. The follies of youth have a basis in sound reason, just as much as the embarrassing questions put by babes and sucklings. Their most antisocial acts indicate the defects of our society. When the torrent sweeps the man against a boulder, you must expect him to scream, and you need not be surprised if the scream is sometimes a theory. Shelley, chafing at the Church of England, discovered the cure of all evils in universal atheism. Generous lads, irritated at the injustices of society, see nothing for it but the abolishment of everything and Kingdom Come of anarchy. Shelley was a young fool; so are these cock-sparrow revolutionaries. But it is better to be a fool than to be dead. It is better to emit a scream in the shape of a theory than to be entirely insensible to the jars and incongruities of life and take everything as it comes in a forlorn stupidity. Some people swallow the universe like a pill; they travel on through the world, like smiling images pushed from behind. For God's sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself! As for the others, the irony of facts shall take it out of their hands, and make fools of them in downright earnest, ere the farce be over. There shall be such a mopping and a mowing at the last day, and such blushing and confusion of countenance for all those who have been wise in their own esteem, and have not learnt the rough lessons that youth hands on to age. If we are indeed here to perfect and complete our own natures, and grow larger, stronger, and more sympathetic against some nobler career in the future, we had all best bestir ourselves to the utmost while we have the time. To equip a dull, respectable

person with wings would be but to make a parody of an angel.

In short, if youth is not quite right in its opinions, there is a strong probability that age is not much more so. Undying hope is coruler of the human bosom with infallible credulity. A man finds he has been wrong at every preceding stage of his career, only to deduce the astonishing conclusion that he is at last entirely right. Mankind, after centuries of failure, are still upon the eve of a thoroughly constitutional millennium. Since we have explored the maze so long without result, it follows, for poor human reason, that we cannot have to explore much longer; close by must be the center, with a champagne luncheon and a piece of ornamental water. How if there were no center at all, but just one alley after another, and the whole world a labyrinth without end or issue?

I overheard the other day a scrap of conversation, which I take the liberty to reproduce. "What I advance is true," said one. "But not the whole truth," answered the other. "Sir," returned the first (and it seemed to me there was a smack of Dr. Johnson in the speech), "Sir, there is no such thing as the whole truth!" Indeed, there is nothing so evident in life as that there are two sides to a question. History is one long illustration. The forces of nature are engaged, day by day, in cudgelling it into our backward intelligences. We never pause for a moment's consideration, but we admit it as an axiom. An enthusiast sways humanity exactly by disregarding this great truth, and dinning it into our ears that this or that question has only one possible solution; and your enthusiast is a fine florid fellow, dominates things for a while, and shakes the world out of a doze; but when once

he is gone, an army of quiet and uninfluential people set to work to remind us of the other side and demolish the generous imposture. While Calvin is putting everybody exactly right in his *Institutes*, and hot-headed Knox is thundering in the pulpit, Montaigne is already looking at the other side in his library in Perigord, and predicting that they will find as much to quarrel about in the Bible as they had found already in the Church. Age may have one side, but assuredly Youth has the other. There is nothing more certain than that both are right, except perhaps that both are wrong. Let them agree to differ; for who knows but what agreeing to differ may not be a form of agreement rather than a form of difference.

I suppose it is written that anyone who sets up for a bit of a philosopher, must contradict himself to his very face. For here have I fairly talked myself into thinking that we have the whole thing before us at last; that there is no answer to the mystery, except that there are as many as you please; that there is no center to the maze because, like the famous sphere, its center is everywhere; and that agreeing to differ, with every ceremony of politeness, is the only one "undisturbed song of pure concent" to which we are ever likely to lend our musical voices.

AUTHORSHIP¹

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

I found myself at dinner the other day next to an old friend, whom I see but seldom; a quiet, laborious, able man, with the charm of perfect modesty and candor, who, moreover, writes a very beautiful and lucid style. I said to him that I conceived it to be my mission, whenever I met him, to enquire what he was writing, and to beg him to write more. He said smilingly that he was very much occupied in his work, which is teaching, and found little time to write; "besides," he said, "I think that one writes too much." He went on to say that though he loved writing well enough when he was in the mood for it, yet that the labor of shaping sentences, and lifting them to their places, was very severe.

I felt myself a little rebuked by this, for I will here confess that writing is the one pleasure and preoccupation of my own life, though I do not publish half of what I write. It set me wondering whether I did indeed write too much; and so I said to him: "You mean, I suppose, that one gets into the habit of serving up the same ideas over and over again, with a different sauce, perhaps; but still the same ideas?" "Yes," he said, "that is what I mean. When I have written anything that I care about, I feel that I must wait a long time before the cistern fills again."

We went on to talk of other things; but I have since been reflecting whether there is truth in what my friend said. If this view is true of writing, then it is surely the only art that is so hampered. We should never think that an artist worked too much; we might feel that he did

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not perhaps finish his big pictures sufficiently; but if he did not spare labor in finishing his pictures, we should never find fault with him for doing, say, as Turner did, and making endless studies and sketches, day after day, of all that struck him as being beautiful. We should feel indeed that some of these unconsidered and rapid sketches had a charm and a grace that the more elaborate pictures might miss; and in any case we should feel that the more that he worked, the firmer and easier would become his sweep of hand, the more deft his power of indicating a large effect by an economy of resource. The musician, too: no one would think of finding fault with him for working every day at his art; and it is the same with all craftsmen; the more they worked, the surer would their touch be.

Now I am inclined to believe that what makes writing good is not so much the pains taken with a particular piece of work, the retouching, the corrections, the dear delays. Still more fruitful than this labor is the labor spent on work that is never used, that never sees the light. Writing is to me the simplest and best pleasure in the world; the mere shaping of an idea in words is the occupation of all others I most love; indeed, to speak frankly, I plan and arrange all my days that I may secure a space for writing, not from a sense of duty, but merely from a sense of delight. The whole world teems with subjects and thoughts, sights of beauty and images of joy and sorrow, that I desire to put into words; and to forbid myself to write would be to exercise the strongest self-denial of which I am capable. Of course I do not mean that I can always please myself: I have piles of manuscripts laid aside which fail either in conception or expression, or in both. But there are a dozen books I would like to write if I had the time.

To be honest, I do not believe in fretting too much over a piece of writing. Writing, laboriously constructed, painfully ornamented, is often, I think, both laborious and painful to read; there is a sense of strain about it. It is like those uneasy figures that one sees in the carved gargoyles of old churches, crushed and writhing forever under a sense of weight painfully sustained, or holding a gaping mouth open for the water pipe to discharge its contents therethrough. However ingenious these carvings are, they always give a sense of tension and oppression to the mind; and it is the same with labored writers; my theory of writing rather is that the conception should be as clear as possible, and then that the words should flow like a transparent stream, following as simply as possible the shape and outline of the thought within, like a water-break over a boulder in a stream's bed. This, I think, is best attained by infinite practice. If a piece of work seems to be heavy and muddy, let it be thrown aside ungrudgingly; but the attempt, even though it be a failure, makes the next attempt easier.

I do not think that one can write for very long at a time to much purpose; I take the two or three hours when the mind is clearest and freshest, and write as rapidly as I can; this secures, it seems to me, a clearness and a unity which cannot be attained by fretful labor, by poking and pinching at one's work. One avoids by rapidity and ardor the dangerous defect of repetition; a big task must be divided into small sharp episodes to be thus swiftly treated. The thought of such a writer as Flaubert lying on his couch or pacing his room, the racked and tortured medium of his art, spending hours in selecting the one perfect word for his purpose, is a noble and inspiring picture; but such a process does not, I fear, always

end in producing the effect at which it aims; it improves the texture at a minute point; it sacrifices width and freedom.

Together with clearness of conception and resource of vocabulary must come a certain eagerness of mood. When all three qualities are present, the result is good work, however rapidly it may be produced. If one of the three is lacking, the work sticks, hangs, and grates; and thus what I feel that the word-artist ought to do is to aim at working on these lines but to be very strict and severe about the ultimate selection of his work. If, for instance, in a big task, a section has been dully and impotently written, let him put the manuscript aside, and think no more of it for a while; let him not spend labor in attempting to mend bad work; then, on some later occasion, let him again get his conception clear, and write the whole section again; if he loves writing for itself he will not care how often this process is repeated.

I am speaking here very frankly; and I will own that for myself, when the day has rolled past and when the sacred hour comes, I sit down to write with an appetite, a keen rapture, such as a hungry man may feel when he sits down to a savory meal. There is a real physical emotion that accompanies the process; and it is a deep and lively distress that I feel when I am living under conditions that do not allow me to exercise my craft, at being compelled to waste the appropriate hours in other occupations.

It may be fairly urged that with this intense impulse to write, I ought to have contrived to make myself into a better writer; and it might be thought that there is something either grotesque or pathetic in so much emotional enjoyment issuing in so slender a performance.

But the essence of the happiness is that the joy resides in the doing of the work and not in the giving it to the world; and though I do not pretend not to be fully alive to the delight of having my work praised and appreciated, that is altogether a secondary pleasure which in no way competes with the luxury of expression.

I am not ungrateful for this delight; it may, I know, be withdrawn from me; but meanwhile the world seems to be full to the brim of expressive and significant things. There is a beautiful old story of a saint who saw in a vision a shining figure approaching him, holding in his hand a dark and cloudy globe. He held it out, and the saint looking attentively upon it, saw that it appeared to represent the earth in miniature; there were the continents and seas, with clouds sweeping over them; and, for all that it was so minute, he could see cities and plains, and little figures moving to and fro. The angel laid his finger on a part of the globe, and detached from it a small cluster of islands, drawing them out of the sea; and the saint saw that they were peopled by a folk, whom he knew, in some way that he could not wholly understand, to be dreary and un comforted. He heard a voice saying, "He taketh up the isles as a very small thing;" and it darted into his mind that his work lay with the people of those sad islands; that he was to go thither, and speak to them a message of hope.

It is a beautiful story; and it has always seemed to me that the work of the artist is like that. He is to detach from the great peopled globe what little portion seems to appeal to him most; and he must then say what he can to encourage and sustain men, whatever thoughts of joy and hope come most home to him in his long and eager pilgrimage.

THE ESSAY
WORDSWORTH¹

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

I believe that I was once taken to Rydal Mount as a small boy, led there meekly, no doubt, in a sort of dream; but I retain not the remotest recollection of the place, except of a small flight of stone steps, which struck me as possessing some attractive quality or other. And I have since read, I suppose, a good many descriptions of the place; but on visiting it, as I recently did, I discovered that I had not the least idea of what it was like. And I would here shortly speak of the extraordinary kindness which I received from the present tenants, who are indeed of the hallowed dynasty; it may suffice to say that I could only admire the delicate courtesy which enabled people who must have done the same thing a hundred times before, to show me the house with as much zest and interest, as if I was the first pilgrim that had ever visited the place.

In the first place, the great simplicity of the whole struck me. It is like a little grange or farm. The rooms are small and low, and of a pleasant domesticity; it is a place apt for a patriarchal life, where simple people might live at close quarters with each other. The house is hardly visible from the gate. You turn out of a steep lane, embowered by trees, into a little gravel sweep approaching the house from the side. But its position is selected with admirable art; the ground falls steeply in front of it, and you look out over a wide valley, at the end of which Windermere lies, a tract of sapphire blue, among wooded hills and dark ranges. Behind, the ground rises still more steeply, to the rocky, grassy heights of Nab Scar; and the road leads on to a high

¹From *The Thread of Gold*. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers, E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

green valley among the hills, a place of unutterable peace.

In this warm, sheltered nook, hidden in woods, with its southerly aspect, the vegetation grows with an almost tropical luxuriance, so that the general impression of the place is by no means typically English. Laurels and rhododendrons grow in dense shrubberies; the trees are full of leaf; flowers blossom profusely. There is a little orchard beneath the house, and everywhere there is the fragrance and pungent smell of sun-warmed garden walks and box hedges. There are little terraces everywhere, banked up with stone walls built into the steep ground, where stonecrops grow richly. One of these leads to a little thatched arbor, where the poet often sat; below it, the ground falls very rapidly, among rocks and copse and fern, so that you look out on to the tree tops below, and catch a glimpse of the steely waters of the hidden lake of Rydal.

Wordsworth lived there for more than thirty years; and half a century has passed since he died. He was a skilful landscape gardener; and I suppose that in his lifetime, when the walks were being constructed and the place laid out, it must have had a certain air of newness, of interference with the old wild peace of the hillside, which it has since parted with. Now it is all as full of a quiet and settled order, as if it had been thus forever. One little detail deserves a special mention; just below the house, there is an odd, circular, low, grassy mound, said to be the old meeting place for the village council, in primitive and patriarchal days,—the Mount, from which the place has its name.

I thought much of the stately, simple, self-absorbed poet, whom somehow one never thinks of as having been

young; the lines of Milton haunted me, as I moved about the rooms, the garden terraces:

In this mount he appeared; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talked.

The place is all permeated with the thought of him, his deep and tranquil worship of natural beauty, his love of the kindly earth.

I do not think that Wordsworth is one whose memory evokes a deep personal attachment. I doubt if any figures of bygone days do that, unless there is a certain wistful pathos about them; unless something of compassion, some wish to proffer sympathy or consolation, mingles with one's reverence. I have often, for instance, stayed at a house where Shelley spent a few half-rapturous, half-miserable months. There, meditating about him, striving to reconstruct the picture of his life, one felt that he suffered much and needlessly; one would have wished to shelter, to protect him if it had been possible, or at least to have proffered sympathy to that inconsolable spirit. One's heart goes out to those who suffered long years ago, whose love of the earth, of life, of beauty, was perpetually overshadowed by the pain that comes from realizing transitoriness and decay.

But Wordsworth is touched by no such pathos. He was extraordinarily prosperous and equable; he was undeniably self-sufficient. Even the sorrows and bereavements that he had to bear were borne gently and philosophically. He knew exactly what he wanted to do, and did it. Those sturdy, useful legs of his bore him many a pleasant mile. He always had exactly as much money as he needed, in order to live his life as he desired. He chose precisely

the abode he preferred; his fame grew slowly and solidly. He became a great personage; he was treated with immense deference and respect. He neither claimed nor desired sympathy; he was as strong and self-reliant as the old yeomen of the hills, of whom he indeed was one; his vocation was poetry, just as their vocation was agriculture; and this vocation he pursued in as business-like and intent a spirit as they pursued their farming.

Wordsworth, indeed, was armed at all points by a strong and simple pride, too strong to be vanity, too simple to be egotism. He is one of the few supremely fortunate men in the history of literature, because he had none of the sensitiveness or indecision that are so often the curse of the artistic temperament. He never had the least misgivings about the usefulness of his life; he wrote because he enjoyed it; he ate and drank, he strolled and talked, with the same enjoyment. He had a perfect balance of physical health. His dreams never left him cold; his exaltations never plunged him into depression. He felt the mysteries of the world with a solemn awe, but he had no uneasy questionings, no remorse, no bewilderment, no fruitless melancholy.

He bore himself with the same homely dignity in all companies alike; he was never particularly interested in anyone; he never had any fear of being thought ridiculous or pompous. His favorite reading was his own poetry; he wished everyone to be interested in his work, because he was conscious of its supreme importance. He probably made the mistake of thinking that it was his sense of poetry and beauty that made him simple and tranquil. As a matter of fact, it was the simplicity and tranquillity of his temperament that gave him the power of enjoyment in so large a measure. There is no growth or expansion

about his life; he did not learn his serene and impassive attitude through failures and mistakes: it was his all along.

And yet what a fine, pure, noble, gentle life it was! The very thought of him, faring quietly about among his hills and lakes, murmuring his calm verse, in a sober and temperate joy, looking everywhere for the same grave qualities among quiet, home-keeping folk, brings with it a high inspiration. But we tend to think of Wordsworth as a father and priest, rather than as a brother and a friend. He is a leader and a guide, not a comrade. We must learn that, though he can perhaps turn our hearts the right way, toward the right things, we cannot necessarily acquire that pure peace, that solemn serenity, by obeying his precepts, unless we too have something of the same strong calmness of soul. In some moods, far from sustaining and encouraging us, the thought of his equable, impassioned life may only fill us with unutterable envy. But still to have sat in his homely rooms, to have paced his little terraces, does bring a certain imagined peace into the mind, a noble shame for all that is sordid or mean, a hatred for the conventional aims, the pitiful ambitions of the world.

Alas! that the only sound from the little hill platform, the embowered walks, should be the dull rolling of wheels—motors, coaches, omnibuses—in the road below! That is the shadow of his greatness. It is a pitiable thought that one of the fruits of his genius is that it has made his holy retreat fashionable. The villas rise in rows along the edges of the clear lakes, under the craggy fell-sides, where the feathery ashes root among the mimic precipices. A stream of chattering, vacuous, indifferent tourists pours listlessly along the road from *table d'hôte*

to *table d'hôte*. The turbid outflow of the vulgar world seems a profanation of these august haunts. One hopes despairingly that something of the spirit of lonely beauty speaks to these trivial heads and hearts. But is there consolation in this? What would the poet himself have felt if he could have foreseen it all?

I descended the hill road and crossed the valley highway; it was full of dust; the vehicles rolled along, crowded with men smoking cigars and reading newspapers, tired women, children whose idea of pleasure had been to fill their hands with ferns and flowers torn from cranny and covert. I climbed the little hill opposite the great Scar; its green towering head, with its feet buried in wood, the hardy trees straggling up the front wherever they could get a hold among the gray crags, rose in sweet grandeur opposite to me. I threaded tracks of shimmering fern, out of which the buzzing flies rose round me; I went by silent, solitary places where the springs soak out of the moorland, while I pondered over the bewildering ways of the world. The life, the ideals of the great poet, set in the splendid framework of the great hills, seemed so majestic and admirable a thing. But the visible results—the humming of silly strangers round his sacred solitudes, the contaminating influence of commercial exploitation—made one fruitlessly and hopelessly melancholy.

But even so the hills were silent; the sun went down in a great glory of golden haze among the shadowy ridges. The valleys lay out at my feet, the rolling woodland, the dark fells. There fell a mood of strange yearning upon me, a yearning for the peaceful secret that, as the orange sunset slowly waned, the great hills seemed to guard and hold. What was it that was going on there, what solemn pageant, what sweet mystery that I could only desire

to behold and apprehend? I know not! I only know that if I could discern it, if I could tell it, the world would stand to listen; its littleness, its meanness, would fade in that august light; the peace of God would go swiftly and secretly abroad.

THE FENS¹

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

I have lately become convinced—and I do not say it either sophistically, to plead a bad cause with dexterity, or resignedly, to make the best out of a poor business; but with a true and hearty conviction—that the most beautiful country in England is the flat fenland. I do not here mean moderately flat country, low sweeps of land, like the heaving of a dying groundswell; that has a miniature beauty, a stippled delicacy of its own, but it is not a fine quality of charm. The country that I would praise is the rigidly and mathematically flat country of eastern England, lying but a few feet above the sea plains which were once the bottoms of huge and ancient swamps.

In the first place, such country gives a wonderful sense of expanse and space; from an eminence of a few feet you can see what in other parts of England you have to climb a considerable hill to discern. I love to feast my eyes on the interminable rich level plain, with its black and crumbling soil; the long simple lines of dykes and water-courses carry the eye peacefully out to a great distance; then, too, by having all the landscape compressed into so narrow a space, into a belt of what is, to the eye, only a few inches in depth, you get an incomparable richness

¹From *The Thread of Gold*. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers, E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

of color. The solitary distant clumps of trees surrounding a lonely farm gain a deep intensity of tint from the vast green level all about them; and the line of the low far-off wolds, that close the view many miles away, is of a peculiar delicacy and softness; the eye, too, is provided with a foreground of which the elements are of the simplest; a reedy pool enclosed by willows, the clustered buildings of a farmstead; a gray church tower peering out over churchyard elms: and thus, instead of being checked by near objects, and hemmed in by the limited landscape, the eye travels out across the plain with a sense of freedom and grateful repose. Then, too, there is the huge perspective of the sky; nowhere else is it possible to see, so widely, the slow march of clouds from horizon to horizon; it all gives a sense of largeness and tranquillity such as you receive upon the sea, with the additional advantage of having the solid earth beneath you, green and fertile, instead of the steely waste of waters.

A day or two ago I found myself beside the lower waters of the Cam, in flat pastures, full of ancient thorn trees just bursting into bloom. I gained the towing path, which led me out gradually into the heart of the fen; the river ran, or rather moved, a sapphire streak, between its high, green flood banks; the wide spaces between the embanked path and the stream were full of juicy herbage, great tracts of white cow parsley, with here and there a reed bed. I stood long to listen to the sharp song of the reed warbler, slipping from spray to spray of a willow patch. Far to the north the great tower of Ely rose blue and dim above the low lines of trees; in the center of the pastures lay the long brown line of the sedge beds of Wicken Mere, almost the only untouched tract of fenland; slow herds of cattle grazed, more and more minute, in the

unhedged pasture land, and the solitary figure of a laborer, moving homeward on the top of the green dyke, seemed in the long afternoon to draw no nearer. Here and there were the floodgates of a lode, with clear water slowly spilling itself over the rim of the sluice, full of floating weed. There was something infinitely reposeful in the solitude, the width of the landscape; there was no sense of crowded life, no busy figures, intent on their small aims, to cross one's path, no conflict, no strife, no bitterness, no insistent voice; yet there was no sense of desolation, but rather the spectacle of glad and simple lives of plants and birds in the free air, their wildness tamed by the far-off and controlling hand of man, the calm earth patiently serving his ends. I seemed to have passed out of modern life into a quieter and older world, before men congregated into cities, but lived the quiet and sequestered life of the countryside; and little by little there stole into my heart something of a dreamful tranquillity, the calm of the slow brimming stream, the leisurely herds, the growing grass. All seemed to be moving together, neither lingering nor making haste, to some far-off end within the quiet mind of God. Everything seemed to be waiting, musing, living the untroubled life of nature, with no thought of death or care or sorrow. I passed a trench of still water that ran as far as the eye could follow it across the flat; it was full from end to end of the beautiful water violet, the pale lilac flowers, with their faint ethereal scent, clustered on the head of a cool emerald spike, with the rich foliage of the plant, like fine green hair, filling the water. The rising of these beautiful forms, by some secret consent, in their appointed place and time, out of the fresh clear water, brought me a wistful sense of peace and order, a desire for I hardly know what—a poised stateliness of life, a tender beauty—if I could but win it for myself!

On and on, hour by hour, that still bright afternoon, I made my slow way over the fen; insensibly and softly the far-off villages fell behind; and yet I seemed to draw no nearer to the hills of the horizon. Now and then I passed a lonely grange; once or twice I came near to a tall shuttered engine house of pale brick, and heard the slow beat of the pumps within, like the pulse of a hidden heart, which drew the marsh water from a hundred runlets, and poured it slowly seaward. Field after field slid past me, some golden from end to end with buttercups, some waving with young wheat, till at last I reached a solitary inn beside a ferry with the quaint title: "No hurry! five miles from anywhere." And here I met with a grave and kindly welcome, such as warms the heart of one who goes on pilgrimage; as though I was certainly expected, and as if the lord of the place had given charge concerning me. It would indeed hardly have surprised me if I had been led into a room, and shown strange symbols of good and evil; or if I had been given a roll and a bottle, and a note of the way. But no such presents were made to me, and it was not until after I had left the little house, and had been ferried in an old blackened boat across the stream, that I found that I had the gifts in my bosom all the while.

The roll was the fair sight that I had seen, in this world where it is so sweet to live. My cordial was the peace within my spirit. And as for the way, it seemed plain enough that day, easy to discern and follow; and the heavenly city itself as near and visible as the blue towers that rose so solemnly upon the green horizon.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

GROUP A ESSAYS: PERSONALITY AND ENVIRONMENT

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

The questions and problems are designed to lead the student inductively to see for himself the principles of composition so far as concerned with personality in relation to subject matter, treatment, and style; and to formulate these principles. The results may be used for themes, reports, or discussions.

Observation in Essays

1. Make lists of people, places, animals, things, observed by any one writer. Does he use any other sense than sight? If so, list your findings for the other senses.
2. Does the author use what he has observed as the main point of his essay and bring out its significance? Or do his observations serve merely as illustrative material? Is the illustration used to clarify a concrete or abstract point?
3. List the phrasing which shows:
 - (a) Accuracy of observation
 - (b) Fullness of observation
 - (c) Vividness of observation

- (d) Emotional reaction to the thing observed
 - (e) Comparison of the thing observed to something else
 - (f) Significance of the thing observed
4. Besides giving material for the main point or illustrations, in what other specific ways does observation add value to these essays? Cite cases to clarify your answer.
 5. Do you think the stimulus to write any particular essay came from observation? If so, which essay and what observation?

Experience in Essays

6. List the personal experiences drawn upon by any one essayist. Classify according to type, if possible. What element does experience add to the essay? Breadth? Depth? Reality? Fantasy? Novelty? Intimacy? Or some other element?
7. How far does the use of experience help you to realize the personality and environment of the writer? Cite specific cases from your lists.
8. After a study of the other essayists in the way suggested in question 6, contrast or compare the use made of experience,

especially in the light of the revelation of the character of the writer or of the effect on the essay.

9. Make a similar study, noting whether the use of experience secures the interest of the reader. If so, how?
10. Do you think it was some experience that gave any author the stimulus to write any essay of this group? Which ones? What experiences?
11. Thoreau's advice to the writer is: "Learn to split wood, at least.....The scholar may be sure that he writes the tougher truth for the calluses on his palms. They give firmness to the sentence." Comment on this dictum in the light of the data obtained from 6.

Nature in Essays

12. List the aspects of nature mentioned in the essays of any one author, as water, wind, etc. Classify the references by aspects. Note the purpose of introducing each reference to nature, and also classify the reference according to purpose. Write a theme or prepare a five-minute talk on the use any one writer makes of nature.

13. After making a similar study of each of the four essayists of Group A, write a paper on contrasts and similarities in the use of nature by this group of essayists.
14. Emerson says: "Every word which is used to express a moral or intellectual fact, if traced to its root, is found to be borrowed from material appearance. *Right* means *straight*; *wrong* means *twisted*. *Spirit* primarily means *wind*; *transgression*, the *crossing of a line*; *supercilious*, the *raising of the eyebrow*. We say the *heart* to express emotion, the *head* to denote thought; and thought and emotion are words borrowed from sensible things and now appropriated to spiritual nature." Comment on Emerson's quotation in the light of your study of Group A essays.
15. How far does nature furnish diction and phrasing for these essays? For example, is the nature vocabulary of any one of these four authors a vocabulary of illustrative material? Or does this vocabulary unfold the train of thought proper? In what proportion? What is true of the other essayists? How much of the vocabulary is made up of hidden metaphors of nature?

16. Was it nature that gave the author the impulse to write any of these essays?

Environment in Essays

17. Using the data obtained from lists based on questions 1, 6, 12, show what the physical and social environment of each author must have been. Cite cases to illustrate your point.
18. What is each writer's attitude toward his physical environment?
19. What is each writer's attitude toward his social environment and his fellow men?
20. Was it reflection on manners, morals, or other aspects of men or society that gave the impulse to write?

Imagination in Essays

Imagination may be described as the power of the mind which reproduces for us material from the outer world as vividly as if it were present to the senses. As an example from visual imagination, to close one's eyes and see a picture of one's favorite woodland spot is reproductive imagination. To build up a picture of something "which never was on sea or land," from various elements

known to us, is productive or creative imagination. Not only the novelist, dramatist, artist, and architect use imagination daily, but the general who "sees" beforehand each movement of his troops, the seamstress who makes a dress, the cook who stirs a cake, and many others. To be useful in writing, one's imagination must be exact, clear, and definite on the one hand; and rich, colorful, varied, and full of detail on the other.

21. Taking one author at a time, go over your data from the study of *observation* to see how far these two characteristics of imagination are present. List the words which show both.
22. Do the same thing for your study of *experience*.
23. Do the same thing for your study of *environment*.
24. Is the author able by his imagination to enter into the emotional states of his fellow men and make you sympathize with them? Or is he cold and indifferent?
25. Comparing and contrasting the authors of Group A, which do you think has the most vivid imagination? Is it an all-round imagination, or limited to data from visual perceptions, auditory per-

ceptions, etc.? Which author has the least vivid imagination? What difference in effect is there in the essays?

26. Is the author able to make you see the things he sees; to experience the things he feels; to share his attitude toward things; to get the "local color" of situations?
27. If the picture presented contains in whole or great part elements which have nothing to correspond with them in the realm of reality, the result is said to be the product not of imagination but of fantasy. This is a substitute for observation which, though without logical force, sometimes brings the sheer pleasure of lifting the reader above all limitations. Are there any cases of fantasy in these essays?

Analysis in Essays

Dewey says that our progress in genuine knowledge always consists, in part, in the discovery of something not understood in what had previously been taken for granted as plain, obvious, matter-of-course; and, in part, in the use of meanings, known to us, as instruments to get hold of obscure, doubtful, and perplexing meanings. The mental act by which we

clear up incoherent, disconnected facts or peculiar, indescribable impressions that disturb or perplex us is one of discrimination of one aspect from another. It is the discernment of the trivial from the important, an emphasis on one phase at a time until the relation of the parts becomes clear and vivid, until the meaning of the whole is yielded up. Psychologically, the discrimination of phases is known as analysis, the resulting interpretation as synthesis.

28. Taking one essay at a time, is there any problem which disturbs the author and which he sets out to solve? Is it the familiar in which he sees new meaning? Or the novel whose significance is found in relation to the old?
29. What steps does he go through to reach a solution? Does he make trial, tentative suggestions on the possible significance? Does he compare data, rejecting some and keeping others? Does his final solution seem logical?
30. What author in Group A seems to you most analytical? Cite reasons.
31. Was it a problem which gave the author the stimulus for any particular essay? If so, which essay, and what problem?

Originality in Essays

32. Originality has been defined as one's own reaction to materia presented from any source. Taking any one writer from Group A, study again the material he uses from all sources, according to your lists on observation, nature, environment, experience. Then prepare a brief talk or theme on his originality. •
33. After making a similar study of all four authors, show the contrast in personality between these writers by reference to differences in reaction to the same sort of material.
34. By the same method, show what likenesses there are in personality.
35. De Buffon said: "Style is the man." Prepare a theme in comment on this saying. This may well include a summary of the principles of writing, formulated by each student for himself—such principles, at least, as relate to subject matter and style as involved in personality.
36. If style be defined thus broadly, then in writing it is obtained by three elements:
 1. Personality
 2. Treatment, both practical and artistic.

3. Technique, or the effective and easy handling of the various elements and devices of writing.

Can you classify the principles formulated according to these three elements?

SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO UTILIZE ONE'S OWN RESOURCES FOR SUBJECT MATTER, TREAT- MENT, AND STYLE

If, then, in one of its aspects style is the sincere reaction of oneself to material presented from any source, the problem of expression is twofold: first, to observe carefully this material; second, to develop one's own personality. Though the second is the all-important end, the first is so obviously the means that on it attention may exclusively be centered.

In making the lists suggested below, it must be remembered that mere data and facts without *significance* are worth nothing. In the power to interpret the significance of material lies art.

To aid himself, the student may

1. List aspects of his environment, past and present, showing in a sentence the significance of each aspect for himself or any group of the community, as family, classmates, etc. Or he may show the significance from the standpoint of art,

ethics, or psychology. Or from the standpoint of attainment of any kind.

2. List twenty things seen, heard, felt, or touched, and show the significance of any ten of them, as well as their possible use as main or illustrative material.
3. List the types of experience the student has passed through, and note the significance of each from any point of view.
4. Analyze his knowledge of nature with a view to ascertaining the variety of aspects known, and grasping their significance.
5. Examine his present course of study with reference to possible use in theme writing, and examine outside reading and study for the same purpose.
6. Observe his fellow men, and comment on their manners, customs, morals.
7. List ten problems, individual or social, and analyze any five.
8. Investigate at first hand any process, plant, or organization.
9. Undertake some experiments, scientific, social, etc.
10. Note his emotional reactions to things, persons, experiences.
11. Note his physical sensations and reactions to things, persons, experiences.

12. Note how his ethical, social, aesthetic, and spiritual perceptions are involved in any experience.

The student should continue this work until he learns which line of procedure interests him most, furnishes the most food for thought, and arouses in him most vividly and quickly a desire to express his opinions. Then he should develop his bent, wherever it carries him. If he cares a great deal for his subject and unreservedly follows it, success eventually will come. He will find himself.

All of this material he accumulates in orienting himself should most carefully be kept in his notebook for constant reference and future use. Some phases of it may be discussed in class or in conferences with the instructor.

Oral discussion in class on problems of the day and current events, as well as the reading of significant books, will further help the student to utilize himself in his writings; and train him to react thoughtfully to movements and ideas with which he comes in contact.

PART TWO

GROUP B ESSAYS

STRUCTURAL TECHNIQUE

GROUP B ESSAYS: STRUCTURAL TECHNIQUE

DIRECTIONS FOR READING AND GUIDING QUESTIONS

Directions for Reading

1. Read one essay at a time.
2. Then, with the guiding questions in mind, reread to note structure.

Guiding Questions

1. Is there any sentence which states the theme or central thought the author proposes to discuss in the essay? If so, write it down. Does the author informally imply his theme or formally state it? If formally, does he enumerate the divisions to follow?
2. How many points does the author make in developing his theme? Or, expressing the same thing differently, under how many aspects does he present his theme? List his divisions
3. In his introduction, how many points does he make in leading up to his theme?
4. In his conclusion, is there reference again to the theme? What is the nature of the rest of the conclusion? A comment? A criticism? An appreciation? If something else, what?

THE FUNCTION OF EDUCATION IN
DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY¹

CHARLES W. ELIOT

What the function of education shall be in a democracy will depend on what is meant by democratic education.

Too many of us think of education for the people as if it meant only learning to read, write, and cipher. Now, reading, writing, and simple ciphering are merely the tools by the diligent use of which a rational education is to be obtained through years of well-directed labor. They are not ends in themselves, but means to the great end of enjoying a rational existence. Under any civilized form of government, these arts ought to be acquired by every child by the time it is nine years of age. Competent teachers, or properly conducted schools, now teach reading, writing, and spelling simultaneously, so that the child writes every word it reads, and, of course, in writing spells the word. Ear, eye, and hand thus work together from the beginning in the acquisition of the arts of reading and writing. As to ciphering, most educational experts have become convinced that the amount of arithmetic which an educated person who is not some sort of computer needs to make use of is but small, and that real education should not be delayed or impaired for the sake of acquiring a skill in ciphering which will be of little use either to the child or to the adult. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, then, are not the goal of popular education.

The goal in all education, democratic or other, is

¹From *Educational Reform: Essays and Addresses*. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers, the Century Company.

always receding before the advancing contestant, as the top of a mountain seems to retreat before the climber, remoter and higher summits appearing successively as each apparent summit is reached. Nevertheless, the goal of the moment in education is always the acquisition of knowledge, the training of some permanent capacity for productiveness or enjoyment, and the development of character. Democratic education being a very new thing in the world, its attainable objects are not yet fully perceived. Plato taught that the laborious classes in a model commonwealth needed no education whatever. That seems an extraordinary opinion for a great philosopher to hold; but, while we wonder at it, let us recall that only one generation ago in some of our Southern States it was a crime to teach a member of the laborious class to read. In feudal society education was the privilege of some of the nobility and clergy, and was one source of the power of these two small classes. Universal education in Germany dates only from the Napoleonic wars; and its object has been to make intelligent soldiers and subjects rather than happy freemen. In England the system of public instruction is but twenty-seven years old. Moreover the fundamental object of democratic education—to lift the whole population to a higher plane of intelligence, conduct, and happiness—has not yet been perfectly apprehended even in the United States. Too many of our own people think of popular education as if it were only a protection against dangerous superstitions, or a measure of police, or a means of increasing the national productiveness in the arts and trades. Our generation may, therefore, be excused if it has but an incomplete vision of the goal of education in a democracy.

I proceed to describe briefly the main elements of instruction and discipline in a democratic school. As soon as the easy use of what I have called the tools of education is acquired, and even while this familiarity is being gained, the capacity for productiveness and enjoyment should begin to be trained through the progressive acquisition of an elementary knowledge of the external world. The democratic school should begin early—in the very first grades—the study of nature; and all its teachers should, therefore, be capable of teaching the elements of physical geography, meteorology, botany, and zoölogy, the whole forming in the child's mind one harmonious sketch of its complex environment. This is a function of the primary-school teacher which our fathers never thought of, but which every passing year brings out more and more clearly as a prime function of every instructor of little children. Somewhat later in the child's progress toward maturity the great sciences of chemistry and physics will find place in its course of systematic training. From the seventh or eighth year, according to the quality and capacity of the child, plane and solid geometry, the science of form, should find a place among the school studies, and some share of the child's attention that great subject should claim for six or seven successive years. The process of making acquaintance with external nature through the elements of these various sciences should be interesting and enjoyable for every child. It should not be painful but delightful; and throughout the process the child's skill in the arts of reading, writing, and ciphering should be steadily developed.

There is another part of every child's environment with which he should early begin to make acquaintance,

namely, the human part. The story of the human race should be gradually conveyed to the child's mind from the time he begins to read with pleasure. This story should be conveyed quite as much through biography as through history; and with the descriptions of facts and real events should be entwined charming and uplifting products of the imagination. I cannot but think, however, that the wholly desirable imaginative literature for children remains, in large measure, to be written. The mythologies, Old Testament stories, fairy tales, and historical romances on which we are accustomed to feed the childish mind contain a great deal that is perverse, barbarous, or trivial; and to this infiltration into children's minds, generation after generation, of immoral, cruel, or foolish ideas is probably to be attributed, in part, the slow ethical progress of the race. The common justification of our practice is that children do not apprehend the evil in the mental pictures with which we so rashly supply them. But what should we think of a mother who gave her child dirty milk or porridge, on the theory that the child would not assimilate the dirt? Should we be less careful of mental and moral food materials? It is, however, as undesirable as it is impossible to try to feed the minds of children only upon facts of observation or record. The immense product of the imagination in art and literature is a concrete fact with which every educated human being should be made somewhat familiar, such products being a very real part of every individual's actual environment.

Into the education of the great majority of children there enters as an important part their contribution to the daily labor of the household and the farm, or, at least, of the household. It is one of the serious con-

sequences of the rapid concentration of population into cities and large towns, and of the minute division of labor which characterizes modern industries, that this wholesome part of education is less easily secured than it used to be when the greater part of the population was engaged in agriculture. Organized education must, therefore, supply in urban communities a good part of the manual and moral training which the coöperation of children in the work of father and mother affords in agricultural communities. Hence the great importance in any urban population of facilities for training children to accurate handwork, and for teaching them patience, forethought, and good judgment in productive labor.

Lastly, the school should teach every child, by precept, by example, and by every illustration its reading can supply, that the supreme attainment for any individual is vigor and loveliness of character. Industry, persistence, veracity in word and act, gentleness, and disinterestedness should be made to thrive and blossom during school life in the hearts of the children who bring these virtues from their homes well started, and should be planted and tended in the less fortunate children. Furthermore, the pupils should be taught that what is virtue in one human being is virtue in any group of human beings, large or small—a village, a city, or a nation; that the ethical principles which should govern an empire are precisely the same as those which should govern an individual; and that selfishness, greed, falseness, brutality, and ferocity are as hateful and degrading in a multitude as they are in a single savage.

The education thus outlined is what I think should be meant by democratic education. It exists today only among the most intelligent people, or in places singularly

fortunate in regard to the organization of their schools; but though it be the somewhat distant ideal of democratic education, it is by no means an unattainable ideal. It is the reasonable aim of the public school in a thoughtful and ambitious democracy. It, of course, demands a kind of a teacher much above the elementary-school teacher of the present day, and it also requires a larger expenditure upon the public school than is at all customary as yet in this country. But that better kind of teacher and that larger expenditure are imperatively called for, if democratic institutions are to prosper, and to promote continuously the real welfare of the mass of the people. The standard of education should not be set at the now attained or the now attainable. It is the privilege of public education to press toward a mark remote.

WHY GO TO COLLEGE¹

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

To a largely increasing number of young girls college doors are opening every year. Every year adds to the number of men who feel as a friend of mine, a successful lawyer in a great city, felt when in talking of the future of his four little children he said, "For the two boys it is not so serious, but I lie down at night afraid to die and leave my daughters only a bank account." Year by year, too, the experiences of life are teaching mothers that happiness does not necessarily come to their daughters when accounts are large and banks are sound,

¹From *The Teacher*, by George Herbert Palmer and Alice Freeman Palmer. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company.

but that on the contrary they take great risks when they trust everything to accumulated wealth and the chance of a happy marriage. Our American girls themselves are becoming aware that they need the stimulus, the discipline, the knowledge, the interests of the college in addition to the school, if they are to prepare themselves for the most serviceable lives.

But there are still parents who say, "There is no need that my daughter should teach; then why should she go to college?" I will not reply that college training is a life insurance for a girl, a pledge that she possesses the disciplined ability to earn a living for herself and others in case of need; for I prefer to insist on the importance of giving every girl, no matter what her present circumstances, a special training in some one thing by which she can render society service, not of amateur but of expert sort, and service too for which it will be willing to pay a price. The number of families will surely increase who will follow the example of an eminent banker whose daughters have been given each her specialty. One has chosen music, and has gone far with the best masters in this country and in Europe, so far that she now holds a high rank among musicians at home and abroad. Another has taken art; and has not been content to paint pretty gifts for her friends, but in the studios of New York, Munich, and Paris she has won the right to be called an artist, and in her studio at home to paint portraits which have a market value. A third has proved that she can earn her living, if need be, by her exquisite jellies, preserves, and sweetmeats. Yet the house in the mountains, the house by the sea, and the friends in the city are not neglected, nor are these young women found less attractive because of their special accomplishments.

While it is not true that all girls should go to college any more than that all boys should go, it is nevertheless true that they should go in greater numbers than at present. They fail to go because they, their parents, and their teachers, do not see clearly the personal benefits distinct from the commercial value of a college training. I wish here to discuss these benefits, these larger gifts of the college life—what they may be, and for whom they are waiting.

It is undoubtedly true that many girls are totally unfitted by home and school life for a valuable college course. These joys and successes, these high interests and friendships, are not for the self-conscious and nervous invalid, nor for her who in the exuberance of youth recklessly ignores the laws of a healthy life. The good society of scholars and of libraries and laboratories has no place and attraction for her who finds no message in Plato, no beauty in mathematical order, and who never longs to know the meaning of the stars over her head or the flowers under her feet. Neither will the finer opportunities of college life appeal to one who, until she is eighteen (is there such a girl in this country?), has felt no passion for the service of others, no desire to know if through history, or philosophy, or any study of the laws of society, she can learn why the world is so sad, so hard, so selfish as she finds it, even when she looks upon it from the most sheltered life. No, the college cannot be, should not try to be, a substitute for the hospital, reformatory, or kindergarten. To do its best work it should be organized for the strong, not for the weak; for the high-minded, self-controlled, generous, and courageous spirits, not for the indifferent, the dull, the idle, or those who are already forming their characters

on the amusement theory of life. All these perverted young people may, and often do, get large benefit and invigoration, new ideals, and unselfish purposes from their four years' companionship with teachers and comrades of a higher physical, mental, and moral stature than their own. I have seen girls change so much in college that I have wondered if their friends at home would know them—the voice, the carriage, the unconscious manner, all telling a story of new tastes and habits and loves and interests, that had wrought out in very truth a new creature. Yet in spite of this I have sometimes thought that in college more than elsewhere the old law holds, "To him that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance, but from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." For it is the young life which is open and prepared to receive which obtains the gracious and uplifting influences of college days. What, then, for such persons are the rich and abiding rewards of study in college or university?

Preëminently the college is a place of education. That is the ground of its being. We go to college to know, assured that knowledge is sweet and powerful, that a good education emancipates the mind and makes us citizens of the world. No college which does not thoroughly educate can be called good, no matter what else it does. No student who fails to get a little knowledge on many subjects, and much knowledge on some, can be said to have succeeded, whatever other advantages she may have found by the way. It is a beautiful and significant fact that in all times the years of learning have been also the years of romance. Those who love girls and boys pray that our colleges may be homes of

sound learning, for knowledge is the condition of every college blessing. "Let no man incapable of mathematics enter here," Plato is reported to have inscribed over his Academy door. "Let no one to whom hard study is repulsive hope for anything from us," American colleges might paraphrase. Accordingly in my talk today I shall say little of the direct benefits of knowledge which the college affords. These may be assumed. It is on their account that one knocks at the college door. But seeking this first, a good many other things are added. I want to point out some of these collateral advantages of going to college, or rather to draw attention to some of the many forms in which the winning of knowledge presents itself.

The first of these is happiness. Everybody wants "a good time," especially every girl in her teens. A good time, it is true, does not always in these years mean what it will mean by and by, any more than the girl of eighteen plays with the doll which entranced the child of eight. It takes some time to discover that work is the best sort of play, and some people never discover it at all. But when mothers ask such questions as these: "How can I make my daughter happy?" "How can I give her the best society?" "How can she have a good time?" the answer in most cases is simple. Send her to college—to almost any college. Send her because there is no other place where between eighteen and twenty-two she is so likely to have a genuinely good time. Merely for good times, for romance, for society, college life offers unequalled opportunities. Of course no idle person can possibly be happy, even for a day, nor she who makes a business of trying to amuse herself. For full happiness, though its springs are within, we

want health and friends and work and objects of aspiration. "We live by admiration, hope, and love," says Wordsworth. The college abounds in all three. In the college time new powers are sprouting, and intelligence, merriment, truthfulness, and generosity are more natural than the opposite qualities often become in later years. An exhilarating atmosphere pervades the place. We who are in it all the time feel that we live at the fountain of perpetual youth, and those who take but a four years' bath in it become more cheerful, strong, and full of promise than they are ever likely to find themselves again; for a college is a kind of compendium of the things that most men long for. It is usually planted in a beautiful spot, the charm of trees and water being added to stately buildings and stimulating works of art. Venerable associations of the past hallow its halls. Leaders in the stirring world of today return at each commencement to share the fresh life of the new class. Books, pictures, music, collections, appliances in every field, learned teachers, mirthful friends, athletics for holidays, the best words of the best men for holy days—all are here. No wonder that men look back upon their college life as upon halcyon days, the romantic period of youth. No wonder that Dr. Holmes's poems to his Harvard classmates find an echo in college reunions everywhere; and gray-haired men, who outside the narrowing circle of home have not heard their first name for years, remain Bill and Joe and John and George to college comrades, even if unseen for more than a generation.

Yet a girl should go to college not merely to obtain four happy years, but to make a second gain, which is often overlooked, and is little understood even when perceived: I mean a gain in health. The old notion

that low vitality is a matter of course with women; that to be delicate is a mark of superior refinement, especially in well-to-do families; that sickness is a dispensation of Providence—these notions meet with no acceptance in college. Years ago I saw in the mirror frame of a college freshman's room this little formula: "Sickness is carelessness, carelessness is selfishness, and selfishness is sin." And I have often noticed among college girls an air of humiliation and shame when obliged to confess a lack of physical vigor, as if they were convicted of managing life with bad judgment, or of some moral delinquency. With the spreading scientific conviction that health is a matter largely under each person's control, that even inherited tendencies to disease need not be allowed to run their riotous course unchecked, there comes an earnest purpose to be strong and free. Fascinating fields of knowledge are waiting to be explored; possibilities of doing, as well as of knowing, are on every side; new and dear friendships enlarge and sweeten dreams of future study and work, and the young student can not afford quivering nerves or small lungs or an aching head any more than bad taste, rough manners, or a weak will. Handicapped by inheritance or bad training, she finds the plan of college life itself her supporter and friend. The steady, long-continued routine of mental work, physical exercise, recreation, and sleep, the simple and wholesome food, in place of irregular and unstudied diet, work out salvation for her. Instead of being left to go out of doors when she feels like it, the regular training of the gymnasium, the boats on lake and river, the tennis court, the golf links, the basket ball, the bicycle, the long walk among the woods in search of botanical or geological specimens—all these and many

more call to the busy student, until she realizes that they have their rightful place in every well-ordered day of every month. So she learns, little by little, that buoyant health is a precious possession to be won and kept.

It is significant that already statistical investigation in this country and in England shows that the standard of health is higher among the women who hold college degrees than among any other equal number of the same age and class. And it is interesting also to observe to what sort of questions our recent girl graduates have been inclined to devote attention. They have been largely the neglected problems of little children and their health, of home sanitation, of food and its choice and preparation, of domestic service, of the cleanliness of schools and public buildings. Colleges for girls are pledged by their very constitution to make persistent war on the water cure, the nervine retreat, the insane asylum, the hospital—those bitter fruits of the emotional lives of thousands of women. “I can never afford a sick headache again, life is so interesting and there is so much to do,” a delicate girl said to me at the end of her first college year. And while her mother was in a far-off invalid retreat, she undertook the battle against fate with the same intelligence and courage which she put into her calculus problems and her translations of Sophocles. Her beautiful home and her rosy and happy children prove the measure of her hard-won success. Formerly the majority of physicians had but one question for the mother of the nervous and delicate girl, “Does she go to school?” And only one prescription, “Take her out of school.” Never a suggestion as to suppers of pickles and poundcake, never a hint about midnight dancing and hurried daytime ways. But now the sen-

sible doctor asks, "What are her interests? What **are** her tastes? What are her habits?" And he finds new interests for her, and urges the formation of out-of-door tastes and steady occupation for the mind, in order to draw the morbid girl from herself into the invigorating world outside. This the college does largely through its third gift of friendship.

Until a girl goes away from home to school or college, her friends are chiefly chosen for her by circumstances. Her young relatives, her neighbors in the same street, those who happen to go to the same school or church—these she makes her girlish intimates. She goes to college with the entire conviction, half unknown to herself, that her father's political party contains all the honest men, her mother's social circle all the true ladies, her church all the real saints of the community. And the smaller the town, the more absolute is her belief. But in college she finds that the girl who earned her scholarship in the village school sits beside the banker's daughter; the New England farmer's child rooms next to the heiress of a Hawaiian sugar plantation; the daughters of the opposing candidates in a sharply-fought election have grown great friends in college boats and laboratories; and before her diploma is won she realizes how much richer a world she lives in than she ever dreamed of at home. The wealth that lies in differences has dawned upon her vision. It is only when the rich and poor sit down together that either can understand how the Lord is the Maker of them all.

Today above all things we need the influence of men and women of friendliness, of generous nature, of hospitality to new ideas, in short, of social imagination. But instead, we find each political party bitterly calling

the other dishonest, each class suspicious of the intentions of the other, and in social life the pettiest standards of conduct. Is it not well for us that the colleges all over the country still offer to their fortunate students a society of the most democratic sort—one in which a father's money, a mother's social position, can assure no distinction and make no close friends? Here capacity of every kind counts for its full value. Here enthusiasm waits to make heroes of those who can lead. Here charming manners, noble character, amiable temper, scholarly power, find their full opportunity and inspire such friendships as are seldom made afterward. I have forgotten my chemistry, and my classical philology cannot bear examination; but all round the world there are men and women at work, my intimates of college days, who have made the wide earth a friendly place to me. Of every creed, of every party, in far-away places and in near, the thought of them makes me more courageous in duty and more faithful to opportunity, though for many years we may not have had time to write each other a letter. The basis of all valuable and enduring friendships is not accident or juxtaposition, but tastes, interests, habits, work, ambitions. It is for this reason that to college friendship clings a romance entirely its own. One of the friends may spend her days in the laboratory, eagerly chasing the shy facts that hide beyond the microscope's fine vision, and the other may fill her hours and her heart with the poets and the philosophers; one may steadfastly pursue her way toward the command of a hospital, and the other toward the world of letters and of art; these divergencies constitute no barrier, but rather an aid to the fullness of friendship. And the fact that one goes in a simple gown which she

has earned and made herself, and the other lives when at home in a merchant's modern palace—what has that to do with the things the girls care about and the dreams they talk over in the walk by the river or the bicycle ride through country roads? If any young man today goes through Harvard lonely, neglected, unfriended, if any girl lives solitary and wretched in her life at Wellesley, it is their own fault. It must be because they are suspicious, unfriendly, or disagreeable themselves. Certainly it is true that in the associations of college life more than in any other the country can show, what is extraneous, artificial, and temporary falls away, and the everyday relations of life and work take on a character that is simple, natural, genuine. And so it comes about that the fourth gift of college life is ideals of personal character.

To some people the shaping ideals of what character should be, often held unconsciously, come from the books they read; but to the majority they are given by the persons whom they most admire before they are twenty years old. The greatest thing any friend or teacher, either in school or college, can do for a student is to furnish him with a personal ideal. The college professors who transformed me through my acquaintance with them—ah, they were few, and I am sure I did not have a dozen conversations with them outside their classrooms—gave me, each in his different way, an ideal of character, of conduct, of the scholar, the leader, of which they and I were totally unconscious at the time. For many years I have known that my study with them, no matter whether of philosophy or of Greek, of mathematics or history or English, enlarged my notions of life, uplifted my standards of culture, and so inspired

me with new possibilities of usefulness and of happiness. Not the facts and theories that I learned, so much as the men who taught me, gave this inspiration. The community at large is right in saying that it wants the personal influence of professors on students, but it is wholly wrong in assuming that this precious influence comes from frequent meetings or talks on miscellaneous subjects. There is quite as likely to be a quickening force in the somewhat remote and mysterious power of the teacher who devotes himself to amassing treasures of scholarship, or to patiently working out the best methods of teaching; who standing somewhat apart, still remains the ideal of the Christian scholar, the just, the courteous man or woman. To come under the influence of one such teacher is enough to make college life worth while. A young man who came to Harvard with eighty cents in his pocket, and worked his way through, never a high scholar, and now in a business which looks very commonplace, told me the other day that he would not care to be alive if he had not gone to college. His face flushed as he explained how different his days would have been if he had not known two of his professors. "Do you use your college studies in your business?" I asked. "Oh, no!" he answered. "But I am another man in doing the business; and when the day's work is done I live another life because of my college experiences. The business and I are both the better for it every day." How many a young girl has had her whole horizon extended by the changed ideals she gained in college! Yet this is largely because the associations and studies there are likely to give her permanent interests—the fifth and perhaps the greatest gift of college life of which I shall speak.

The old fairy story which charmed us in childhood ended with "And they were married and lived happy ever after." It conducted to the altar, having brought the happy pair through innumerable difficulties, and left us with the contented sense that all the mistakes and problems would now vanish and life be one long day of unclouded bliss. I have seen devoted and intelligent mothers arrange their young daughters' education and companionships precisely on this basis. They planned as if these pretty and charming girls were going to live only twenty or twenty-five years at the utmost, and had consequently no need of the wealthy interests that should round out the full-grown woman's stature, making her younger in feeling at forty than at twenty and more lovely and admired at eighty than at either.

Emerson in writing of beauty declares that "the secret of ugliness consists not in irregular outline, but in being uninteresting. We love any forms, however ugly, from which great qualities shine. If command, eloquence, art, or invention exists in the most deformed person, all the accidents that usually displease, please, and raise esteem and wonder higher. Beauty without grace is the head without the body. Beauty without expression tires." Of course such considerations can hardly come with full force to the young girl herself, who feels aged at eighteen, and imagines that the troubles and problems of life and thought are hers already. "Oh, tell me tonight," cried a college freshman once to her president, "which is the right side and which is the wrong side of this Andover question about eschatology?" The young girl is impatient of open questions, and irritated at her inability to answer them. Neither can she believe that the first headlong zest with which she throws herself

into society, athletics, into everything which comes in her way, can ever fail. But her elders know, looking on, that our American girl, the comrade of her parents and of her brothers and their friends, brought up from babyhood in the eager talk of politics and society, of religious belief, of public action, of social responsibility—that this typical girl, with her quick sympathies, her clear head, her warm heart, her outreaching hands, will not permanently be satisfied or self-respecting, though she have the prettiest dresses and hats in town, or the most charming of dinners, dances, and teas. Unless there comes to her, and comes early, the one chief happiness of life—a marriage of comradeship—she must face for herself the question, “What shall I do with my life?”

I recall a superb girl of twenty as I overtook her one winter morning hurrying along Commonwealth Avenue. She spoke of a brilliant party at a friend's the previous evening. “But, oh!” she cried, throwing up her hands in a kind of hopeless impatience, “tell me what to do. My dancing days are over!” I laughed at her, “Have you sprained your ankle?” But I saw I had made a mistake when she added, “It is no laughing matter. I have been out three years. I have not done what they expected of me,” with a flush and a shrug, “and there is a crowd of nice girls coming on this winter; and anyway, I am so tired of going to teas and ball games and assemblies! I don't care the least in the world for foreign missions, and,” with a stamp, “I am not going slumming among the Italians. I have too much respect for the Italians. And what shall I do with the rest of my life?” That was a frank statement of what any girl of brains or conscience feels, with more or less bitter distinctness, unless she marries early, or has some pressing work for which she is well trained.

Yet even if that which is the profession of women *par excellence* be hers, how can she be perennially so interesting a companion to her husband and children as if she had keen personal tastes, long her own, and growing with her growth? Indeed, in that respect the condition of men is almost the same as that of women. It would be quite the same were it not for the fact that a man's business or profession is generally in itself a means of growth, of education, of dignity. He leans his life against it. He builds his home in the shadow of it. It binds his days together in a kind of natural piety, and makes him advance in strength and nobility as he "fulfills the common round, the daily task." And that is the reason why men in the past, if they have been honorable men, have grown old better than women. Men usually retain their ability longer, their mental alertness and hospitality. They add fine quality to fine quality, passing from strength to strength and preserving in old age whatever has been best in youth. It was a sudden recognition of this fact which made a young friend of mine say last winter, "I am not going to parties any more; the men best worth talking with are too old to dance."

Even with the help of a permanent business or profession, however, the most interesting men I know are those who have an avocation as well as a vocation. I mean a taste or work quite apart from the business of life. This revives, inspires, and cultivates them perpetually. It matters little what it is, if only it is real and personal, is large enough to last, and possesses the power of growth. A young sea captain from a New England village on a long and lonely voyage falls upon a copy of Shelley. Appeal is made to his fine but untrained mind, and the book of the boy poet becomes

the seaman's university. The wide world of poetry and of the other fine arts is opened, and the Shelleyian specialist becomes a cultivated, original, and charming man. A busy merchant loves flowers, and in all his free hours studies them. Each new spring adds knowledge to his knowledge, and his friends continually bring him their strange discoveries. With growing wealth he cultivates rare and beautiful plants, and shares them with his fortunate acquaintances. Happy the companion invited to a walk or drive with such observant eyes, such vivid talk! Because of this cheerful interest in flowers, and this ingenious skill in dealing with them, the man himself is interesting. All his powers are alert, and his judgment is valued in public life and private business. Or is it more exact to say that because he is the kind of man who would insist upon having such interests outside his daily work, he is still fresh and young and capable of growth at an age when many other men are dull and old and certain that the time of decay is at hand?

There are two reasons why women need to cultivate these large and abiding interests even more persistently than men. In the first place, they have more leisure. They are indeed the only leisured class in the country, the only large body of persons who are not called upon to win their daily bread in direct, wage-earning ways. As yet, fortunately, few men among us have so little self-respect as to idle about our streets and drawing-rooms because their fathers are rich enough to support them. We are not without our unemployed poor; but roving tramps and idle clubmen are after all not of large consequence. Our serious non-producing classes are chiefly women. It is the regular ambition of the chivalrous

American to make all the women who depend on him so comfortable that they need do nothing for themselves. Machinery has taken nearly all the former occupations of women out of the home into the shop and factory. Widespread wealth and comfort, and the inherited theory that it is not well for the woman to earn money so long as father or brothers can support her, have brought about a condition of things in which there is social danger, unless with the larger leisure are given high and enduring interests. To health especially there is great danger, for nothing breaks down a woman's health like idleness and its resulting ennui. More people, I am sure, are broken down nervously because they are bored than because they are overworked; and more still go to pieces through fussiness, unwholesome living, worry over petty details, and the daily disappointments which result from small and superficial training. And then, besides the danger to health, there is the danger to character. I need not dwell on the undermining influence which men also feel when occupation is taken away and no absorbing private interest fills the vacancy. The vices of luxurious city life are perhaps hardly more destructive to character than is the slow deterioration of barren country life. Though the conditions in the two cases are exactly opposite, the trouble is often the same—absence of noble interests. In the city restless idleness organizes amusement; in the country deadly dullness succeeds daily toil.

But there is a second reason why a girl should acquire for herself strong and worthy interests. The regular occupations of women in their homes are generally disconnected and of little educational value, at least as those homes are at present conducted. Given the best will in the world, the daily doing of household details

becomes a wearisome monotony if the mere performance of them is all. To make drudgery divine a woman must have a brain to plan and eyes to see how to "sweep a room as to God's laws." Imagination and knowledge should be the hourly companions of her who would make a fine art of each detail in kitchen and nursery. Too long has the pin been the appropriate symbol of the average woman's life—the pin, which only temporarily holds together things which may or may not have any organic connection with one another. While undoubtedly most women must spend the larger part of life in this modest pin-work, holding together the little things of home and school and society and church, it is also true, that cohesive work itself cannot be done well, even in humble circumstances, except by the refined, the trained, the growing woman. The smallest village, the plainest home, give ample space for the resources of the trained college woman. And the reason why such homes and such villages are so often barren of grace and variety is just because these fine qualities have not ruled them. The higher graces of civilization halt among us; dainty and finished ways of living give place to common ways, while vulgar tastes, slatternly habits, clouds and despondency reign in the house. Little children under five years of age die in needless thousands because of the dull, unimaginative women on whom they depend. Such women have been satisfied with just getting along, instead of packing everything they do with brains, instead of studying the best possible way of doing everything small or large; for there is always a best way, whether of setting a table, of trimming a hat, or teaching a child to read. And this taste for perfection can be cultivated; indeed, it must be cultivated, if our standards

of living are to be raised. There is now scientific knowledge enough, there is money enough, to prevent the vast majority of the evils which afflict our social organism, if mere knowledge or wealth could avail; but the greater difficulty is to make intelligence, character, good taste, unselfishness prevail.

What, then, are the interests which powerfully appeal to mind and heart, and are so fitted to become the strengthening companions of a woman's life? I shall mention only three, all of them such as are elaborately fostered by college life. The first is the love of great literature. I do not mean that use of books by which a man may get what is called a good education and so be better qualified for the battle of life, nor do I mention books in their character as reservoirs of knowledge, books which we need for special purposes, and which are no longer of consequence when our purpose with them is served. I have in mind the great books, especially the great poets, books to be adopted as a resource and a solace. The chief reason why so many people do not know how to make comrades of such books is because they have come to them too late. We have in this country enormous numbers of readers—probably a larger number who read, and who read many hours in the week, than has ever been known elsewhere in the world. But what do these millions read besides the newspapers? Possibly a denominational religious weekly and another journal of fashion or business. Then come the thousands who read the best magazines, and whatever else is for the moment popular in novels and poetry—the last dialect story, the fashionable poem, the questionable but talked-of novel. Let a violent attack be made on the decency of a new story, and instantly, if only it is clever, its author becomes famous.

But the fashions in reading of a restless race—the women too idle, the men too heavily worked—I will not discuss here. Let light literature be devoured by our populace as his drug is taken by the opium eater, and with a similar narcotic effect. We can only seek out the children, and hope by giving them from babyhood bits of the noblest literature, to prepare them for the great opportunities of mature life. I urge, therefore, reading as a mental stimulus, as a solace in trouble, a perpetual source of delight; and I would point out that we must not delay to make the great friendships that await us on the library shelves until sickness shuts the door on the outer world, or death enters the home and silences the voices that once helped to make these friendships sweet. If Homer and Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Browning are to have meaning for us when we need them most, it will be because they come to us as old familiar friends whose influences have permeated the glad and busy days before. The last time I heard James Russell Lowell talk to college girls, he said, “I have only this one message to leave with you. In all your work in college never lose sight of the reason why you have come here. It is not that you may get something by which to earn your bread, but that every mouthful of bread may be the sweeter to your taste.”

And this is the power possessed by the mighty dead—men of every time and nation, whose voices death cannot silence, who are waiting even at the poor man’s elbow, whose illuminating words may be had for the price of a day’s work in the kitchen or the street, for lack of love of whom many a luxurious home is a dull and solitary spot, breeding misery and vice. Now the modern college is especially equipped to introduce its students to such

literature. The library is at last understood to be the heart of the college. The modern librarian is not the keeper of books as was his predecessor, but the distributor of them, and the guide to their resources, proud when he increases the use of his treasures. Every language, ancient or modern, which contains a literature is now taught in college. Its history is examined, its philology, its masterpieces, and more than ever is English literature studied and loved. There is now every opportunity for the college student to become an expert in the use of his own tongue and pen. What other men painfully strive for he can enjoy to the full with comparatively little effort.

But there is a second invigorating interest to which college training introduces its student. I mean the study of nature, intimacy with the strange and beautiful world in which we live. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," sang her poet and high priest. When the world has been too much with us, nothing else is so refreshing to tired eyes and mind as woods and water, and an intelligent knowledge of the life within them. For a generation past there has been a well-nigh universal turning of the population toward the cities. In 1840 only nine per cent of our people lived in cities of eight thousand inhabitants or more. Now more than a third of us are found in cities. But the electric car, the telephone, the bicycle, still keep avenues to the country open. Certain it is that city people feel a growing hunger for the country, particularly when grass begins to grow. This is a healthy taste, and must increase the general knowledge and love of nature. Fortunate are the little children in those schools whose teachers know and love the world in which they live. Their young

eyes are early opened to the beauty of birds and trees and plants. Not only should we expect our girls to have a feeling for the fine sunset or the wide-reaching panorama of field and water, but to know something also about the less obvious aspects of nature, its structure, its methods of work, and the endless diversity of its parts. No one can have read Matth w Arnold's letters to his wife, his mother, and his sister, without being struck by the immense enjoyment he took throughout his singularly simple and hard-working life in flowers and trees and rivers. The English lake country had given him this happy inheritance, with everywhere its sound of running water and its wealth of greenery. There is a close connection between the marvelous unbroken line of English song and the passionate love of the Englishman for a home in the midst of birds, trees, and green fields.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings,

is the opinion of everybody who knows nature as did Robert Louis Stevenson. And so our college student may begin to know it. Let her enter the laboratories and investigate for herself. Let her make her delicate experiments with the blowpipe or the balance; let her track mysterious life from one hiding-place to another; let her "name all the birds without a gun," and make intimates of flower and fish and butterfly—and she is dull indeed if breezy tastes do not follow her through life, and forbid any of her days to be empty of intelligent enjoyment. "Keep your years beautiful; make your own atmosphere," was the parting advice of my college president, himself a living illustration of what he said.

But it is a short step from the love of the complex and engaging world in which we live to the love of our comrades in it. Accordingly the third precious interest to be cultivated by the college student is an interest in people. The scholar today is not a being who dwells apart in his cloister, the monk's successor; he is a leader of the thoughts and conduct of men. So the new subjects which stand beside the classics and mathematics of mediaeval culture are history, economics, ethics, and sociology. Although these subjects are yet merely in the making, thousands of students are flocking to their investigation, and are going out to try their tentative knowledge in college settlements and city missions and children's aid societies. The best instincts of generous youth are becoming enlisted in these living themes. And why should our daughters remain aloof from the most absorbing work of modern city life, work quite as fascinating to young women as to young men? During many years of listening to college sermons and public lectures in Wellesley, I always noticed a quickened attention in the audience whenever the discussion touched politics or theology. These are, after all, the permanent and peremptory interests, and they should be given their full place in a healthy and vigorous life.

But if that life includes a love of books, of nature, of people, it will naturally turn to enlarged conceptions of religion—my sixth and last gift of college life. In his first sermon as Master of Balliol College, Dr. Jowett spoke of the college, "First as a place of education, secondly as a place of society, thirdly as a place of religion." He observed that "men of very great ability often fail in life because they are unable to play their part with effect. They are shy, awkward, self-conscious,

deficient in manners, faults which are as ruinous as vices." The supreme end of college training, he said, "is usefulness in after life." Similarly, when the city of Cambridge celebrated in Harvard's Memorial Hall the life and death of the gallant young Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, William E. Russell, men did well to hang above his portrait some wise words he had lately said, "Never forget the everlasting difference between making a living and making a life." That he himself never forgot; and it was well to remind citizens and students of it, as they stood there facing too the ancient words all Harvard men face when they take their college degrees and go out into the world, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Good words these to go out from college with. The girls of Wellesley gather every morning at chapel to bow their heads together for a moment before they scatter among the libraries and lecture rooms and begin the experiments of the new day. And always their college motto meets the eyes that are raised to its penetrating message, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." How many a young heart has loyally responded, "And to give life a ransom for many." That is the "Wellesley spirit;" and the same sweet spirit of devout service has gone forth from all our college halls. In any of them one may catch the echo of Whittier's noble psalm:

Our Lord and Master of us all!
What-e'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

That is the supreme test of life—its consecrated serviceableness. The Master of Balliol was right; the brave

men and women who founded our schools and colleges were not wrong. "For Christ and the Church" universities were set up in the wilderness of New England; for the large service of the state they have been founded and maintained at public cost in every section of the country where men have settled, from the Alleghanies across the prairies and Rocky Mountains down to the Golden Gate. Founded primarily as seats of learning, their teachers have been not only scientists and linguists, philosophers and historians, but men and women of holy purposes, sound patriotism, courageous convictions, refined and noble tastes. Set as these teachers have been upon a hill, their light has at no period of our country's history been hid. They have formed a large factor in our civilization, and in their own beautiful characters have continually shown us how to combine religion and life, the ideal and practical, the human and the divine.

Such are some of the larger influences to be had from college life. It is true all the good gifts I have named may be secured without the aid of the college. We all know young men and women who have had no college training, who are as cultivated, rational, resourceful, and happy as any people we know, who excel in every one of these particulars the college graduates about them. I believe they often bitterly regret the lack of a college education. And we see young men and women going through college deaf and blind to their great chances there, and afterwards curiously careless and wasteful of the best things in life. While all this is true, it is true too that to the open-minded and ambitious boy or girl of moderate health, ability, self-control, and studiousness, a college offers the most attractive, easy, and probable way of securing happiness and health, good friends and

high ideals, permanent interests of a noble kind, and large capacity for usefulness in the world. It has been well said that the ability to see great things large and little things small is the final test of education. The foes of life, especially of women's lives, are caprice, wearisome incapacity, and petty judgments. From these oppressive foes we long to escape to the rule of right reason, where all things are possible, and life becomes a glory instead of a grind. No college, with the best teachers and collections in the world, can by its own power impart all this to any woman. But if one has set her face in that direction, where else can she find so many hands reached out to help, so many encouraging voices in the air, so many favoring influences filling the days and nights?

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA¹

WALTER PATER

The Italian sculptors of the earlier half of the fifteenth century are more than mere forerunners of the great masters of its close, and often reach perfection, within the narrow limits which they chose to impose on their work. Their sculpture shares with the paintings of Botticelli and the churches of Brunelleschi that profound expressiveness, that intimate impress of an indwelling soul, which is the peculiar fascination of the art of Italy in that century. Their works have been much neglected, and often almost hidden away amid the frippery of modern decoration, and we come with some surprise on

¹From *The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry*.

the places where their fire still smoulders. One longs to penetrate into the lives of the men who have given expression to so much power and sweetness. But it is part of the reserve, the austere dignity and simplicity of their existence, that their histories are for the most part lost, or told but briefly. From their lives, as from their work, all tumult of sound and color has passed away. Mino, the Raphael of sculpture, Maso del Rodario, whose works add a further grace to the Church of Como, Donatello even—one asks in vain for more than a shadowy outline of their actual days.

Something more remains of Luca della Robbia; something more of a history, of outward changes and fortunes, is expressed through his work. I suppose nothing brings the real air of a Tuscan town so vividly to mind as those pieces of pale blue and white earthenware, by which he is best known, like fragments of the milky sky itself, fallen into the cool streets, and breaking into the darkened churches. And no work is less imitable: like Tuscan wine, it loses its savor when moved from its birthplace, from the crumbling walls where it was first placed. Part of the charm of this work, its grace and purity and finish of expression, is common to all the Tuscan sculptors of the fifteenth century; for Luca was first of all a worker in marble, and his works in *terra cotta* only transfer to a different material the principles of his sculpture.

These Tuscan sculptors of the fifteenth century worked for the most part in low relief, giving even to their monumental effigies something of its depression of surface, getting into them by this means a pathetic suggestion of the wasting and etherealization of death. They are haters of all heaviness and emphasis, of strongly-opposed light and shade, and seek their means of delineation

among those last refinements of shadow, which are almost invisible except in a strong light, and which the finest pencil can hardly follow. The whole essence of their work is *expression*, the passing of a smile over the face of a child, the ripple of the air on a still day over the curtain of a window ajar.

What is the precise value of this system of sculpture, this low relief? Luca della Robbia, and the other sculptors of the school to which he belongs, have before them the universal problem of their art; and this system of low relief is the means by which they meet and overcome the special limitations of sculpture.

That limitation results from the material and other necessary conditions of all sculptured work, and consists in the tendency of such work to a hard realism, a one-sided presentment of mere form, that solid material frame which only motion can relieve, a thing of heavy shadows, and an individuality of expression pushed to caricature. Against this tendency to the hard presentment of mere form trying vainly to compete with the reality of nature itself, all noble sculpture constantly struggles; each great system of sculpture resisting it in its own way, etherealizing, spiritualizing, relieving its stiffness, its heaviness, and death. The use of color in sculpture is but an unskilful contrivance to effect, by borrowing from another art, what the nobler sculpture effects by strictly appropriate means. To get not color, but the equivalent of color; to secure the expression and the play of life; to expand the too firmly fixed individuality of pure, unrelieved, uncolored form—this is the problem which the three great styles in sculpture have solved in three different ways.

Allgemeinheit—breadth, generality, universality—is the word chosen by Winckelmann, and after him by Goethe and many German critics, to express that law of the most excellent Greek sculptors, of Pheidias and his pupils, which prompted them constantly to seek the type in the individual, to abstract and express only what is structural and permanent, to purge from the individual all that belongs only to him, all the accidents, the feelings and actions of the special moment, all that (because in its own nature it endures but for a moment) is apt to look like a frozen thing if one arrests it.

In this way their works came to be like some subtle extract or essence, or almost like pure thoughts or ideas; and hence the breadth of humanity in them, that detachment from the conditions of a particular place or people, which has carried their influence far beyond them, and insured them universal acceptance.

That was the Greek way of relieving the hardness and unspirituality of pure form. But it involved to a certain degree the sacrifice of what we call expression; and a system of abstraction which aimed always at the broad and general type, at the purging away from the individual of what belonged only to him, and of the mere accidents of a particular time and place, imposed upon the range of effects open to the Greek sculptor limits somewhat narrowly defined. When Michelangelo came, therefore, with a genius spiritualized by the reverie of the Middle Age, penetrated by its spirit of inwardness and introspection, living not a mere outward life like the Greek, but a life full of intimate experiences, sorrows, consolations, a system which sacrificed so much of what was inward and unseen could not satisfy him. To him, lover and student of Greek sculpture as he was, work which

did not bring what was inward to the surface, which was not concerned with individual expression, with individual character and feeling, the special history of the special soul, was not worth doing at all.

And so, in a way quite personal and peculiar to himself, which often is, and always seems, the effect of accident, he secured for his work individuality and intensity of expression, while he avoided a too heavy realism, that tendency to harden into caricature which the representation of feeling in sculpture is apt to display. What time and accident, its centuries of darkness under the furrows of the "little Melian farm," have done with singular felicity of touch for the Venus of Melos, fraying its surface and softening its lines, so that some spirit in the thing seems always on the point of breaking out, as though in it classical sculpture had advanced already one step into the mystical Christian age, its expression being in the whole range of ancient work most like that of Michelangelo's own—this effect Michelangelo gains by leaving nearly all his sculpture in a puzzling sort of incompleteness, which suggests rather than realizes actual form. Something of the wasting of that snow image which he molded at the command of Piero de' Medici, when the snow lay one night in the court of the Pitti palace, almost always lurks about it, as if he had determined to make the quality of a task, exacted from him half in derision, the pride of all his work. Many have wondered at that incompleteness, suspecting, however, that Michelangelo himself loved and was loath to change it, and feeling at the same time that they too would lose something if the half-realized form ever quite emerged from the stone, so rough-hewn here, so delicately finished there; and they have wished to fathom the charm of this incompleteness. Well! that incompleteness is Michelangelo's equivalent

for color in sculpture; it is his way of etherealizing pure form, of relieving its stiff realism, and communicating to it breath, pulsation, the effect of life. It was a characteristic too which fell in with his peculiar temper and mode of living, his disappointments and hesitations. And it was in reality perfect finish. In this way he combines the utmost amount of passion and intensity with the sense of a yielding and flexible life: he gets not vitality merely, but a wonderful force of expression.

Midway between these two systems—the system of the Greek sculptors and the system of Michelangelo—comes the system of Luca della Robbia and the other Tuscan sculptors of the fifteenth century, partaking both of the *Allgemeinheit* of the Greeks, their way of extracting certain select elements only of pure form and sacrificing all the rest, and the studied incompleteness of Michelangelo, relieving that sense of intensity, passion, energy, which might otherwise have stiffened into caricature. Like Michelangelo, these sculptors fill their works with intense and individualized expression. Their noblest works are the careful sepulchral portraits of particular persons: the monument of Conte Ugo in the *Badia* of Florence, of the youthful Medea Colleoni, with the wonderful, long throat, in the chapel on the cool north side of the Church of *Santa Maria Maggiore* at Bergamo—monuments such as abound in the churches of Rome, inexhaustible in suggestions of repose, of a subdued Sabbatic joy, a kind of sacred grace and refinement. And these elements of tranquillity, of repose, they unite to an intense and individual expression by a system of conventionalism as skilful and subtle as that of the Greeks, repressing all such curves as indicate solid form, and throwing the whole into low relief.

The life of Luca, a life of labor and frugality, with no adventure and no excitement except what belongs to the trial of new artistic processes, the struggle with new artistic difficulties, the solution of purely artistic problems, fills the first seventy years of the fifteenth century. After producing many works in marble for the *Duomo* and the *Campanile* of Florence, which place him among the foremost masters of the sculpture of his age, he became desirous to realize the spirit and manner of that sculpture, in a humbler material, to unite its science, its exquisite and expressive system of low relief, to the homely art of pottery, to introduce those high qualities into common things, to adorn and cultivate daily household life. In this he is profoundly characteristic of the Florence of that century, of that in it which lay below its superficial vanity and caprice, a certain old-world modesty and seriousness and simplicity. People had not yet begun to think that what was good art for churches was not so good, or less fitted, for their own houses. Luca's new work was in plain white earthenware at first, a mere rough imitation of the costly, laboriously wrought marble, finished in a few hours. But on this humble path he found his way to a fresh success, to another artistic grace. The fame of oriental pottery, with its strange, bright colors—colors of art, colors not to be attained in the natural stone—mingled with the tradition of the old Roman pottery of the neighborhood. The little red, coral-like jars of Arezzo, dug up in that district from time to time, are much prized. These colors haunted Luca's fancy. "He still continued seeking something more," his biographer says of him; "and instead of making his figures of baked earth simply white, he added the further invention of giving them color, to the astonishment and delight

of all who beheld them"—*Cosa singolare, e multo utile per la state!*—a curious thing, and very useful for summer time, full of coolness and repose for hand and eye. Luca loved the forms of various fruits, and wrought them into all sorts of marvelous frames and garlands, giving them their natural colors, only subdued a little, a little paler than nature.

I said that the art of Luca della Robbia possessed in an unusual measure that special characteristic which belongs to all the workmen of his school, a characteristic which, even in the absence of much positive information about their actual history, seems to bring those workmen themselves very near to us. They bear the impress of a personal quality, a profound expressiveness, what the French call *intimité*, by which is meant some subtler sense of originality—the seal on a man's work of what is most inward and peculiar in his moods, and manner of apprehension: it is what we call *expression*, carried to its highest intensity of degree. That characteristic is rare in poetry, rarer still in art, rarest of all in the abstract art of sculpture; yet essentially, perhaps, it is the quality which alone makes work in the imaginative order really worth having at all. It is because the works of the artists of the fifteenth century possess this quality in an unmistakable way that one is anxious to know all that can be known about them and explain to one's self the secret of their charm.

THE FATALISM OF THE MULTITUDE¹

JAMES BRYCE

One feature of thought and sentiment in the United States needs special examination because it has been by most observers either ignored or confounded with a phenomenon which is at bottom quite different. This is a fatalistic attitude of mind, which, since it disposes men to acquiesce in the rule of numbers, has been, when perceived, attributed to or identified with what is commonly called the Tyranny of the Majority. The tendency to fatalism is never far from mankind. It is one of the first solutions of the riddle of the earth propounded by metaphysics. It is one of the last propounded by science. It has at all times formed the background to religions. No race is naturally less disposed to a fatalistic view of things than is the Anglo-American, with its restless self-reliant energy.

Nil actum reputans dum quid restaret agendum,

its slender taste for introspection or meditation. Nevertheless, even in this people the conditions of life and politics have bred a sentiment or tendency which seems best described by the name of fatalism.

In small and rude communities, every free man, or at least every head of a household, feels his own significance and realizes his own independence. He relies on himself, he is little interfered with by neighbors or rulers. His will and his action count for something in the conduct of the affairs of the community he belongs to, yet common affairs are few compared to those in which he must

¹From *The American Commonwealth*, Vol. II, Chap. LXXXV. Reprinted by permission of the Macmillan Company.

depend on his own exertions. The most striking pictures of individualism that literature has preserved for us are those of the Homeric heroes, and of the even more terrible and self-reliant warriors of the Norse sagas, men like Ragnar Lodbrog and Egil, son of Skallagrim, who did not regard even the gods, but trusted their own might and main. In more developed states of society organized on an oligarchic basis, such as were the feudal kingdoms of the Middle Ages, or in socially aristocratic countries such as most parts of Europe have remained down to our own time, the bulk of the people are no doubt in a dependent condition, but each person derives a certain sense of personal consequence from the strength of his group and of the person or family at the head of it. Moreover, the upper class, being the class which thinks and writes, as well as leads in action, impresses its own type upon the character of the whole nation, and that type is still individualistic, with a strong consciousness of personal free will, and a tendency for each man, if not to think for himself, at least to value and to rely on his own opinion.

Let us suppose, however, that the aristocratic structure of society has been dissolved, that the old groups have disappeared, that men have come to feel themselves members rather of the nation than of classes, or families, or communities within the nation, that a leveling process has destroyed the ascendancy of birth and rank, that large landed estates no longer exist, that many persons in what was previously the humbler class have acquired possession of property, that knowledge is easily accessible and the power of using it no longer confined to the few. Under such conditions of social equality the habit of intellectual command and individual self-confidence will have vanished from the leading class, which creates the

type of national character, and will exist nowhere in the nation.

Let us suppose, further, that political equality has gone hand in hand with the leveling down of social eminence. Every citizen enjoys the same right of electing the representatives and officials, the same right of himself becoming a representative or an official. Every one is equally concerned in the conduct of public affairs, and since no man's opinion, however great his superiority in wealth, knowledge, or personal capacity, is legally entitled to any more weight than another's, no man is entitled to set special value on his own opinion, or to expect others to defer to it; for pretensions to authority will be promptly resented. All disputes are referred to the determination of the majority, there being no legal distinction between the naturally strong and the naturally weak, between the rich and the poor, between the wise and the foolish. In such a state of things the strong man's self-confidence and sense of individual force will inevitably have been lowered, because he will feel that he is only one of many, that his vote or voice counts for no more than that of his neighbor, that he can prevail, if at all, only by keeping himself on a level with his neighbor and recognizing the latter's personality as being every whit equal to his own.

Suppose, further, that all this takes place in an enormously large and populous country, where the governing voters are counted by so many millions that each individual feels himself a mere drop in the ocean, the influence which he can exert privately, whether by his personal gifts or by his wealth, being confined to the small circle of his town or neighborhood. On all sides there stretches round him an illimitable horizon; and beneath the blue vault which covers that horizon there is everywhere the same busy multitude with its clamor of mingled voices

which he hears close by. In this multitude his own being seems lost. He has the sense of insignificance which overwhelms us when at night we survey the host of heaven, and know that from even the nearest fixed star this planet of ours is invisible.

In such a country, where complete political equality is strengthened and perfected by complete social equality, where the will of the majority is absolute, unquestioned, always invoked to decide every question, and where the numbers which decide are so vast that one comes to regard them as one regards the largely working forces of nature, we may expect to find certain feelings and beliefs dominant in the minds of men.

One of these is that the majority must prevail. All free government rests on this belief, for there is no other way of working free government. To obey the majority is, therefore, both a necessity and a duty, a duty because the alternative would be ruin and the breaking up of laws.

Out of this dogma there grows up another which is less distinctly admitted, and indeed held rather implicitly than consciously, that the majority is right. And out of both of these there grows again the feeling, still less consciously held, but not less truly operative, that it is vain to oppose or censure the majority.

It may seem that there is a long step from the first of these propositions to the second and third; and that, in fact, the very existence of a minority striving with a majority implies that there must be many who hold the majority to be wrong, and are prepared to resist it. Men do not at once abandon their views because they have been outvoted; they reiterate their views, they reorganize their party, they hope to prevail, and often do prevail in a subsequent trial of strength.

All this is doubtless involved in the very methods of popular government. But it is, nevertheless, true that the belief in the right of the majority lies very near to the belief that the majority must be right. As self-government is based on the notion that each man is more likely to be right than to be wrong, and that one man's opinion must be treated as equally good with another's, there is a presumption that when twenty thousand vote one way, and twenty-one thousand another, the view of the greater number is the better view. The habit of deference to a decision actually given strengthens this presumption, and weaves it into the texture of every mind. A conscientious citizen feels that he ought to obey the determination of the majority, and naturally prefers to think that which he obeys to be right. A citizen languidly interested in the question at issue finds it easier to comply with and adopt the view of the majority than to hold out against it. A small number of men with strong convictions or warm party feeling will, for a time, resist. But even they feel differently toward their cause after it has been defeated from what they did while it had still a prospect of success. They know that in the same proportion in which their supporters are dismayed, the majority is emboldened and confirmed in its views. It will be harder to fight a second battle than it was to fight the first, for there is (so to speak) a steeper slope of popular disapproval to be climbed. Thus, just as at the opening of a campaign, the event of the first collisions between the hostile armies has great significance, because the victory of one is taken as an omen and a presage by both, so in the struggle of parties success at an incidental election works powerfully to strengthen those who succeed, and depress those who fail, for it inspires self-

confidence or self-distrust and it turns the minds of waverers. The very obscurity of the causes which move opinion adds significance to the result. So in the United States, when the elections in any state precede by a few weeks a presidential contest, their effect has sometimes been so great as virtually to determine that contest by filling one side with hope and the other with despondency. Those who prefer to swim with the stream are numerous everywhere, and their votes have as much weight as the votes of the keenest partisans. A man of convictions may insist that the arguments on both sides are after the polling just what they were before. But the average man will repeat his arguments with less faith, less zeal, more of a secret fear that he may be wrong, than he did while the majority was still doubtful; and after every reassertion by the majority of its judgment, his knees grow feebler, till at last they refuse to carry him into the combat.

The larger the scale on which the majority works, the more potent are these tendencies. When the scene of action is a small commonwealth, the individual voters are many of them personally known to one another and the motives which determine their votes are understood and discounted. When it is a moderately-sized country, the towns or districts which compose it are not too numerous for reckoning to overtake and imagination to picture them, and in many cases their action can be explained by well-known causes which may be represented as transitory. But when the theatre stretches itself to a continent, when the number of voters is counted by many millions, the wings of imagination droop, and the huge voting mass ceases to be thought of as merely so many individual human beings no wiser or better than one's

own neighbors. The phenomenon seems to pass into the category of the phenomena of nature, governed by far-reaching and inexorable laws whose character science has only imperfectly ascertained, and which she can use only by obeying. It inspires a sort of awe, a sense of individual impotence, like that which man feels when he contemplates the majestic and eternal forces of the inanimate world.

Such a feeling is even stronger when it operates, not on a cohesive minority which had lately hoped, or may yet hope, to become a majority, but on a single man or small group of persons cherishing some opinion which the mass disapproves. Thus out of the mingled feelings that the multitude will prevail, and that the multitude, because it will prevail, must be right, there grows a self-distrust, a despondency, a disposition to fall into line, to acquiesce in the dominant opinion, to submit thought as well as action to the encompassing power of numbers. Now and then a resolute man will, like Athanasius, stand alone against the world. But such a man must have, like Athanasius, some special spring of inward strength; and the difficulty of winning over others against the overwhelming weight of the multitude will, even in such a man, dull the edge of enterprise. An individual seeking to make his view prevail, looks forth on his hostile fellow-countrymen as a solitary swimmer, raised high on a billow miles from land, looks over the countless waves that divide him from the shore, and quails to think how small the chance that his strength can bear him thither.

This tendency to acquiescence and submission, this sense of the insignificance of individual effort, this belief that the affairs of men are swayed by large forces whose movement may be studied but cannot be turned, I have

ventured to call the Fatalism of the Multitude. It is often confounded with the tyranny of the majority, but is at bottom different, though, of course, its existence makes abuses of power by the majority easier, because less apt to be resented. But the fatalistic attitude I have been seeking to describe does not imply any compulsion exerted by the majority. It may rather seem to soften and make less odious an exercise of their power, may even dispense with that exercise, because it disposes a minority to submit without the need of a command, to renounce spontaneously its own view and fall in with the view which the majority has expressed. In the fatalism of the multitude there is neither legal nor moral compulsion; there is merely a loss of resisting power, a diminished sense of personal responsibility and of the duty to battle for one's own opinions, such as has been bred in some peoples by the belief in an overmastering fate. It is true that the force to which the citizen of the vast democracy submits is a moral force, not that of an unapproachable Allah, nor of the unchangeable laws of matter. But it is a moral force acting on so vast a scale, and from causes often so obscure, that its effect on the mind of the individual may well be compared with that which religious or scientific fatalism engenders.

No one will suppose that the above sketch is intended to apply literally to the United States, where in some matters legal restrictions check a majority, where local self-government gives the humblest citizen a sphere for public action, where individualism is still in many forms and directions so vigorous. An American explorer, an American settler in new lands, an American man of business pushing a great enterprise, is a being as bold and

resourceful as the world has ever seen. All I seek to convey is that there are in the United States signs of such a fatalistic temper, signs which one must expect to find wherever a vast population governs itself under a system of complete social and political equality, and which may grow more frequent as time goes on.

MAKING A CONTENTED HUMAN GROUP¹

FREDERICK PIERCE

Considering the vast amount of effort which has been put forth in philosophical thought and philosophical writing, the relatively slight impression evidenced in human conduct would be amazing if one did not remember that the great majority of human beings have been only slightly, if at all, reached by the profound abstractions and involved reasoning of the savants, and that nearly all of the various systems were founded in the fallacy that a human being is *a priori* governed by reason. Not to go behind the records of authenticated history, it is safe to say that for at least four thousand years the world's thinkers have been trying to map out a route which would both insure content and be practicable in terms of the major groups. Perhaps their failure to catch the ear and hold the attention of the masses has been in part due to a certain Brahministic contempt of some lofty minds for lesser ones. Possibly, too, if their logic had been less coldly pure, if they had more sympathetically and comprehendingly analyzed the methods and teachings of a certain Nazarene, they might more intimately have

¹From *Our Unconscious Mind and How To Use It*. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers, E. P. Dutton & Company.

reached and more effectively have influenced the minds of those whom they wished to instruct. The development of their cultural reasoning hid from them more and more the only key which can unlock the doors of rapid progress toward solution of the problems of human relationship. *This key is the fact that men, women, and children are not essentially governed by reason but by instinct and emotion.*

* * * * *

Psychologically the human race has passed through two phases to arrive at a third, from which it seems about to begin moving toward a fourth. The first of these, presumably, was individualism; which gave way to the second, the life of the herd and submission of individual will to tribal law, only because of necessity and later the gradual realization that the sacrifice of some of the individual wishes was worth while because of the greater security and comfort. Gradually, as the leadership of the herd became more and more unfit, more and more selfish, oppressive, and unresponsive to the needs and wishes of the mass, there was a growing revolt, a reversion toward individualism again. This reached its highest expression in the American Republic (I use the past tense because individual liberty in America is already being successfully repressed by sections of the herd). Its antithesis has appeared already in the Bolshevik experiment in Russia, psychologically the very apotheosis of reaction, since it reduces the individual to a mere tool of the state.

The trend of our American group toward a more closely knit and more highly coöperative herd spirit, with certain inevitably attendant losses of individual freedom of action, is likely to develop rapidly, for we are an active-minded, energetic people, and the possibilities of unsafe precipi-

tateness in this movement arise, in my opinion, because our leadership is failing both in understanding and purpose. The reasons for this opinion, with a suggested course of action, will appear in the following pages.

The war of the American Revolution was a war for the freedom of the individual. At the root of the Civil War was the same idea. (This is with reference not to the manifest causes, but to the latent ones.) With the close of that war, and the development of industrialism, began the rapid immigration from all the races of Europe. Here on this soil they got together, drawn partly by the prospect of earning more money and partly by the concept of greater personal liberty, to work together as one group. But transplanting an adult to new surroundings does not give him a new psychology. His instincts, to be sure, are part of the instincts of the entire race, but his affect-images and response-models, his entire mental background, are those peculiar to his own people, their habits of thought, customs, religion, taboos, laws, ideas of government.

Among the groups which we absorbed, or rather which are now in the process of absorption, were the psychology of the Irish, the French, the Scotch, the Hebrews, the Russians, the Italians, the Poles, the Hungarians, the Austrians, the Scandinavians, the Dutch, the Swiss, and the Greeks. Differing widely among themselves, they differed also with the customs and ideas of the country to which they came; and that country had lost in the Civil War no little proportion of its most virile young minds which, still deeply impregnated with the ideals of the forefathers, might have been a priceless leaven had they survived.

Such a mixture, of entirely indigestible proportions, could only result, speaking in terms of developmental

national psychology, in reaching a sort of dead center. This describes our situation at the outbreak of the Great War. We were not yet welded together as a nation; we were of one country but not of one blood; and we had not yet entered into that bond of which the sacrament is shedding blood for each other in a common cause. What the war did for America in this respect is beyond the power of estimate. We went into it a collection of friendly races; we came out of it a nation. Whatever may survive of the old habits of racial designation, we are now essentially one people, and our herd consciousness has at last a chance to develop homogeneously. The splendid young millions who went out to fight, suffer, play, laugh, sing, and—some of them—to die, side by side, will, for the greater part, never again see in each other anything but a fellow American.

And now the thing that is to signify in the inevitable swing forward is a new psychology, a new set of ideas, ideals, and aspirations. We need to become thoroughly conscious of that fact and to let it develop within us a new imagination. For my own part I stand not only for class consciousness but, if need be, for a class war. The class that I want to be unceasingly conscious of is the whole American people, and the class on which I hope they will never hesitate to make war is any class whatever, high or low, rich or poor, numerous or few, which stands in the way of the growth of a constructive, forward-looking American national psychology. In that sense I believe in class consciousness and class war, and intend to preach both. This aspect of their favorite slogan would disappoint certain militant minds of the radical wing, but it happens that the growth of constructive Americanism is important to more people at present than trying out various radical experiments.

Moreover, it is important not only to Americans but to the entire world. Man's ability to coöperate does not leap forward centuries in a single bound. Two things stand in the way. The first is the natural inertia of the average mind, with its closely associated reluctance and caution when far-reaching changes are proposed; the second is the instinctive tendency to put self first and distrust any surrender of hard-won individualism. We have only to observe throughout history the slow progress from tribe to nation, to realize that each step in the enlargement of coöperative herd consciousness and spirit is necessarily slow. The herd can move effectively only as fast as its preponderant mass. Not until a people has "got together" sufficiently to solve the problems of human relationship within its own borders can that nation reasonably be expected to broaden its effective group consciousness to the point needed for a successful "world state."



The American group, from the nature of its component parts is peculiarly adapted to understanding other peoples of the world, and should therefore eventually lead into international coöperation.

When we think of ourselves as a complete group, we must realize that this spirit is as yet little more than new-born. Sectional consciousness, a "partial herd" spirit, is still dominant and is the most outstanding feature of our national Congress at Washington. The worker in a New England textile mill is aware that there is such a thing as a California fruit grower, but he has little knowledge of, hence little sympathy with, the fruit grower's problems. What concerns him chiefly is the labor situation and cost of living in Lowell, Manchester,

Providence, or wherever he happens to live. And if the situation is viewed in reverse it presents a similar aspect. Again, the Kansas farmer views a New York business man with little sense of fellowship or common interest; Michigan thinks of Florida chiefly as a region of alligators, Palm Beach suits, and occasional lynchings; the Pittsburg steel worker wonders vaguely whether the Dakota brand of socialism would get shorter hours and more pay for puddlers. And for the most part the representatives they all send to Washington have a far keener eye for local advantage than for national betterment. They have to have, or they could not hold their office against an opponent who was shrewd enough to keep sounding the local key.

This points to a vicious circle; the local influence upon the legislator's mind, and the legislator in turn stimulating the local consciousness. Here and there a man turns up who has both vision and courage for leadership, and even though he may from time to time be defeated, the country is richer for his service. Where, we may well inquire, is the tangential force to come from, the force which will start the lines of local action in something other than a circular form?

The answer may be found partly within the circle itself; the newspaper, the schoolhouse, the pulpit, and the leading citizen. All four of these stand for a partial herd, a section within the section. The newspaper is mentioned first, because at present the American people is ruled by the newspapers more than by any other force. It looks to its newspapers as the springs of its mental activity. It takes its constructive thought, its opinions, in pre-digested doses, morning and night. It develops national feeling and national viewpoint to the extent that these

are projected in the editorial columns, and in pretty much the same terms. Who does not hear, in the course of the week, man after man and woman after woman saying "I think so and so," when actually the so-called "thought" is merely a repetition of something which has appeared in the local press? Now this is not objectionable. It merely puts upon the shoulders of the editor a responsibility which very properly belongs there. But for the most part the newspaper, being a commercial enterprise, is itself a dependent. It can exist only if it is made interesting *and if the merchants of the city are willing it should go on*. There must be always a working compromise with one or more sections of the community. Similarly, both school and church are under a certain degree of control by those who in virtue of their economic power are able to sway, directly or indirectly, the progress of the local group.

This brings us to our leadership. The real leader is not necessarily the man who carries the baton of office at the head of the procession and acknowledges the salutes or dodges the epithets. He is quite as likely to be one who sits at a desk and never thinks of himself as a leader at all but merely as the head of a business which is essential to the community's prosperity. It is precisely in this lack of consciousness of leadership-responsibility that our greatest danger lies.

Fifteen years ago the American people were involved in a determined struggle to free themselves from a leadership which had become intolerable. Both national and local governments had, some years before, come under the dominance of a group of business adventurers whose money-madness outstripped the world's most advanced previous records for personal greed. From the city ward to the floor of the Senate, they picked their tools; if laws

stood in their way they evaded them, had new ones made, or openly defied them; but ferocious and unscrupulous as their actions and motives were, essentially heartless and cruel,.....this leadership had at least one virtue—that of actually leading. Those leaders steered the ship, maintained headway, and avoided rocks. Their course, however, was so opposed to the sense of fairness within the herd that eventually it had to be abandoned.

As a not unnatural consequence, we have been left in the peculiar position of having no dominant leadership at all. Merciless exposure, some legal punishments, and the overwhelming condemnation of public opinion, left the older capitalistic methods in thoroughly bad odor, to say nothing of the fact that they became definitely dangerous. Big business, caught in the whirlwind of its own making, cried quits; and its more far-seeing directors set themselves to the task of harmonizing with the law of the group. Meantime the younger generation of business men, to whom the leadership should have descended, were left without a serviceable model of action; and they more and more concentrated attention on their own affairs, leaving politics to politicians. The leadership should have descended to them *because, in a capitalistic state, capital must accept full responsibility for the welfare of the group.*

This is basic. If capital shirks its responsibility there are leaders of a far different class who are neither afraid, nor hesitant in pressing their persuasion. The herd cannot exist as a herd without leaders. If capital is too busy, or is too selfish, or will not lead constructively, wisely, and coöperatively, capital will find itself replaced. In my opinion, such replacement would result in un-

imaginable decay and calamity, because the American herd is far from having developed as yet an individual psychology which could make a social state successful. But the fact that an experiment in socialism would be foredoomed to failure does not make it any the less to be avoided.

Let us consider for a moment the recent view of H. G. Wells, whose mind is probably better equilibrated on the problem than that of any other present-day writer. In his *Outline of History*¹ he says: "The gist of the socialist proposal is that land and all the natural means of production, transit, and distribution shall be collectively owned. Within these limits there is to be much free private ownership and unrestricted personal freedom. Given efficient administration, it may be doubted whether many people nowadays would dispute that proposal. But socialism has never gone on to a thorough examination of that proviso for efficient administration.....

"Again what community is it that is to own the collective property; is it to be the sovereign, or the township, or the county, or the nation or mankind? Socialism makes no clear answer.....If socialists object to a single individual claiming a mine or a great stretch of agricultural land as his own individual property, with a right to refuse or barter its use and profit to others, why should they permit a single nation to monopolize the mines or trade routes or natural wealth of the territories in which it lives, against the rest of mankind?.....And unless human life is to become a mass meeting of the race in permanent session, how is the community to appoint its officers to carry on its collective concerns?

¹*An Outline of History*, by H. G. Wells. Quoted by permission and special arrangement with the owners of the copyright, the Macmillan Company.

"This question of administration, the sound and adequate bar to much immediate socialization, brings us to the still largely unsolved problem of human association. How are we to secure the best direction of human affairs and the maximum of willing coöperation with that direction? This is ultimately a complex problem in psychology, but it is absurd to pretend that it is an insoluble one. There must be a definite best, which is the right thing, in these matters.....The problem in its completeness involves the working out of the best methods in the following departments, and their complete correlation:

"(I) Education.—The preparation of the individual for an understanding and willing coöperation in the world's affairs.

"(II) Information.—The continual truthful presentation of public affairs to the individual for his judgment and approval. Closely connected with this need for current information is the codification of the law, the problem of keeping the law plain, clear, and accessible to all.

"(III) Representation.—The selection of representatives and agents to act in the collective interest in harmony with the general will be based on this education and plain information.

"(IV) The Executive.—The appointment of executive agents and the maintenance of means for keeping them responsible to the community, without at the same time hampering intelligent initiative.

"(V) Thought and Research.—The systematic criticism of affairs and laws to provide data for popular judgments, and through those judgments to ensure the secular improvement of the human organization."

This program is reasonable, and is wholly in line with the ideals of patriotic, forward-looking Americans. Moreover, there is in the ranks of American business sufficient intelligence, of the most energized sort, to set it on the way toward realization, if the business men will only take the initiative which is their rightful responsibility. Capital's opportunity is literally staring it in the face. Every item of the necessary machinery is ready to hand without the need of a day's preparation. The Chambers of Commerce, and the Rotary Clubs, are well organized and capable of working together—not to mention a dozen other nation-wide associations of essentially the same class of membership. The newspapers, for the most part, would coöperate gladly. But even more than organization, is needed the *individual* consciousness and acceptance of the opportunity.

In the hurried activity of our business life, the tendency is to organize the individual out of existence. The rapid discharge of a multiplicity of affairs has given rise to the custom of appointing committees, deputizing them to discharge certain functions, and then dismissing the business until they report. This frees the main body from all interim consideration of the matters deputed. That alone will not serve for the purposes here being outlined. Each and every man must constitute himself a committee of one, with power to think constructively and to talk his thoughts out with his wife, his friends, and anyone anywhere who will listen. He should regard himself as a life member of an American Institute of Public Service.

In what way, it may well be asked, should this program of bettering American life begin? There is no better way than hitting, as a famous pugilist once put it,

from where the hand is. Let progress begin in the home community, and let its first move be the determination that that community shall have healthful surroundings, material comfort, and clean government. Suppose the business men of a given city have had the energy and intelligence to create one hundred million dollars' worth of manufacturing enterprises within its borders; and suppose these men should put their heads together and firmly decide that within five years there should not be a slum in their city, or a man, woman, or child who was without adequate shelter, food, and clothes. It would take a daring gambler to wager against their having the necessary brains to achieve what they had willed to achieve. And suppose such a group pledged itself to the same purpose in every American city. How long would it be before the "apostle of destruction" found himself preaching to empty street corners? The vast majority of the people in this country is essentially cheerful and basically fair-minded. Once convinced of the honesty and faithfulness of his leader, the average man, as the war proved, will follow that leader "through hell and laugh at the hot weather." I repeat, capital's opportunity is at its very door. But it will not wait forever. I have several times within the past year discussed with business men a simple, practical plan for putting the movement in operation, and their response has led me to believe that neither the flesh nor the spirit is weak. But much wider discussion is needed to get prompt action.

So much for leadership. And what part can we the people play in our own progress? Theoretically whatever we want under our system of government we can get; but actually we do not get it, and our tendency is to criticize the government, which we usually speak of vaguely as

“they” and blame for everything from the high cost of living to a leak in the roof. We sometimes listen with a sort of half belief to our radical friends who excitedly declare that the whole trouble arises from a certain type of evil-minded capitalists whose chief aim in life is to keep us under their heels. We know—and so do they—that this is not really the case, but it helps us to get rid of a certain uneasy consciousness that we are not discharging as we ought to our own duties of citizenship.

The fact is we have neither made up our minds as a coöperative body as to just what we want, nor reached the point where we are willing to give any appreciable part of our time or thought to getting it. We don’t want to be bothered. We would rather “let George do it.” Each one of us, within his limits, is to a certain extent capable of leading, but each of us to a much larger extent would rather be led than do the leading. It does not matter whether we consider this from the attitude of the man who would rather spend election day at the golf club than in helping to elect honest, capable officials, or the attitude of the woman who prefers a bridge game to a mother’s meeting, or the attitude of the man who would not be willing to give up the pinochle club for a neighborhood welfare council one evening a week without fail. The fact is always there, that not ten per cent, probably not five per cent of us, are willing to give a regular and effective part of our energy to the conduct of the community business and finding ways to improve conditions. Moreover, as soon as something progressive is undertaken and we do by some chance bestir ourselves, at the first defeat or disagreement we get disgusted with people’s stupidity and wash our hands of further participation in public affairs. Suppose our forefathers had exhibited

the same attitude when they were pushing out the frontiers of civilization—how far would they have got? They did a big job, did it with courage, patience, industry, and unfailing determination. They built an empire because of these whole-man and whole-woman qualities. Shall we of this generation dishonor them by shirking the equally important job of making ourselves a people worthy of the empire?

We can get what we want as soon as we want it hard enough to translate the wish into action. In reduction of crime, for example, whenever we the people get sick of being held up on the street by thugs and shot down, or beaten over the head, we can put a stop to it; but we have first to become personally, individually, every one of us, thoroughly sick of it. As long as it does not touch us directly, or any of our friends, we feel vaguely upset about it, we more or less curse the police and the city government, but we do not feel strongly enough about it to organize ourselves effectively and make it our business to see that every perpetrator of a crime of violence shall be segregated from organized society to accomplish that result. The criminal preys on society because he has a first-class chance to get away with the spoils and retain his freedom. The only thing which will restrain him is the knowledge that he will be hunted down until he is caught if the hunt has to cover half the world. His type of mind is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of prolonged fear. As soon as he knows that his chances of ultimate prison or death are ninety-five in a hundred, we shall see crimes of violence dwindling toward the vanishing point; never quite to reach that point but approaching it to a highly beneficial degree. We can get that result in

a comparatively short time, whenever we really determine as one body that we will have it.

Similarly, our educational system will respond to our collective wishes when those wishes become strong enough. We can have our children taught, and brought up, with no such thing as needless fear in their education. Fear has its uses; it can be a valuable reminder which assists in self-restraint. But it has far more abuses than uses, and its after effects may be disastrous, particularly to the sensitive child with a neurotic constitution. We can turn our neighborhood moving-picture theatres into a place of education, constructive suggestion, and community welfare, as well as of entertainment; we can remove from them entirely the elements of cheap frivolity, lewd suggestion, and criminal heroics, with which so many of them deck their portals. Assuredly we shall do the latter when we have become sufficiently disgusted with the sight of our young daughters smearing themselves with paint and powder and taking a popular "vamp" as their model of conduct. We can have efficient local government as soon as we decide that public service instead of wealth shall be the route to honor and public esteem; and as soon as our popular will decrees that making a government official the target of partisan abuse shall cease. Public office in America has become discredited quite as much through unlicensed mud-slinging as it has through misconduct of men in office.

Let us take a series of sketches, in which are outlined certain formative factors, and compare them with results. Perhaps in no other way could we get so graphic an idea of where we stand today and the sort of changes which we need to institute.

(Here follows a series of sketches on different countries.)

AMERICA

Formative Factors:—Attention has been sufficiently called to the sectionalism and the racial mixture, but it is essential that these should be clearly borne in mind throughout the picture. The "Solid South," always in contact with its negro problem, relying mainly upon one crop peculiar to its own region, identified steadily with a minority political party, is acutely conscious of itself apart from the nation. The "Far West," geographically separated by a great mountain range, troubled by the rapid increase of a race which it cannot assimilate and whose customs and habits of life it cannot accept, is insistently demanding attention to its Pacific problem and is naturally provoked at the lack of sympathetic understanding on the part of the states three thousand miles away.

The city banker is incensed at the agrarian population of the Northwest for throwing the financial system partially out of gear. The farmer everywhere is discontented with the unequal distribution of labor, the inadequate provision for financing his crops, the grip which packer, terminal owner, and commission merchant have on the products of his industry. Each city wishes to grow at the expense of the country and of other cities. Organized labor is determined to dominate its market; exactly as the motto of the former railroad executive was, "All the traffic will bear." The landlord proposes to get from the hapless and helpless tenant the last ultimate penny that can be squeezed from the shrinking income. As signs of trouble appear on the horizon, a great group of Wall Street speculators leaps upon the financial market like a pack of wolves; from a thousand gambling stations

come the selling orders, hurling upon the market millions of shares of stock which are not owned, in the effort to precipitate a condition of near-panic. With the crumbling prices comes a wave of depression and gloom which spreads to every community, discourages business men, closes pocketbooks, checks the current of buying and selling, stops projected enterprises, stills the hum of factories, ties up capital in unsold inventories, empties stores of customers, and starts the bread line.

All this signifies the pursuit of money. It signifies it as a pursuit without regard to the other fellow and as a major aim in life. Let us glance briefly at some of the influences surrounding an American boy during the last thirty years. The ideal of success held before him on all sides was to be rich, an ideal of material acquisition and possession. To this was added an unvarying series of models of individual aggression and competition. He was told to honor Abraham Lincoln, but not to forget that the great thing was to beat the other fellow to the punch. He heard frequently that a man's bank account is his best friend, and that business is business (reminiscent somehow of the spirit of another phrase which we have come to view at close quarters, lately—"War is war"). Once in a great while he saw in the papers the picture of a scientist or teacher who had worked for humanity; but every Sunday he saw printed a dozen pictures of rich, idle women at luxurious pleasure resorts, and always he observed that a front-page column was given to the benefactions of a rich adventurer who decided to give back to society some of the millions he had made in exploiting its necessities. He heard the doctor spoken of with affection, the pastor with something of respectful tolerance, but the rich man with envy. At

every turn the power-symbol before him was money. He even heard that money would buy a seat in the United States Senate. Approval and esteem, then, were a matter of price and possessions. At school and on the street he found that the model was aggressive competition, the triumph of strong over weak. From his earliest years it was, "Willie, can you lick Jack—or can Jack lick you?" He saw that the teacher was not so highly respected in the community and he soon learned that she was poorly paid, hence unimportant to the average eye. He saw that his companions had no respect for law, he imitated them and learned to think of laws and rules as an amusing pastime; it was a sort of game, in which the idea was to see how far one could go and escape punishment. Property was a thing to be respected only if he or his family owned it. Possession of an automobile meant an opportunity for particularly spectacular and gratifying defiance of the rights and safety of others. For a dime he could buy a "novel" which gave him hours of association with fascinatingly heroic and daring criminals. With the coming of the cheap movie theatres he saw trains robbed, safes blown, women abducted; and he received at the unconscious primitive level of his mind the strongest suggestions of aggression and lawlessness.

I have no thought of minimizing the importance of all the influences which have gone counter to the foregoing. Our psychology is not all destructive, nor are our ideals lacking in persistent efforts at expression. Far from it. With the exception of the Swiss, I believe the American group is farther along the road toward coöperative intelligence than any other in the world; and, moreover, there are movements under headway such as the Rotarians, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Industrial

Associations (of which the one at Cleveland is an admirable model), which show that the trend toward a higher level of herd spirit is growing rapidly. But we cannot afford to blind ourselves to the false goals which we have permitted to become models for millions of us and which are outstanding factors of our present situation. It is not yet too late to mend. We are a quick-minded people, readily responsive to intelligent and sincere leadership.

THE AMERICA TO BE WORKED FOR

The series of sketches would not be complete without one that embodied some of the formative factors which are both practicable and immediately desirable. Let us suppose an America in which the following is true:

As soon as the children get into school they are organized into little coöperative groups, mainly self-governing, the older groups being the executive and judicial bodies, under the leadership of the teachers. The policing of the school is in the hands of the scholars, with responsibility divided between the boys and girls, and the code of conduct is the golden rule, which is inset on a metal plate in every desk, printed on the flyleaf of every book, and *recited in the form of a pledge* by the entire school at the commencement of each session. Two or three times a week, each teacher takes five minutes at the close of the day to report the most notable example of coöperation that has come to her attention, not sentimentally but in precisely the same spirit as mention of a soldier in dispatches. The ideal held before every child is that to win honor and esteem there must be something achieved in the way of help to another. Disputes shall invariably be settled by one or more referees. Arrogant or bullying

conduct will bring instant suspension and segregation from the group until it is atoned for. The science of town, city, state, and national government will be taught progressively to all pupils from the age of ten years upward, not so much by books as by daily class experiment, with original problems for individual solution. From the age of twelve years, there will be, at least twice a week, critical review *by the pupils themselves*, of all local newspapers, with occasional extension of the criticism to other newspapers and periodicals. Teachers will be well paid, thoroughly educated, and thoroughly trained in applied child psychology.

At home the child will hear and see at all times a deep, genuine respect for law, order, and the property as well as the rights and feelings of others. He will hear men and women admired most for public service and not at all for their possessions. He will see in his father and mother the example of two people who, without being in the least fanatical, are seriously interested in American progress and are doing their honest bit in their own neighborhood. He will find on the reading table newspapers which criticize public officials constructively rather than with partisan bias and hatred; which have replaced their "society" columns with newsy "human interest" paragraphs about inventions, discoveries, household arts, books, foreign life, scientists and their work, the thousand and one activities of the world's busy people; which ignore the idle, give scandal and crime the dignified condemnation which each deserves, and reflect always a forward-looking view of American citizenship.

If on reaching maturity he goes to work in a factory, he will find there a social center with a good restaurant, a good dancing floor, ample athletic equipment for games

indoor and outdoor, a library, a small stage, and a man or woman in charge who knows how to keep things moving. It will be run exactly like a club and his small dues will be proportionate to his wages. From time to time he will meet there all the members of the executive staff—including the Big Boss himself—because the leaders who are really going to lead must have a common ground where they may know their men, and be known by them, as human beings.

The foregoing is in some respects a simple program, yet it cannot be realized without a most determined, and probably prolonged, effort on the part of millions. Some such effort must, nevertheless, be made if our nation is to go forward. Human groups which have become mentally quickened do not remain static. The example of Greece and Rome should be sufficient to remind us that failure to progress means sure regression. Our fate is in our own hands. From primordial individualism to primitive herd; from primitive herd, in which the individual was completely submerged, like any buffalo of the earlier days on our western plains—and with relatively little more independence of thought or action; to the advanced individualism of today, wherein we jealously assert and defend our personal autonomy, our personal liberty, as a priceless heritage; mankind has moved through three principal phases of development. Whether personal liberty has found in American life its highest expression, is not for the moment important. Certainly it has made men happier, has quickened both mind and imagination, and has enormously increased the sense of, and capacity for, responsibility. These gains must be held. But also it has brought new frictions, new conflicts, new discontents, new crossings of purposes. These can be resolved only

by a further—and perhaps the last—major phase of human development, the stage of *fully enlightened co-operation*.

Assuredly this will involve partial resubmission of the individual to the greater welfare of the group. But we have nothing to fear from this concept, since, in simple logic, complete individualism can exist only in a state of anarchy. In a broad, generous, and practical spirit of coöperation we may create in our American commonwealth a group in which the personal rights of every man and woman are fairly recognized without permitting them to supervene above the welfare of the whole. Doubtless we must expect determined resistance both from those who invoke the law to protect selfish privilege and those who value license above harmonic progress, but the goal is perhaps the most inspiring that has ever been within the reach of human endeavor.

Fortunately for the spirit of cheerful undertaking, a clock is required to tick only one beat at a time. We need not ask of ourselves that we do more than today's work today. The point is to begin doing it now and not wait until we have forgotten to do it at all; for the America of tomorrow is our job, a job big enough and splendid enough to enlist us all, from the smallest schoolchild to the mightiest intellect between the two oceans.

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF POLITICS¹

GLENN FRANK

For weeks our newspapers have been filled with recitals of the nauseating obscenities of commercialized politics. Naturally, our sense of common decency has been outraged. We rightfully demand that the auction block, from which public servants are bought as slaves were bought, be taken out of American politics. If we are to have a "business administration" of our government, we have the right to demand that its business ethics be taken from the best of our creative captains of industry, not from the few buccaneers of business who have unhappily survived from the days when bribery accounts and slush funds were commonly regarded as "legitimate" items in operating expenses or costs of production. We are determined that the money changers shall be driven from the temple of government. But after the temple has been cleared of the money changers, we shall face the even more important duty of examining the foundations, the functions, and the atmosphere of the temple itself in order to find out what it is that has made the temple so attractive to the money changers.

We need a new and realistic critique of American politics. Somebody should do for politics what John Ruskin did for architecture when he wrote *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. Of politics we may say, as Ruskin said of architecture, that we need "some determined effort to extricate from the confused mass of partial traditions and dogmata, with which it has become encumbered during imperfect or restricted practice, those

¹From *The Century Magazine*. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers, The Century Company.

large principles of right which are applicable to every stage and style of it."

Of course no such critique of the functions of government and the equipment of political leadership is possible within the limits of this brief essay. Here is a job for scholars and seers in whom technical knowledge is brought to life by social insight and a flair for political invention. Some university or some publishing house might make a handsome bid for immortality by setting a group of such savants at the job of reëxamining American politics in order to find out what must be done to make American government better fit to handle its current problems and less vulnerable to the materialists who rob it and the muddlers who run it. But while we are waiting for some such group of political Ruskins to begin their work, there may be some value in trying to suggest "the seven lamps of politics" that might light our approach to the new politics which the oil scandal and allied prostitutions of government have challenged us to formulate.

The Lamp of Skepticism.—One of the root evils of American politics is ancestor worship. And ancestor worship plays even quicker havoc in politics than in religion. No continuously good work can be done unless the worker maintains an attitude of skepticism toward the tools and the technic of his job. There must be constant and conscientious criticism of the institutions and methods of politics if the tools of government are to be kept adjusted to the tasks of government. When the tasks change, the tools must be changed, or government breaks down and politics becomes a playground for pirates.

There is today a very active fundamentalist movement in American politics, strikingly similar to the fundamentalist movement in religion in that it attempts to with-

draw from criticism all of the original institutions and philosophy of American government. But the moment constitutions or institutions of government are withdrawn from criticism and made sacrosanct, the stage is set for corruption and catastrophe. The true guardians of government are its critics, not its worshipers. The dead rebels who founded our government, were they alive today, would be the last to contend that a changeless government can serve a changing world. I am sure that George Washington and Thomas Jefferson would have least in common with those who quote them most today. The American government is plagued with corruption, and the Russian government was challenged by revolution, because both put up "no-trespassing" signs against honest critics.

The greatest danger that is involved in the oil scandal is not that we may fail to capture the traitors to our government, but that we shall neglect to take this opportunity to reëxamine the technic of government that makes treason so easy. The biggest stumblingblock in the way of such a fundamental reëxamination is the fact that the Bourbons of American politics cannot distinguish between scientific discontent with government and social discontent with government. What goes by the name of "social discontent" is often a blind and inarticulate rage against a government that is blundering in its job. That sort of discontent is, of course, dangerous, because it rests on mere anger at results. Such discontent does breed "dangerous radicalism" as that term is understood by our Tories. It is the business of statesmanship to forestall such discontent. Unfortunately, the political Bourbon thinks he can do away with discontent by swinging the big stick and financing law-and-order campaigns. The

lessons of the life and times of the Czar of Russia are lost on many Americans. The only remedy for "dangerous radicalism" lies in the substitution of "scientific discontent" with government for "social discontent" with government. The true conservatives are the scientific radicals. They know that an obsolete method of government is as dangerous to the social order as an atrophied organ in the human body.

Let me suggest, by way of illustration, certain aspects of our government that we must begin to consider openly if we want to be free in the future from corruption and reckless radicalism.

Our government was designed to do one sort of job and we have given it an entirely different sort of job to do without readjusting its methods and institutions to the new job. In the beginning our government was designed to fulfil the limited task of protecting its citizens in their rights and their liberties. Its original purpose was not to do things for its citizens, but to give them a protection that would insure to them freedom and elbowroom for conducting their lives and their enterprises in their own way. The tools and the technic of the government our fathers founded were admirably fitted to that task. But since then we have altered the purpose of our government. We have decided that our government shall, as Alleyne Ireland has phrased it, be "the instrument of the social purpose," that year by year the government shall do more and more things for its citizens. See what this means. A government that was designed to play policeman and protector has been converted into an administrator of all sorts of complicated social and economic tasks. We have taken the traffic cop from the street corner and made him the executive of a vast and baffling enterprise. We have,

to make the analogy specific, taken Mike Murphy, who was a perfectly good regulator of traffic, with his philosophy of stop-and-go, and put him in Judge Gary's chair as head of the United States Steel Corporation. The result has been not only that the Mike Murphys have proved blundering executives, but that the Judge Garys have, in many instances, become the social traffic cops who issue the stop-and-go orders to American life. But that is an aside. The point is that a government designed to play policeman to the rights and liberties of its citizens cannot, without a highly intelligent readjustment of its tools and its technic, become the administrator of the social purpose of its citizens. We have not made that readjustment. On the contrary, we have regarded as a dangerous radical any man who has suggested that maybe the qualities that made Mike a good traffic cop were not the qualities that would enable him to change places, let us say, with Henry Ford and carry on Mr. Ford's creative administration of a complicated industrial process effectively. A government not equipped for the job it has in hand is an open invitation to manipulation by outside interests.

We are spending untold energy warding off what we are pleased to call "attacks upon our form of representative government," without stopping to examine the far-reaching changes that have actually taken place in the way our representative government functions. In the beginning senators and representatives were *trusted representatives*; today they are *instructed delegates*. They are not human substitutes for us; they are phonograph records of our fluctuating moods. The popular politician is the one who most quickly carries out the orders of a post-card bombardment from his constituency. Subserviency of

spirit is a bigger political asset today than superiority of mind. The fathers sought to found a *responsible* government; we seem to prefer a *responsive* government. The ideal of the fathers was a representative republicanism; we have forsaken that ideal for the ideal of a direct democracy. But we have overlooked the fact that democracy and republicanism are essentially different ideals of government and that the political forms and methods that express the one cannot adequately express the other. Much of the confusion and corruption of American government today is due to the fact that a direct democracy is trying to express itself through the forms and methods of representative republicanism. I am not attempting, in this essay, to suggest any judgment regarding the relative values of republicanism and democracy. It may be said, in passing, that it will not do to jump too hastily to the conclusion that, because democracy has not made a better record in America to date, the older ideal of republicanism is the preferable. Democracy has not had a fair chance in America. It has never had its own set of tools with which to work. It has been using the tools of republicanism—tools that were never designed for the work of democracy. It may be that direct democracy will always end in the rule of the mediocre. It may be that when we have grown sober from the heady wine of democracy we shall go back to representative republicanism. My only contention is that whichever we choose, we must see to it that it is provided with forms and methods of government suited to it.

I have given most of this essay over to a discussion of the lamp of skepticism because it is the one most important to the new politics. If we can break the hold of ancestor worship upon American politics, if we can break

ourselves of the habit of regarding as an anarchist the man who wants to see the tools of government fitted wisely to the tasks of government, if we can realize that change and treason are not synonyms, all else will follow from our wholesome skepticism.

The Lamp of Science.—We must put a fact basis under politics. Statesmanship must proceed from a scientific study of the causes of social problems and a statistical study of the results of social policies. I do not mean that we want government by specialists. God forbid! There is much to be said for the amateur spirit in government. But the statesman must maintain a friendly alliance with the specialist. No man is really fitted to be a senator or representative, dealing with the issues of immigration, Americanization, education, and the like, unless he has at least a bowing acquaintance with the results of the living sciences of biology, psychology, and anthropology. Without such knowledge he is a doctor treating diseases the causes of which he does not understand. These living sciences are throwing up the raw materials of the new politics. A tax bill is proposed, and the country has its mind pulled first in one direction and then in another by politically doctored statistics. Is there not somewhere in the country enough genius for political invention to devise ways and means for the statistical study of public problems and policies so that the electorate can have in hand, when issues arise, facts untainted by political strategy? Of course no fool-proof method can be devised. We must train ourselves to reverence for facts after they have been unearthed.

The Lamp of Humanism.—Liberal politics has too often proceeded from a sentimental humanitarianism. The new politics will proceed from a scientific humanism. To

date science has given us a new bigotry. When, by the grace of modern biology, psychology, and anthropology, men began to rediscover the law of inequality that runs throughout the lives of men and races, our study tables were flooded with books that heralded a new tyranny. The Nordics were a fine breed, therefore the Nordics must set their iron heel upon the neck of the "inferior" races. The mental tests revealed the fact that there are multitudes of slow-witted and half-witted children, therefore student bodies must be severely restricted to the elite, and the "inferior" types must be set aside early by mental tests to the menial tasks of civilization. The responsible scholars of science have not said this, but the facile journalistic camp followers of science have. But these petty Prussians of science are a passing annoyance. Biology, psychology, and anthropology are laying the foundations for a new tolerance, a new tenderness, a new humanism. When we really know the inborn limitations of men and races we are for the first time in a position to deal sympathetically and wisely with them, and wisdom is always tolerant and tender and human. The new knowledge of men and races that we are gaining will ultimately give us a realistic basis for a coöperation of classes and races in terms of what each is fitted to contribute. The half-baked knowledge that finds in biology, psychology, and anthropology the mandate for a new intolerance is a passing phase.

The Lamp of Culture.—The new politics will be less political and more cultural. It will think of the culture of its citizens first and of the control of its citizens second, knowing that culture brings self-control. Its policy will be more education and less government. The new politics will not kill culture with the poison of official

patronage, but will give a new impetus to the forces of culture by shifting the emphasis in government from the exploitation of the nation's resources to the development of the nation's citizens. Better citizens will be able to carry on their enterprises without so much governmental assistance. As L. P. Jacks has suggested in his *A Living Universe*, when the politics of power is superseded by the politics of culture, the quarrelsomeness that inspires our class conflicts and wars will become less and less. The old politics has specialized in the quest for material power. That quest is, as he says, essentially quarrelsome and cruel. Legislators must spend sleepless nights drafting laws to control the game. The new politics of culture will be essentially coöperative rather than competitive. "Political civilization," says Mr. Jacks, "has taught mankind two lessons of supreme value—the lesson of organization and the lesson of scientific method. What we may hope for is not the loss of these things, but their gradual transference from the service of power to the service of culture, from the exploitation of the world to the development of man." The new politics will not debate, as we are debating, whether or not education should be made a department of government, but will regard government as simply one of the departments of education.

The Lamp of Unity.—The trend of human history is toward what H. G. Wells has called "the moral and intellectual reunion of mankind." The new politics will set its face against the things that divide classes and nations. It will play for the unity of mankind. It will not allow professional patriots, who often hide their social and economic treason under a cloak of political patriotism, to lure it into petty and partial loyalties.

And the unity the new politics will seek will not mean drab uniformity. It is the old politics of particularism that makes for uniformity. It is inside the sealed frontiers of racial egotism and excessive political nationalism that men are standardized and judged by a mathematical percentage. Under the new politics the one hundred per cent American will be the man who has done the least to divide mankind into quarrelsome classes and nations, the man who has done the most to further the "moral and intellectual reunion of mankind."

The Lamp of Vision.—A distinguished political figure has given his notion of the statesman's duty as "doing each day's work as well as he can." This is an admirable desk motto for any man, but it falls far short of a statesman's duty. The statesman has a responsibility for vision. He must guard against becoming a visionary, but the details of his day's work must be pointed toward some verifiable vision of the goal of politics and government. Otherwise he works always under the spell of the immediate; his acts and his policies are disjointed; he tends to become a mere patcher together of a political crazy quilt. American politics is starving for statesmen who have a grasp of the larger forces that are marching through the world making history while we debate this and that bill.

The Lamp of Action.—The test of the new politics will be its actability, its workability. It is a human weakness to think we have done a thing when we have thought it and said it. We elect men to high office for their ability to *say* the things we want done. The new politics will be less rhetorical and more realistic. The new politician will be more the engineer and less the stump speaker.

DISCOURSE ON STYLE¹

GEORGES LOUIS LECLERC DE BUFFON

Gentlemen:

In calling me to a place among you, you have overwhelmed me with honor; but glory is a good only in so far as one is worthy of it, and I am not convinced that some essays written without art and without other ornament than that of nature, should be sufficient title to make me dare take a place among the masters of art, among the eminent men who represent here the literary splendor of France, and whose names, celebrated today among the nations of the world, will be heard from the lips of our remotest posterity. In turning to me, gentlemen, you have had other motives; you have wished to give a new mark of respect to the illustrious company to which for a long time I have had the honor of belonging. My appreciation, though thus shared by others, will not be less lively. But how shall I perform the duty that it places upon me today? I have nothing to offer you, gentlemen, save what is already your own: some ideas on style, which I have drawn from your works. It was in reading you and in admiring you that I conceived them; it is in submitting them to your intelligence that I am assured of their appreciation.

In all times there have been men who could rule others by the power of speech. Nevertheless, it is only in enlightened times that men have written and spoken well. True eloquence supposes the exercise of genius and the

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This selection is an address given before the French Academy, August 25, 1703. It is included in this volume of essays because of its subject matter and structure.

cultivation of the mind. It is quite different from that natural facility of speaking which is only a talent, a quality accorded to all those whose passions are strong, whose voices are flexible, and whose imaginations are quick. These men perceive vividly, are affected vividly, and reveal emotion strongly; and by an impression purely mechanical, they transmit to others their enthusiasm and their affections. It is body speaking to body; all the movements, all the gestures, contribute alike in serving this end. What is necessary in order to arouse the multitude and lead it on? What is necessary in order to agitate most other men and persuade them? A tone vehement and pathetic, gestures expressive and frequent, and words rapid and ringing. But for the small number whose heads are steady, whose taste is delicate, and whose feeling is refined, and who, like you, gentlemen, attach little importance to tuneful movement, gestures, and the vain sound of words, it is necessary to have substance, thoughts, arguments; and it is necessary to know how to present them, to shade them, to order them: it is not enough to strike the ear and hold the eye; one must influence the soul and touch the heart by addressing the mind.

Style is but the order and the movement that one gives to one's thoughts. If a writer connects his thoughts closely, if he presses them together, the style will be firm, nervous, and concise; if he lets them follow one another leisurely and at the suggestion of the words, however elegant these may be, the style will be diffuse, incoherent, and languid.

But, before seeking the order in which to present thoughts, the writer must form another more general and more rigid order where only large views and principal ideas should enter. It is by fixing their places in this

preliminary plan that he circumscribes the subject and comes to know its extent; it is by recalling constantly these first limits that he will determine the exact intervals which separate the principal ideas, and will develop those accessory and intermediary ideas which shall serve to round out the original conception. By force of genius he will visualize all of the general and particular ideas in their true perspective; by a great subtlety of discernment, he will distinguish the thoughts that are sterile from those that are fertile; by a sagacity born of long practice in writing, he will perceive in advance the product of all of these operations of the mind. If a subject be in any degree vast or complex, it is very seldom that one can encompass it at a single view, or penetrate it completely by a single and first effort of genius; and it is seldom, even after much reflection, that one can seize upon all the relations. One cannot, then, devote himself too completely to this process; it is, in truth, the only means of establishing, of extending, and of elevating one's thoughts: the more substance and force one gives to them by meditation, the easier it will be afterward to realize them through expression.

This plan is not indeed the style, but it is the foundation; it supports the style, directs it, governs its movements, and subjects it to law; without it, the best writer will lose his way, and his pen will run on unguided and by hazard will make uncertain strokes and incongruous figures. However brilliant be the colors he employs, whatever beauties he may scatter among the details, if the ensemble jars or does not make itself sufficiently felt, the work will not be constructed; and in admiring the brilliancy of the author, one must suspect that he is lacking in genius. It is for this reason that those who write

as they speak, though they speak very well, write poorly; that those who abandon themselves to the first heat of their imagination strike a tone that they cannot sustain; that those who fear to lose some isolated, fugitive thoughts, and who write at different times these detached fragments, cannot unite them without forced transitions; that, in a word, there are so many works made mosaic-fashion and so few cast in a single mold.

Nevertheless, every subject is a unit; and, however vast it may be, it can be comprehended in a single treatise. Interruptions, pauses, and sections should not be employed except when one treats different subjects, or when, having to discuss great matters that are knotty and disparate, the march of genius finds itself interrupted by the multiplicity of obstacles, and constrained by force of circumstances: otherwise, the numerous divisions, far from rendering a work more solid, destroy the ensemble; the book appears to the eye to be clearer, but the design of the author remains obscure; the impression on the reader's mind, or even on his feelings, can be made only by the continuity of the thread, by the harmonious dependence of ideas, by a successive development, a sustained gradation, a uniform movement which every interruption destroys or at least enfeebles.

Why are works of nature so perfect? It is because each work is a whole, and because nature works according to a plan from which she never departs; she prepares in silence the germs of her productions; she sketches in a single act the original form of every living being; she develops this, she perfects it, by a continuous movement and in a time prescribed. The resulting production astonishes us; but it is the divine imprint it bears that ought to strike us. The human mind can create nothing; it can produce only

after it has been fertilized by experience and meditation; its acquisitions are the germs of its productions: but, if it imitates nature in its procedure and in its labor, if it lifts itself up by contemplation to the most sublime truths; if it reunites them, if it binds them together, if by reflection it forms of them a systematic whole, it will establish on unshakable foundations monuments that shall prove immortal.

It is from lack of plan, from lack of reflection on his purpose, that a man of sheer intelligence finds himself embarrassed and does not know at what point to begin to write. He perceives, all at the same time, a great number of ideas; and, since he has neither compared them nor subordinated them, nothing leads him to prefer any of them to the others; so he remains in perplexity.

But when he has made a plan, when once he has brought together and put in order all the thoughts essential to his subject, he will see easily the instant when he ought to take up his pen, he will feel with certainty that his mind is ready to bring forth, he will be pressed to give birth to his ideas, and will find only pleasure in writing: his ideas will succeed each other easily, and the style will be natural and ready; the warmth born of this pleasure will diffuse itself everywhere and give life to each expression; the animation will become higher and higher; the tone will become exalted; objects will take on color; and feeling blended with intellect will increase the warm glow, will carry it farther, will make it pass from that which one says to that which one is about to say, and the style will become interesting and luminous.

Nothing is more directly opposed to this warmth than the desire to fill one's work with brilliant strokes; nothing is more contrary to the light which should form the center

and diffuse itself uniformly in any writing, than the sparks which one can strike only by dashing the words against one another, and which dazzle us during a few moments, only to leave us in darkness afterward. These are thoughts which sparkle only by contrast: by means of them one presents only a single side of an object, and puts all the other sides in shadow; and ordinarily the side chosen is a point, an angle, on which one exercises the mind with the greater facility the farther one departs from the important sides on which good sense is accustomed to consider things.

Again, nothing is more opposed to true eloquence than the employment of these over-refined thoughts and the searching out of ideas which are trifling, slender, and without substance, and which, like leaves of beaten metal, take on brilliancy only as they lose solidity. And, the more of this thin and sparkling wit one puts in a piece of writing, the less there will be of fibre, of intelligence, of warmth, and of style; unless, of course, this wit is itself the heart of the subject, and the writer has no other object than pleasantry: then the art of expressing trifles becomes more difficult, perhaps, than the art of expressing great things.

Nothing is more opposed to the beauty born of naturalness than the care so often taken to express ordinary, common matters in an unusual or pompous manner; nothing degrades a writer more. Far from admiring him, one pities him for having spent so much time in making new combinations of syllables only to say what everybody else says. This is a fault of minds that are cultivated but sterile; they have an abundance of words, but no ideas; they labor on their words, therefore, and imagine that they have woven together some ideas when

they have only arranged some sentences, and that they have refined the language when in truth they have corrupted it by perverting the usual significations. A style ought to engrave thoughts; but they know only how to trace out words.

To write well, then, one must possess a complete mastery of the subject matter; one must reflect upon it sufficiently to see clearly the order of the thoughts, and to put them in sequence, in a continuous chain, of which each part represents an idea; and when one has taken up the pen, one must direct it according to this outline, without making digression, without dwelling disproportionately on any point, and without developing any other movement than that which will be determined by the space to be traversed. It is just this that constitutes severity in style; it is this also that makes for unity and regulates the rapidity of movement; it is this alone, moreover, that will suffice to render a style precise and simple, even and clear, lively and coherent. If to this first rule, which is based upon the dictates of genius, one join discrimination and taste, scrupulousness in the choice of expression, care in the naming of things only by the most general terms, the style will have nobility. If one add, further, a distrust of his first inspiration, a disdain for that which is merely brilliant, and a constant aversion for the equivocal and the whimsical, the style will have gravity and even majesty. In brief, if an author writes as he thinks, if he is himself convinced of that which he wishes to establish in the minds of others, this good faith with himself, which makes for respect toward others and for truthfulness of style, will enable him to produce his entire intended effect—provided that this inner conviction does not reflect itself with too great enthusiasm and that

there is everywhere more candor than confidence, more reason than warmth.

It is thus, gentlemen, it seems in reading you, that you would speak to me, that you would instruct me. My soul, which has received with avidity these oracles of wisdom, would take flight and rise to your heights; vain effort! Rules, you would add, cannot take the place of genius; if that be wanting, rules will be useless. To write well—it is at once to think well, to experience well, and to express well; it is to have at once intelligence, sensibility, and taste. Style supposes the blending and the exercise of all the intellectual powers. Ideas alone form its basis; the harmony of words is a mere accessory dependent upon the senses. All that is required is to have an ear for detecting dissonances, to have exercised it and perfected it by the reading of poets and orators, and one will be led mechanically to imitate poetical cadence and turns of oratory. But imitation never created anything; hence this harmony of words forms neither the basis nor the tone of style, and is often found in writings that are void of ideas.

Tone is merely the agreement of style and subject matter. It should never be forced; it springs naturally from the character of the material, and depends in large measure upon the point of generalization to which one has advanced. If one rises to the most general ideas, and if the purpose itself is great, the tone will be seen to lift itself to the same height; and if in sustaining the tone at this height, one's genius is strong enough to give to each object a strong light, if one can add beauty of coloring to energy of design, if one can, in a word, represent each idea by an image that is vivid and well-defined, and form of each group of ideas a picture that is harmonious and animated, the tone will be not only elevated, but sublime.

Here, gentlemen, the application would count for more than the rule; examples would instruct better than precept; but since I am not permitted to quote the sublime passages which have so often transported me in reading your works, I am obliged to limit myself to reflections. The well-written works are the only ones that will pass down to posterity: quantity of information, singularity of facts, novelty of discoveries even, are not sure guarantees of immortality. If the works containing these center around small purposes, if they are written without taste, without nobility, and without genius, they will perish. Inasmuch as the knowledge, the facts, and the discoveries are easily detached, they pass on to others, and they even gain when used by more skilful hands. These things are external to the man; the style is the man himself. The style, then, can neither be detached, nor transferred, nor altered: if it is lofty, noble, sublime, the author will be admired equally in all times; for it is the truth alone that is durable, even eternal. A beautiful style is such, in fact, only by the infinite number of truths that it presents. All the intellectual beauties to be found in it, all the harmonies of which it is composed, are so many truths not less useful—perhaps even more precious for the human spirit—than those which form the very heart of the subject.

The sublime is to be found only in great subjects. Poetry, history, and philosophy all have the same subject matter, and a very great subject matter—man and nature. Philosophy describes and portrays nature; poetry depicts and embellishes it: poetry also depicts men, exalts them, magnifies them, and creates heroes and gods. History depicts man only, and depicts him as he is; so the tone of the historian will become sublime only

when he portrays the greatest men, when he sets forth the greatest actions, the greatest movements, the greatest revolutions; with these exceptions, it will suffice if he be majestic and grave. The tone of the philosopher will become sublime whenever he is to speak of the laws of nature, of beings in general, of space, of matter, of movement and time, of the soul, of the human mind, of the feelings, of the passions; in all other instances, it will suffice if he be noble and elevated. But the tone of the orator and the poet, inasmuch as their subject is lofty, ought always to be sublime, because they may add to the grandeur of their subject as much color, as much movement, as much illusion as they choose; and since they must always portray and exalt objects, they ought always, in consequence, to employ all the force and display all the extent of their genius.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

GROUP B ESSAYS: STRUCTURAL TECHNIQUE

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

The questions and problems are designed to lead the student inductively to see for himself the principles of composition so far as concerned with *Structure*. The results may be used for themes, reports, or class discussions.

Structure

In art there is always a unifying motif. A painting has some one central object which binds all details to each other and gives them significance; a musical composition has its key and dominant motif to color the whole; architecture has its style, which is impressed on all parts of a building; a short story has its one crisis that throws a sudden spotlight on a central character to reveal its hidden depths; a drama has a plot that unfolds to a climax and resolves to a denouement. Each artistic impulse strives to interpret some one phase of life or thought. All that does not directly bear on that one phase is relentlessly set aside; it is "another story," to quote Kipling. The essay is no exception, whether scientific or literary in character. Its central idea is generally called a "theme"—in Greek a "setting forth;" in reality the setting

forth of a proposition, a theory, an opinion, or something of that nature. Usually the theme is so involved in various aspects that its significance cannot be grasped at a glance. It must be developed, its relationships traced out, its bearings indicated—particularly since it deals not so much with the concrete things of life as the abstract and abstruse, and springs not so much from knowledge known to all as from the writer's reaction to that knowledge. In the words of Orlo Williams, "The essay may use knowledge, but what it reveals is taste, good judgment, and that most precious quality, originality." It is this originality, playing about one central theme, that turns the composition from an "irregular, undigested piece" into a harmonious bit of vivid reflection.

Because an essay has a central theme, it shares the method of presentation of such arts as music and drama, which are presented accumulatively to an audience, in contrast to painting and sculpture, which are presented instantaneously. In other words, it is introduced, developed, and concluded.

This unfolding is called its structure. From the time of Aristotle the beginning, middle, and end, as he termed the parts, have been distinguished.

Theme

1. What is the central idea of each essay of Group B? Is it expressed or implied?
2. Where is it stated, if stated? Is it repeated?
3. Is it an opinion, proposition, problem, or something else?
4. From your study of Group A essays, can you suggest from what experience or observation the theme sprang?

Introduction

5. What is the type of introduction? Description, narration? Exposition? Argumentation?
6. What is the subject matter of the introduction? Story? Epigram? Newspaper reference?
7. Is general or specific material used?
8. Can you suggest what motive led the writer in each case to choose his introduction?
9. Is the introduction long in arriving at the theme?
10. How many and what steps are there in leading up to the theme?

Body

11. How many main points are there in each essay?

12. Is each main point of the body related to the theme? If so, how?
13. How are the points related to each other?
14. Is there any digression?
15. Are all aspects of the theme adequately treated.

Conclusion

16. What is the type of conclusion? Description? Narration? Exposition? Argumentation?
17. What is the subject matter? Story? Quotation?
18. Is the conclusion general or specific in 'subject matter'?
19. Is it related in subject matter to the introduction? If so, how?
20. Is it related to the body? How?

Expressing Connection of Thought

In tracing the development of thought in an essay, one must remember two facts: first, that in the normal mind the stream of consciousness is constantly flowing, one thought suggesting the next; second, that a man may deliberately stop one train of thought and turn to another. As a result, there are two devices a writer uses to make the logic of his thought as clear to others as it is to himself.

When he turns from one phase of a theme to another, he makes a transition—literally, a “crossing over.” Usually, this is expressed, particularly if a reader can hardly be expected to foresee some unexpected change. Or again, if the sequence of thought is close-knit, so that one thought grows out of another, the author is likely to express that sequence, consciously or unconsciously, in an endeavor to make the reader follow the connection closely. This is called coherence, “clinging together.”

Transition

21. What word, phrase, or clause does the author use in the body of the essay in going from one phase of the theme to the next?
22. What relation has the subject matter of the transition to that which precedes? To that which follows?
23. If there is no transition expressed, is the transition of thought clear in each case? Would it be better to express the transition?
24. Does each transition spring logically from the thought? Is it naturally expressed? Or is it mechanical?
25. Is there variety of method in handling transitions? List the types noted.

26. Of all the transitions in Group B, which three do you like best? Why?
27. Read the essays, dropping all transitions, and note the effect on:
 1. Clarity of structure.
 2. Smoothness in developing the thought of the essay

Coherence

28. In any one paragraph of the body of each essay, study the sentences to see what word, phrase, or clause in it connects with some word, phrase, or clause in the next. Write down such connections for each two succeeding sentences of the paragraph.
29. Is there any favorite position for such connections? Beginning, middle, end?
30. Are the connections always expressed? If not, is the relation clear?
31. Is there variety of method in expressing the connection? Count the different ways noted, as synonyms, repetition of a word, etc.
32. Does the coherence affect the sentence structure in any way at times?
33. Read some paragraphs, dropping out all connective words, to see what effect the omission may have on the paragraph in:
 1. Clarity of thought.
 2. Smoothness of expression.

Analysis in Outline Form

The plan or pattern of an essay—its structure—grows naturally out of the development of its theme. An idea presents itself, tentative solutions occur to one, judgment is suspended until all phases are weighed, and finally a full-fledged opinion is reached. Almost without exception when pondering over the subject, the general features, the salient points come to the mind first, before the finished details and phrasing. The process may be compared to the artist's rough pen and ink or pencil drawings preparatory to the finished picture, or to the clay modeling before the sculptured marble. Practical writers jot down these ideas in more or less rough form, and work and rework them into an harmonious unity. This analysis, rough or detailed as it may be, registers the steps one takes before recasting the thought into polished literary form. Conversely, when an essay is completed, a reader may analyze it back into its primary constituent parts. To do so, often gives one a clearer basis on which to judge the merits of the phases presented and the reality of the relationships.

An outline is really an analysis—as much so as the analysis a chemist makes of the constituents of a liquid. Its form should be clear both to eye and mind, since it is a working model

merely. To the eye, indentation, numbering and lettering, and brevity of phrase carry the idea over efficiently. To the mind, the labeling of theme, introduction, body, and conclusion is necessary to distinguish instantly the parts, and usually sentence structure is advisable in wording the main points so as to make the relationship of ideas clear to one who is unfamiliar with the essay.

A good model is the following:

Introduction

- I. (First main point of introduction in sentence form.)
- II. (Second main point of introduction in sentence form.)
- III. Theme. (Very exactly formulated in sentence form.)

Body

- I. (First main point of body in sentence form, worded so as to relate to the theme.)
- II. (Second main point, worded parallel to I, and related to theme and I.)
- III. Similar to II.

Conclusion

- I. (First main point of conclusion in sentence form.)

II. (Second main point of conclusion in sentence form.)

Outline

34. Outline in about two pages each of the essays in Group B so clearly that one who has never read the essays may grasp the idea briefly and correctly.
35. What do their outlines reveal about the clarity of structure of each essay? About their unification?

Abstract

An abstract is a brief statement in one's own words of the points of an author in their order, with due attention to proportion of development. No comment or criticism should be admitted.

36. Using the outline as a basis, give an abstract in one page of any one essay.
37. Using an essay as a basis, give an abstract in about one page.
38. To what extent would the abstract be useful to one who has not read an essay? Do reporters use it?

Summary

A summary is an epitome in complete sentences of the main points in order, but with brevity and without attempt at development.

39. Using the outline as a basis, give a summary of any one essay.
40. Using an essay as a basis, give a summary.
41. How would these be useful for one who has not read the essay?

Paragraph

The typical paragraph is an essay in miniature. Just as the essay develops one central theme, so a paragraph develops one central idea, which in turn is a phase of the theme, a phase in itself too complicated to be grasped at once. For instance, to grasp the fact, "It rains," takes no longer than the two words needed to express the idea, for the meaning is immediately obvious; but in an essay on *sound*, to ask "Why can one hear but not see round a corner?" involves thinking to clarify the reasons.

The typical paragraph may be so formal as to follow essay structure closely in unfolding the significance of its topic. Its topic may be mathematically expressed $x^2 - y^2$; and the constituent parts into which it factors $x - y$ and $x + y$, since in opening up a question "there are always two sides" at least, as the proverb goes. If the paragraph is more informal, it may consist of a series of illustrations, examples, details, causes and effects, contrasts, definitions,

or descriptive and narrative incidents related to give point to a problem, or any combination of these. If the paragraph comes at the beginning, end, or between two main divisions of an essay, it may have the special function of an introduction, conclusion or transitional paragraph.

So far as arrangement of details and position of topics are concerned, there are two fundamental orders: the details massed accumulatively toward the topic, stated at the end—the inductive order; or the topic first, and details after to develop and clarify—the deductive order. A paragraph also may combine the two orders, up to one point being inductive, and then afterward deductive, or the reverse. If the paragraph is deductive, the topic sentence may be stated but once, at the beginning; or it may be repeated at the end, which gives point and climax to the paragraph; or it may be repeated at the middle and end, in which case the subject matter of the two parts is generally contrasted. The effect of these three types of deductive paragraph is entirely different artistically.

42. Using Eliot's essay, show:

- (a) The function of each paragraph.
- (b) Its character—formal or informal.

- (c) Its type—inductive or deductive: if deductive, the treatment of the topic sentence.
- (d) The structure of each—that is, how it factors into parts and the relation of each part to the topic.

EXERCISES IN ACQUIRING SKILL IN STRUCTURE

To acquire skill in structure is another term for increasing one's ability to organize material so as to add the charm of lucidity to other qualities of style.

The best exercise is to choose a theme, outline it, and then develop it into an essay. A few days after it is finished, revise it according to the following suggestions:

1. Reword the theme of the essay in four or five different ways, striving to make it clear and brief. Which wording would be most effective in attracting the attention of the reader? Why?

Which is most clearly related to the points to be brought out?

2. Study the main points of your essay. Are they clearly phrased in themselves? Attractively phrased to draw attention? Are they phrased so as to relate to each other and the theme?

Rework them so as to gain a high degree of clarity without being at the same time mechanical.

3. Rework the introduction of your essay, using in turn narrative, descriptive, expository, and argumentative material. Which is the most vivid? The most interesting to a reader?

Cut down the length of your introduction as much as possible, and note the effect. Trained writers often write the introduction last, on the ground that until the body is written they do not know what material is needed to introduce the body. Try writing your introduction last.

4. Rework the conclusion, using in turn descriptive, narrative, expository, and argumentative material. Which is the most vivid? The most interesting to a reader?

Cut down the length of your conclusion as much as possible and note the effect.

See if you can so phrase the conclusion as to be reminiscent of the theme and introduction, or both. Note the effect.

Your conclusion should have an air of finality; an effect so positive that, should another read the conclusion first, he would be tempted to read the whole essay

to see the why of the emphasis. Its content should be so specific that nothing but the reading of the whole will yield up the significance of the conclusion.

5. Taking any two paragraphs of the body of your essay, note whether the transition needs to be expressed between the main points of each paragraph. Express the transition in three different ways and note the effect.

After such experimentation, revise the transitions throughout the essay.

6. In any two paragraphs place a caret, thus ^, between any two successive sentences where there is no immediate binding of thought.

Underline the words connected in thought to see how close they are to each other.

Example.—I have been urged to take up the study of Persian. ^ I cannot do this. ^ I do not believe such a study will help me to make a living.

Revised.—I have been urged to take up the study of Persian. This I cannot do because I do not believe such a study will help me to make a living.

Study the connection of successive sentences. Revise so that the flow of thought

is crystal clear without being monotonous or mechanical. Study the effect before and after revision. After experimentation, extend the revision to the whole essay.

7. Rework any one paragraph inductively and three ways deductively.
8. Attend a lecture or sermon and write an abstract of it. If possible, note a reporter's account of it in the newspapers next day. Which account more nearly presents the thought and spirit of the lecture? Which is more racy in style? Which contains more local color? Exactly what details give "local color"?
9. For a period of three or four weeks, outline all notes taken in any class, especially notes of history lectures. What advantage is there in brevity and clarity? Try outlining answers in tests and examinations.
10. Outline all the essays of Group B so that one who has never read them will yet grasp the idea clearly and easily. See page 192 for form.

PART THREE

GROUP C ESSAYS

THE CRAFTSMAN'S ART

GROUP C ESSAYS: THE CRAFTSMAN'S ART

DIRECTIONS FOR READING AND GUIDING

QUESTIONS

Directions for Reading

1. Read one essay at a time to familiarize yourself with the contents.
2. Before rereading, glance through the guiding questions to see the nature of the artistic devices to be noted.

Guiding Questions

1. In addition to literary qualities which spring from the revelation of personality and clarity of structure, are there certain artistic devices which seem a matter of craftsmanship?
2. For instance, compare the different "touches" on the piano, as the *legato*, *staccato*, and others. These primarily have to do neither with the structure of the composition nor with the pianist's interpretation or mood, but rather with the technique of the fingers, the physiology of the hands. The problem for the pianist is how shall the muscles and

tendons of the fingers and arms be so developed as to be a flexible medium for the rendering of the structure and spirit of the composition.

Notice in the following essays what you would consider corresponding practical and artistic media or devices inherent in the mechanics of writing.

WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY?¹

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

If I were asked to describe as briefly and popularly as I could, what a university was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *Studium Generale*, or "School of Universal Learning." This description implies the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot—from *all parts*; else, how will you find professors and students for every department of knowledge; and *in one spot*; else, how can there be any school at all? Accordingly, in its simple and rudimental form, it is a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter. Many things are requisite to complete and satisfy the idea embodied in this description; but such as this a university seems to be in its essence, a place for the communication and circulation of thought, by means of personal intercourse, through a wide extent of country.

There is nothing far-fetched or unreasonable in the idea thus presented to us; and if this be a university,

¹From *Rise and Progress of Universities*, Chap. II.

then a university does but contemplate a necessity of our nature, and is but one specimen in a particular medium, out of many which might be adduced in others, of a provision for that necessity. Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, carried on partly with set purpose, and partly not. One generation forms another; and the existing generation is ever acting and reacting upon itself in the persons of its individual members. Now, in this process, books, I need scarcely say, that is, the *litera scripta*, are one special instrument. It is true; and emphatically so in this age. Considering the prodigious powers of the press, and how they are developed at this time in the never-intermitting issue of periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, works in series, and light literature, we must allow there never was a time which promised fairer for dispensing with every other means of information and instruction. What can we want more, you will say, for the intellectual education of the whole man, and for every man, than so exuberant and diversified and persistent a promulgation of all kinds of knowledge? Why, you will ask, need we go up to knowledge, when knowledge comes down to us? The Sibyl wrote her prophecies upon the leaves of the forest, and wasted them; but here such careless profusion might be prudently indulged, for it can be afforded without loss, in consequence of the almost fabulous fecundity of the instrument which these latter ages have invented. We have sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks; works larger and more comprehensive than those which have gained for ancients an immortality, issue forth every morning, and are projected onward to the ends of the earth at the rate of hundreds of miles a day. Our seats are

strewn, our pavements are powdered, with swarms of little tracts; and the very bricks of our city walls preach wisdom, by informing us by their placards where we can at once cheaply purchase it.

I allow all this, and much more; such certainly is our popular education, and its effects are remarkable. Nevertheless, after all, even in this age, whenever men are really serious about getting what, in the language of trade, is called "a good article," when they aim at something precise, something refined, something really luminous, something really large, something choice, they go to another market; they avail themselves, in some shape or other, of the rival method, the ancient method, of oral instruction, of present communication between man and man, of teachers instead of learning, of the personal influence of a master, and the humble initiation of a disciple, and, in consequence, of great centers of pilgrimage and throng, which such a method of education necessarily involves. This, I think, will be found to hold good in all those departments or aspects of society which possess an interest sufficient to bind men together, or to constitute what is called "a world." It holds in the political world, and in the high world, and in the religious world; and it holds also in the literary and scientific world.

If the actions of men may be taken as any test of their convictions, then we have reason for saying this, viz: that the province and the inestimable benefit of the *litera scripta* is that of being a record of truth, and an authority of appeal, and an instrument of teaching in the hands of a teacher; but that, if we wish to become exact and fully furnished in any branch of knowledge which is diversified and complicated, we must consult

the living man and listen to his living voice. I am not bound to investigate the cause of this, and anything I say will, I am conscious, be short of its full analysis—perhaps we may suggest that no books can get through the number of minute questions which it is possible to ask on any extended subject, or can hit upon the very difficulties which are severally felt by each reader in succession. Or again, that no book can convey the special spirit and delicate peculiarities of its subject with that rapidity and certainty which attend on the sympathy of mind with mind, through the eyes, the look, the accent, and the manner, in casual expressions thrown off at the moment, and the unstudied turns of familiar conversation. But I am already dwelling too long on what is but an incidental portion of my main subject. Whatever be the cause, the fact is undeniable. The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home; but the detail, the color, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in us, you must catch all these from those in whom it lives already. You must imitate the student in French or German, who is not content with his grammar, but goes to Paris or Dresden; you must take example from the young artist, who aspires to visit the great Masters in Florence and in Rome. Till we have discovered some intellectual daguerreotype, which takes off the course of thought, and the form, lineaments, and features of truth, as completely and minutely, as the optical instrument reproduces the sensible object, we must come to the teachers of wisdom to learn wisdom, we must repair to the fountain, and drink there. Portions of it may go from thence to the ends of the earth by means of books; but the fullness is in one place alone. It is in such assemblages and con-

gregations of intellect that books themselves, the masterpieces of human genius, are written, or at least originated.

The principle on which I have been insisting is so obvious, and instances in point are so ready, that I should think it tiresome to proceed with the subject, except that one or two illustrations may serve to explain my own language about it, which may not have done justice to the doctrine which it has been intended to enforce.

For instance, the polished manners and high-bred bearing which are so difficult of attainment, and so strictly personal when attained—which are so much admired in society, from society are acquired. All that goes to constitute a gentleman—the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the talent of not offending; the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candor and consideration, the openness of hand—these qualities, some of them come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity; but the full assemblage of them, bound up in the unity of an individual character, do we expect they can be learned from books? Are they not necessarily acquired, where they are to be found, in high society? The very nature of the case leads us to say so; you cannot fence without an antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis; and in like manner, it stands to reason, you cannot learn to converse till you have the world to converse with; you cannot unlearn your natural bashfulness, or awkwardness,

or stiffness, or other besetting deformity, till you serve your time in some school of manners. Well, and is it not so in matter of fact? The metropolis, the court, the great houses of the land, are the centers to which at stated times the country comes up, as to shrines of refinement and good taste; and then in due time the country goes back again home, enriched with a portion of the social accomplishments, which those very visits serve to call out and heighten in the gracious dispensers of them. We are unable to conceive how the "gentleman-like" can otherwise be maintained; and maintained in this way it is.

And now a second instance: and here too I am going to speak without personal experience of the subject I am introducing. I admit I have not been in Parliament, any more than I have figured in the *beau monde*; yet I cannot but think that statesmanship, as well as high breeding, is learned, not by books, but in certain centers of education. If it be not presumption to say so, Parliament puts a clever man *au courant* with politics and affairs of state in a way surprising to himself. A member of the legislature, if tolerably observant, begins to see things with new eyes, even though his views undergo no change. Words have a meaning now, and ideas a reality, such as they had not before. He hears a vast deal in public speeches and private conversation which is never put into print. The bearing of measures and events, the action of parties, and the persons of friends and enemies, are brought out to the man who is in the midst of them with a distinctness, which the most diligent perusal of newspapers will fail to impart to them. It is access to the fountainheads of political wisdom and experience, it is daily intercourse, of one kind or another,

with the multitude who go up to them, it is familiarity with business, it is access to the contributions of fact and opinion thrown together by many witnesses from many quarters, which does this for him. However, I need not account for a fact, to which it is sufficient to appeal; that the Houses of Parliament and the atmosphere around them are a sort of university of politics.

As regards the world of science, we find a remarkable instance of the principle which I am illustrating, in the periodical meetings for its advance, which have arisen in the course of the last twenty years, such as the British Association. Such gatherings would to many persons appear at first sight simply preposterous. Above all subjects of study science is conveyed, is propagated, by books, or by private teaching; experiments and investigations are conducted in silence; discoveries are made in solitude. What have philosophers to do with festive celebrities, and panegyric solemnities with mathematical and physical truth? Yet on a closer attention to the subject, it is found that not even scientific thought can dispense with the suggestions, the instruction, the stimulus, the sympathy, the intercourse with mankind on a large scale, which such meetings secure. A fine time of year is chosen, when days are long, skies are bright, the earth smiles, and all nature rejoices; a city or town is taken by turns, of ancient name or modern opulence, where buildings are spacious and hospitality hearty. The novelty of place and circumstance, the excitement of strange, or the refreshment of well-known faces, the majesty of rank or of genius, the amiable charities of men pleased both with themselves and with each other; the elevated spirits, the circulation of thought, the curiosity; the morning sections, the outdoor exercise,

the well-furnished, well-earned board, the not ungraceful hilarity, the evening circle; the brilliant lecture, the discussions or collisions or guesses of great men one with another, the narratives of scientific processes, of hopes, disappointments, conflicts, and successes, the splendid eulogistic orations; these and the like constituents of the annual celebration, are considered to do something real and substantial for the advance of knowledge which can be done in no other way. Of course they can but be occasional; they answer the annual act, or commencement, or commemoration of a university, not to its ordinary condition; but they are of a university nature; and I can well believe in their utility. They issue in the promotion of a certain living and, as it were, bodily communication of knowledge from one to another, of a general interchange of ideas, and a comparison and adjustment of science with science, of an enlargement of mind, intellectual and social, of an ardent love of the particular study which may be chosen by each individual, and a noble devotion to its interests.

Such meetings, I repeat, are but periodical, and only partially represent the idea of a university. The bustle and whirl which are their usual concomitant, are in ill keeping with the order and gravity of earnest intellectual education. We desiderate means of instruction which involve no interruption of our ordinary habits; nor need we seek it long, for the natural course of things brings it about, while we debate over it. In every great country, the metropolis itself becomes a sort of necessary university, whether we will or no. As the chief city is the seat of the court, of high society, of politics, and of law, so as a matter of course is it the seat of letters also; and at this time, for a long term of years, London and

Paris are in fact and in operation universities, though in Paris its famous university is no more, and in London a university scarcely exists except as a board of administration. The newspapers, magazines, reviews, journals, and periodicals of all kinds, the publishing trade, the libraries, museums, and academies there found, the learned and scientific societies, necessarily invest it with the functions of a university; and that atmosphere of intellect, which in a former age hung over Oxford or Bologna or Salamanca, has, with the change of times, moved away to the center of civil government. Thither come up youths from all parts of the country, the students of law, medicine, and the fine arts, and the employés and *attachés* of literature. There they live, as chance determines; and they are satisfied with their temporary home, for they find in it all that was promised to them there. They have not come in vain, as far as their own object in coming is concerned. They have not learned any particular religion, but they have learned their own particular profession well. They have, moreover, become acquainted with the habits, manners, and opinions of their place of sojourn, and done their part in maintaining the tradition of them. We cannot then be without virtual universities; a metropolis is such: the simple question is, whether the education sought and given should be based on principle, formed upon rule, directed to the highest ends, or left to the random succession of masters and schools, one after another, with a melancholy waste of thought and an extreme hazard of truth.

Religious teaching itself affords us an illustration of our subject to a certain point. It does not indeed seat itself merely in centers of the world; this is impossible

from the nature of the case. It is intended for the many, not the few; its subject matter is truth necessary for us, not truth recondite and rare; but it concurs in the principle of a university so far as this, that its great instrument, or rather organ, has ever been that which nature prescribes in all education, the personal presence of a teacher, or, in theological language, Oral Tradition. It is the living voice, the breathing form, the expressive countenance, which preaches, which catechizes. Truth, a subtle, invisible, manifold spirit, is poured into the mind of the scholar by his eyes and ears, through his affections, imagination, and reason; it is poured into his mind and is sealed up there in perpetuity, by propounding and repeating it; by questioning and requestioning, by correcting and explaining, by progressing and then recurring to first principles, by all those ways which are implied in the word "catechizing." In the first ages, it was a work of long time; months, sometimes years, were devoted to the arduous task of disabusing the mind of the incipient Christian of its pagan errors, and of molding it upon the Christian faith. The Scriptures indeed were at hand for the study of those who could avail themselves of them; but St. Irenaeus does not hesitate to speak of whole races, who had been converted to Christianity, without being able to read them. To be unable to read or write was in those times no evidence of want of learning: the hermits of the deserts were, in this sense of the word, illiterate; yet the great St. Anthony, though he knew not letters, was a match in disputation for the learned philosophers who came to try him. Didymus again, the great Alexandrian theologian, was blind. The ancient discipline, called the *Disciplina Arcani*, involved the same principle. The more sacred doctrines of

Revelation were not committed to books, but passed on by successive tradition. The teaching on the Blessed Trinity and the Eucharist appears to have been so handed down for some hundred years; and when at length reduced to writing, it has filled many folios, yet has not been exhausted.

But I have said more than enough in illustration; I end as I began—a university is a place of concourse, whither students come from every quarter for every kind of knowledge. You cannot have the best of every kind everywhere; you must go to some great city or emporium for it. There you have all the choicest productions of nature and art all together, which you find each in its own separate place elsewhere. All the riches of the land, and of the earth, are carried up thither; there are the best markets, and there the best workmen. It is the center of trade, the supreme court of fashion, the umpire of rival talents, and the standard of things rare and precious. It is the place for seeing galleries of first-rate pictures, and for hearing wonderful voices and performers of transcendent skill. It is the place for great preachers, great orators, great nobles, great statesmen. In the nature of things, greatness and unity go together; excellence implies a center. And such, for the third or fourth time, is a university; I hope I do not weary out the reader by repeating it. It is the place to which a thousand schools make contributions; in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with

knowledge. It is the place where the professor becomes eloquent, and is a missionary and a preacher, displaying his science in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a place which wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity, kindles the affections of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the fidelity of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation. It is this and a great deal more, and demands a somewhat better head and hand than mine to describe it well.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN¹

CHARLES LAMB

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow* and *the men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites," flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I chose to designate as the great race, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter

¹From *Essays of Elia*.

are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades—Falstaff—Sir Richard Steele—our late incomparable Brinsley—what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! What rosy gills! What a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective! What near approaches doth he make to the primitive community—to the extent of one half of the principle at least!

He is the true taxpayer who "calleth all the world up to be taxed;" and the distance is as vast between him and one of us, as subsisted between the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolar Jew that paid his tribute-pittance at Jerusalem! His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers—those inkhorn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is His Candlemas, or his feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse—which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveler, for which sun and wind contended. He is the true Propontic which

never ebbeth. The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim, whom he delighteth to honor, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, with thy wordly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives—but, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were halfway. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light he makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq., who parted this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the great race, he took almost immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing; for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished, by the very act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings)

To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, "Borrowing and to borrow."

In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tythe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated; but having had the honor of accompanying my friend divers time, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and, with Comus, seemed pleased to be "stocked with so fair a herd."

With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that "money kept longer than three days stinks." So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent tosspot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him—as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious—into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes, inscrutable cavities of the earth; or he would bury it (where he would never seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest—but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity

to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an undeniable way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with gray (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiving for a while my theory as to the great race, I would put it to the most untheorizing reader, who may at times have disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindness of his nature to refuse such a one as I am describing, than to say no to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who, by his mumping visnomy, tells you that he expects nothing better; and, therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how ideal he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of lenders and little men.

To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon; I mean your borrowers of books—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes. There is Comberbatch, matchless in his depredations.

That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a great eyetooth knocked out—(you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, Reader)—with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side (like the Guildhall giants, in their reformed posture, guardant of nothing)

once held the tallest of my folios, *Opera Bonaventuræ*, choice and massy divinity, to which its two supporters (school divinity also, but of a lesser caliber—Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas), showed but as dwarfs—itself an Ascapart!—that Comberbatch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refute, namely, that “the title to property in a book (my Bonaventure, for instance) is in exact ratio to the claimant’s powers of understanding and appreciating the same.” Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe?

The slight vacuum in the left-hand case—two shelves from the ceiling—scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser—was whilom the commodious resting place of Browne on Urn Burial. C. will hardly allege that he knows more about that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beauties—but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more qualified to carry her off than himself. Just below, Dodsley’s dramas want their fourth volume, where *Vittoria Corombona* is. The remainder nine are as distasteful as Priam’s refuse sons, when the Fates borrowed Hector. Here stood the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, in sober state. There loitered the *Complete Angler*; quiet as in life, by some stream side. In yonder nook, John Bunclé, a widower-volume, with “eyes closed,” mourns his ravished mate.

One justice I must do my friend, that if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasure, at another time, sea-like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to match it. I have a small under-collection of this nature (my friend’s gatherings in his various calls), picked up, he has for-

gotten at what odd places, and deposited with as little memory at mine. I take in these orphans, the twice-deserted. These proselytes of the gate are welcome as the true Hebrews. There they stand in conjunction; natives, and naturalized. The latter seem as little disposed to inquire out their true lineage as I am. I charge no warehouse room for those deodands, nor shall ever put myself to the ungentlemanly trouble of advertising a sale of them to pay expenses.

To lose a volume to C. carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. But what moved thee, wayward, spiteful K. to be so importunate to carry off with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thee to forbear, the Letters of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle?—knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly wouldst never turn over one leaf of the illustrious folio—what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend? Then, worst cut of all! to transport it with thee to the Gallican land—

Unworthy land to harbor such a sweetness,
A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts dwelt,
Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts, her
sex's wonder!

—hadst thou not thy playbooks, and books of jests and fancies, about thee, to keep these merry, even as thou keepest all companies with thy quips and mirthful tales? Child of the Greenroom, it was unkindly done of thee. Thy wife, too, that part-French, better-part-English-woman!—that she could fix upon no other treatise to bear away, in kindly token of remembering us, than the works

of Fulke Greville, Lord Brook—of which no Frenchman, nor woman of France, Italy, or England, was ever by nature constituted to comprehend a tittle! Was there not Zimmerman on Solitude?

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C. He will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are those prescious MSS. of his (in matter oftentimes, and almost in quantity not unfrequently, vying with the originals) in no very clerkly hand—legible in my Daniel; in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne; and those abstruser cogitations of the Greville, now, alas! wandering in pagan lands. I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library against S. T. C.

A CHAPTER ON EARS¹

CHARLES LAMB

I have no ear.—

Mistake me not, Reader, nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me! I am, I think, rather delicately than copiously provided with those conduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the mule for his plenty, or the mole for her exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those indispensable side-intelligencers.

¹From *Essays of Elia*.

Neither have I incurred, or done anything to incur, with Defoe, that hideous disfigurement, which constrained him to draw upon assurance—to feel “quite unabashed,” and at ease upon that article. I was never, I thank my stars, in the pillory; nor, if I read them aright, is it within the compass of my destiny that I ever should be.

When therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean—for music. To say that this heart never melted at the concourse of sweet sounds would be a foul self-libel. “Water parted from the Sea” never fails to move it strangely. So does “In Infancy.” But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewoman—the gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellation—the sweetest—why should I hesitate to name Mrs. S....., once the blooming Fanny Weatheral of the Temple, who had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion that not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment which was afterward destined to overwhelm and subdue his nature quite, for Alice W.....n.

I even think that sentimentally I am disposed to harmony. But organically I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising “God save the King” all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

I am not without suspicion that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me. For thrumming, in my wild way, on my friend A.’s piano, the other morning, while

he was engaged in an adjoining parlor—on his return he was pleased to say, “he thought it could not be the maid.” On his first surprise at hearing the keys touched in somewhat an airy and masterful way, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on Jenny. But a grace, snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being—technically perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts—had swayed the keys to a mood which Jenny, with all her (less cultivated) enthusiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friend’s penetration, and not with any view of disparaging Jenny.

Scientifically I could never be made to understand (yet have I taken some pains) what a note in music is; or how one note should differ from another. Much less in voices can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough-bass I contrive to guess at, from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of that which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarce know what to say I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. *Sostenuto* and *adagio* stand in the like relation of obscurity to me; and *Sol*, *Fa*, *Mi*, *Re*, is as conjuring as Baralipton.

It is hard to stand alone in an age like this—(constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut)—to remain, as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art, which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating, and refining the passions. Yet, rather than break the candid current of my con-

fessions, I must avow to you that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so cried-up faculty.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds, are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes, while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive—mine at least will—'spite of its inaptitude, to thrid the maze; like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to solace myself with sounds which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention. I take refuge in the unpretending assemblage of honest common-life sounds; and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience!) immovable, or affecting some faint emotion—till (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold theatre in Hades, where some of the forms of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the enjoyment; or like that

————Party in a parlor

All silent, and all DAMNED.

Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my

apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a-dying; to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book, all stops, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest executed pieces of this empty instrumental music.

I deny not, that in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable—afterward followeth the languor and the oppression. Like that disappointing book in Patmos; or, like the comings on of melancholy, described by Burton, doth Music make her first insinuating approaches: “Most pleasant it is to such as are melancholy given, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by some brook side, and to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect him most, *amabilis insania*, and *mentis gratissimus error*. A most incomparable delight to build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly imagine, they act, or that they see done. So delightful these toys at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like so many dreams, and will hardly be drawn from them, winding and unwinding

themselves as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humors, until at the last the SCENE TURNS UPON A SUDDEN, and they being now habitated to such meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can think of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can think of nothing else. Continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds; which now, by no means, no labor, no persuasions they can avoid, they cannot be rid of, they cannot resist."

Something like this SCENE-TURNING I have experienced at the evening parties, at the house of my good Catholic friend Nov.....; who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.¹

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side isles of the dim Abbey, some five and thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension—(whether it be that, in which the Psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or, that other, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young

¹I have been there, and still would go—

"Tis like a little heaven below.

Dr. Watts.

man shall best cleanse his mind)—a holy calm pervadeth me. I am for the time

———rapt above earth,
And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive—impatient to overcome her “earthly” with his “heavenly”—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted German ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions, Haydn and Mozart, with their attendant Tritons, Bach, Beethoven, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wits’ end;—clouds, as of frankincense, oppress me—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me—the genius of his religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope—and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too—tri-coroneted like himself! I am converted, and yet a Protestant;—at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand heresiarch; or three heresies center in my person: I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog—what not?—till the coming in of the friendly supper tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess.

MODERN GALLANTRY

CHARLES LAMB

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fishwife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveler for some rich tradesman part with his admired box coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stagecoach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is

¹From *Essays of Elia*.

sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares "she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer." Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of female old age without exciting and intending to excite, a sneer; when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate **offence** in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-street-hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South-Sea Company—the same

to whom Edwards, the Shakespeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and another in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed—smile if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptance of the word, after women: but he revered and upheld in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandames. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton—who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress to a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgement in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humored, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sorts of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women; but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, “As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune,—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (naming the milliner)—and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed

hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do me honor, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behavior of my friend toward all of woman-kind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man: a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid, or dependent—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women.

But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to reverence her sex.

DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE¹

CHARLES LAMB

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney piece of the great hall—the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding.

Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the

¹From *Essays of Elia*.

mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it, too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterward came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if someone were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the country, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house;

and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the wall without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fishpond, at the bottom of the garden, with

here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings. I had more pleasure in the busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L....., because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had

died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterward it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W.....n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: “We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must

wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name." And immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY SWEEPERS¹

CHARLES LAMB

I like to meet a sweep. Understand me,—not a grown sweeper (old chimney sweepers are by no means attractive), but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek; such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep, peep* of a young sparrow; or like to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses.

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth,—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the top of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self, enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*,—to pursue him in imagination as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that "now, surely, he must be lost forever!"—to revive at

¹From *Essays of Elia*

hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight—and then (O fullness of delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in *Macbeth*, where the “Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises”.

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him twopence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.²⁰

There is a composition, the ground-work of which I have understood to be the sweet wood yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this “wholesome and pleasant beverage”, on the south side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street—the *only Salopian house*,—I have never yet ventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients; a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney sweeper—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive; but so it is, that no possible taste or odor to the senses of a young chimney sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals, cats, when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader,—if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact,—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls and under open sky dispense the same savory mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labors of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honors of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth

their least satisfactory odors. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'ernight vapors in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *saloop*—the precocious herb woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas;—the delight, and oh! I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldest thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three halfpennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added halfpenny); so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'ercharged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin; so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredieniced soups, nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the lowbred triumph they display over the casual trip or splashed stocking of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularly of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough, yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened, when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky

finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pieman. There he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever, with such a maximum of glee and minimum of mischief in his mirth (for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it), that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to “air” them as frugally as possible. The fine ladies, or fine gentlemen, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of these white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is as when

A sable cloud

Turns forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility: and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentime lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry and a lapsed

pedigree. The premature apprenticeships of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for), plainly hint at some forced adoptions. Many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations*.

In one of the state beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since, under a ducal canopy (that seat of the Howards **is** an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur), encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven, folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius, was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noonday, fast asleep, a lost chimney sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the castle. But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I had just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever

weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch still far above his pretensions? Is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapped by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula* and resting place. By no other theory than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and indeed upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender but unseasonable sleeper.

My pleasant friend JEM WHITE was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was

providentially discovered in time to be no chimney sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quoited out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity, but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlors three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savor. JAMES WHITE, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion BIGOD, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table; for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humors of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honor the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing "the gentleman", and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O, it was a pleasure to see the sable youngkers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* unctuous sayings—how he would fit the titbits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it

“must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman’s eating”—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—“The King,” “The Cloth,”—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering; and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, “May the Brush supersede the Laurel!” All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables and prefacing every sentiment with, “Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so,” which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savoriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

JAMES WHITE is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

ON STYLE¹

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Enough has been said in these days of the charm of fluent writing. We hear it complained of some works of genius that they have fine thoughts, but are irregular and have no flow. But even the mountain peaks in the horizon are, to the eye of science, parts of one range. We should consider that the flow of thought is more like a tidal wave than a prone river, and is the result of a celestial influence, not of any declivity in its channel. The river flows because it runs down hill, and flows the faster, the faster it descends. The reader who expects to float down stream for the whole voyage may well complain of nauseating swells and choppings of the sea when his frail shore craft gets amidst the billows of the ocean stream, which flows as much to sun and moon as lesser streams to it. But if we would appreciate the flow that is in these books, we must expect to feel it rise from the page like an exhalation, and wash away our critical brains like burr millstones, flowing to higher levels above and behind ourselves. There is many a book which ripples on like a freshet, and flows as glibly as a mill stream sucking under a causeway; and when their authors are in the full tide of their discourse, Pythagoras and Plato and Jamblichus halt beside them. Their long, stringy, slimy sentences are of that consistency that they naturally flow and run together. They read as if written for military men, for men of business, there is such a dispatch in them. Compared with these, the grave thinkers and philosophers seem not to have got

¹From *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*. Reprinted by permission of the Houghton Mifflin Company.

their swaddling clothes off; they are slower than a Roman army in its march, the rear camping tonight where the van camped last night. The wise Jamblichus eddies and gleams like a watery slough.

How many thousands never heard the name
Of Sidney, or of Spenser, or their books!
And yet brave fellows, and presume of fame,
And seem to bear down all the world with looks!

The ready writer seizes the pen and shouts "Forward! Alamo and Fanning!" and after rolls the tide of war. The very walls and fences seem to travel. But the most rapid trot is no flow after all; and thither, Reader, you and I, at least, will not follow.

A perfectly healthy sentence, it is true, is extremely rare. For the most part we miss the hue and fragrance of the thought; as if we could be satisfied with the dews of the morning or evening without their colors, or the heavens without their azure. The most attractive sentences are, perhaps, not the wisest, but the surest and roundest. They are spoken firmly and conclusively, as if the speaker had a right to know what he says, and if not wise, they have at least been well learned. Sir Walter Raleigh might well be studied, if only for the excellence of his style, for he is remarkable in the midst of so many masters. There is a natural emphasis in his style, like a man's tread, and a breathing space between the sentences, which the best of modern writing does not furnish. His chapters are like English parks, or say rather like a Western forest, where the larger growth keeps down the underwood, and one may ride on horseback through the openings. All the distinguished writers of the period possess a greater vigor and naturalness than the more modern,—for it is allowed to slander

our own time,—and when we read a quotation from one of them in the midst of a modern author, we seem to have come suddenly upon a greener ground, a greater depth and strength of soil. It is as if a green bough were laid across the page, and we are refreshed as by the sight of fresh grass in midwinter or early spring. You have constantly the warrant of life and experience in what you read. The little that is said is eked out by implication of the much that was done. The sentences are verdurous and blooming as evergreen and flowers, because they are rooted in fact and experience, but our false and florid sentences have only the tints of flowers without their sap or roots. All men are really most attracted by the beauty of plain speech, and they even write in a florid style in imitation of this. They prefer to be misunderstood rather than to come short of its exuberance. Hussein Effendi praised the epistolary style of Ibrahim Pasha to the French traveler Botta because of “the difficulty of understanding it; there was,” he said, “but one person at Jidda who was capable of understanding and explaining the Pasha’s correspondence.” A man’s whole life is taxed for the least thing well done. It is its net result. Every sentence is the result of a long probation. Where shall we look for standard English but to the words of a standard man? The word which is best said came nearest to not being spoken at all, for it is cousin to a deed which the speaker could have better done. Nay, almost it must have taken the place of a deed by some urgent necessity, even by some misfortune, so that the truest writer will be some captive knight, after all. And perhaps the fates had such a design, when, having stored Raleigh so richly with the substance of life and experience, they

made him a fast prisoner, and compelled him to make his words his deeds, and transfer to this expression the emphasis and sincerity of his action.

Men have respect for scholarship and learning greatly out of proportion to the use they commonly serve. We are amused to read how Ben Jonson engaged that the dull masks with which the royal family and nobility were to be entertained should be "grounded upon antiquity and solid learning." Can there be any greater reproach than an idle learning? Learn to split wood, at least. The necessity of labor and conversation with many men and things, to the scholar is rarely well remembered; steady labor with the hands, which engrosses the attention also, is unquestionably the best method of removing palaver and sentimentality out of one's style, both of speaking and writing. If he has worked hard from morning till night, though he may have grieved that he could not be watching the train of his thoughts during that time, yet the few hasty lines which at evening record his day's experience will be more musical and true than his freest but idle fancy could have furnished. Surely the writer is to address a world of laborers, and such therefore must be his own discipline. He will not idly dance at his work who has wood to cut and cord before nightfall in the short days of winter; but every stroke will be husbanded, and ring soberly through the wood; and so will the strokes of that scholar's pen, which at evening record the story of the day, ring soberly, yet cheerily, on the ear of the reader, long after the echoes of his ax have died away. The scholar may be sure that he writes the tougher truth for the calluses on his palms. They give firmness to the sentence. Indeed, the mind never makes a great and successful effort, without a

corresponding energy of the body. We are often struck by the force and precision of style to which hard-working men, unpracticed in writing, easily attain when required to make the effort. As if plainness and vigor and sincerity, the ornaments of style, were better learned on the farm and in the workshop than in the schools. The sentences written by such rude hands are nervous and tough, like hardened thongs, the sinews of the deer, or the roots of the pine. As for the graces of expression, a great thought is never found in a mean dress; but though it proceed from the lips of the Woloffs, the nine Muses and the three Graces will have conspired to clothe it in fit phrase. Its education has always been liberal, and its implied wit can endow a college. The world, which the Greeks called Beauty, has been made such by being gradually divested of every ornament which was not fitted to endure. The Sibyl, "speaking with inspired mouth, smileless, inornate, and unperfumed, pierces through centuries by the power of the god." The scholar might frequently emulate the propriety and emphasis of the farmer's call to his team, and confess that if that were written it would surpass his labored sentences. Whose are the truly *labored* sentences? From the weak and flimsy periods of the politician and literary man, we are glad to turn even to the description of work, the simple record of the month's labor in the farmer's almanac, to restore our tone and spirits. A sentence should read as if its author, had he held a plow instead of a pen, could have drawn a furrow deep and straight to the end. The scholar requires hard and serious labor to give an impetus to his thought. He will learn to grasp the pen firmly so, and wield it gracefully and effectively, as an ax or a

sword. When we consider the weak and nerveless periods of some literary men, who perchance in feet and inches come up to the standard of their race, and are not deficient in girth also, we are amazed at the immense sacrifice of thews and sinews. What! these proportions—these bones,—and this their work! Hands which could have felled an ox have hewed this fragile matter which would not have tasked a lady's fingers! Can this be a stalwart man's work, who has a marrow in his back and a tendon Achilles in his heel? They who set up the blocks of Stonehenge did somewhat, if they only laid out their strength for once, and stretched themselves.

Yet, after all, the truly efficient laborer will not crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task, surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure, and then do but what he loves best. He is anxious only about the fruitful kernels of time. Though the hen should sit all day, she could lay only one egg, and, besides, would not have picked up materials for another. Let a man take time enough for the most trivial deed, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly, without hurry or confusion, as if the short spring days were an eternity.

Then spend an age in whetting thy desire,
Thou need'st not *hasten* if thou dost *stand fast*.

Some hours seem not to be occasion for any deed, but for resolves to draw breath in. We do not directly go about the execution of the purpose that thrills us, but shut our doors behind us and ramble with prepared mind, as if the half were already done. Our resolution is taking root or hold on the earth then, as seeds first send a shoot downward which is fed by their own albumen, ere they send one upward to the light.

LANGUAGE¹

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Language is a third use which nature subserves to man. Nature is the vehicle of thought, and in a simple, double, and threefold degree.

1. Words are signs of natural facts.
2. Particular natural facts are symbols of particular spiritual facts.
3. Nature is the symbol of spirit.

1. Words are signs of natural facts. The use of natural history is to give us aid in supernatural history; the use of the outer creation, to give us language for the beings and changes of the inward creation. Every word which is used to express a moral or intellectual fact, if traced to its root, is found to be borrowed from some material appearance. *Right* means *straight*; *wrong* means *twisted*. *Spirit* primarily means *wind*; *transgression*, the *crossing of a line*; *supercilious*, the *raising of the eyebrow*. We say the *heart* to express emotion, the *head* to denote thought; and *thought* and *emotion* are words borrowed from sensible things, and now appropriated to spiritual nature. Most of the process by which this transformation is made is hidden from us in the remote time when language was framed; but the same tendency may be daily observed in children. Children and savages use only nouns or names of things, which they convert into verbs, and apply to analogous mental acts.

2. But this origin of all words that convey a spiritual import—so conspicuous a fact in the history of language—is our least debt to nature. It is not words only that are emblematic; it is things which are emblematic. Every

¹From *Nature*, Chap. II., Language.

natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind, and that state of the mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture. An enraged man is a lion, a cunning man is a fox, a firm man is a rock, a learned man is a torch. A lamb is innocence; a snake is subtle spite; flowers express to us the delicate affections. Light and darkness are our familiar expression for knowledge and ignorance; and heat for love. Visible distance behind and before us is respectively our image of memory and hope.

Who looks upon a river in a meditative hour, and is not reminded of the flux of all things? Throw a stone into the stream, and the circles that propagate themselves are the beautiful type of all influence. Man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life, wherein, as in a firmament, the natures of Justice, Truth, Love, Freedom, arise and shine. This universal soul he calls Reason; it is not mine, or thine, or his, but we are its; we are its property and men. And the blue sky in which the private earth is buried, the sky with its eternal calm, and full of everlasting orbs, is the type of Reason. That which, intellectually considered, we call Reason, considered in relation to nature, we call Spirit. Spirit is the Creator. Spirit hath life in itself. And man in all ages and countries embodies it in his language as the FATHER.

It is easily seen that there is nothing lucky or capricious in these analogies, but that they are constant, and pervade nature. These are not the dreams of a few poets, here and there, but man is an analogist, and studies relations in all objects. He is placed in the center of beings, and a ray of relation passes from every other

being to him. And neither can man be understood without these objects, nor these objects without man. All the facts in natural history taken by themselves have no value, but are barren like a single sex. But marry it to human history, and it is full of life. Whole floras, all Linnæus's and Buffon's volumes, are dry catalogues of facts; but the most trivial of these facts, the habit of a plant, the organs, or work, or noise of an insect, applied to the illustration of a fact in intellectual philosophy, or, in any way associated to human nature, affects us in the most lively and agreeable manner. The seed of a plant—to what affecting analogies in the nature of man is that little fruit made use of, in all discourse, up to the voice of Paul, who calls the human corpse a seed: "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." The motion of the earth round its axis and round the sun makes the day and the year. There are certain amounts of brute light and heat. But is there no intent of any analogy between man's life and the seasons? And do the seasons gain no grandeur or pathos from that analogy? The instincts of the ant are very unimportant, considered as the ant's; but the moment a ray of relation is seen to extend from it to man, and the little drudge is seen to be a monitor, a little body with a mighty heart, then all its habits, even that said to be recently observed, that it never sleeps, become sublime.

Because of this radical correspondence between visible things and human thoughts, savages, who have only what is necessary, converse in figures. As we go back in history, language becomes more picturesque, until its infancy, when it is all poetry; or all spiritual facts are represented by natural symbols. The same symbols are

found to make the original elements of all languages. It has moreover been observed, that the idioms of all languages approach each other in passages of the greatest eloquence and power. And as this is the first language, so is it the last. This immediate dependence of language upon nature, this conversion of an outward phenomenon into a type of somewhat in human life, never loses its power to affect us. It is this which gives that piquancy to the conversation of a strong-natured farmer or backwoodsman, which all men relish.

A man's power to connect his thought with its proper symbol, and so to utter it, depends on the simplicity of his character, that is, upon his love of truth and his desire to communicate it without loss. The corruption of man is followed by the corruption of language. When simplicity of character and the sovereignty of ideas is broken up by the prevalence of secondary desires, the desire of riches, of pleasure, of power, and of praise—and duplicity and falsehood take the place of simplicity and truth, the power over nature as an interpreter of the will is in a degree lost; new imagery ceases to be created, and old words are perverted to stand for things which are not; a paper currency is employed, when there is no bullion in the vaults. In due time the fraud is manifest, and words lose all power to stimulate the understanding or the affections. Hundreds of writers may be found in every long-civilized nation, who for a short time believe and make others believe that they see and utter truths, who do not of themselves clothe one thought in its natural garment, but who feed unconsciously on the language created by the primary writers of the country, those, namely, who hold primarily on nature.

But wise men pierce this rotten diction and fasten

words to visible things; so that picturesque language is at once a commanding certificate that he who employs it is a man in alliance with truth and God. The moment our discourse rises above the ground line of familiar facts, and is inflamed with passion or exalted by thought, it clothes itself in images. A man conversing in earnest, if he watch his intellectual processes, will find that a material image, more or less luminous, arises in his mind, contemporaneous with every thought, which furnishes the vestment of the thought. Hence, good writing and brilliant discourse are perpetual allegories. This imagery is spontaneous. It is the blending of experience with the present action of the mind. It is proper creation. It is the working of the Original Cause through the instruments he has already made

These facts may suggest the advantage which the country life possesses, for a powerful mind, over the artificial and curtailed life of cities. We know more from nature than we can at will communicate. Its light flows into the mind evermore, and we forget its presence. The poet, the orator, bred in the woods, whose senses have been nourished by their fair and appeasing changes, year after year, without design and without heed—shall not lose their lesson altogether, in the roar of cities or the broil of politics. Long hereafter, amidst agitation and terror in national councils—in the hour of revolution—these solid images shall reappear in their morning luster as fit symbols and words of the thoughts which the passing events shall awaken. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains, as he saw and heard them in his infancy. And with these forms, the spells of persuasion, the keys of power are put into his hands.

3. We are thus assisted by natural objects in the expression of particular meanings. But how great a language to convey such peppercorn informations! Did it need such noble races of creatures, this profusion of forms, this host of orbs in heaven, to furnish man with the dictionary and grammar of his municipal speech? Whilst we use this grand cipher to expedite the affairs of our pot and kettle, we feel that we have not yet put it to its use, neither are able. We are like travelers using the cinders of a volcano to roast their eggs. Whilst we see that it always stands ready to clothe what we would say, we cannot avoid the question, whether the characters are not significant of themselves. Have mountains, and waves, and skies, no significance but what we consciously give them when we employ them as emblems of our thoughts? The word is emblematic. Parts of speech are metaphors, because the whole of nature is a metaphor of the human mind. The laws of moral nature answer to those of matter as face to face in a glass. "The visible world and the relation of its parts is the dial-plate of the invisible." The axioms of physics translate the laws of ethics. Thus, "The whole is greater than its part;" "Reaction is equal to action;" "The smallest weight may be made to lift the greatest, the difference of weight being compensated by time;" and many like propositions, which have an ethical as well as physical sense. These propositions have a much more extensive and universal sense when applied to human life than when confined to technical use.

In like manner, the memorable words of history and the proverbs of nations consist usually of a natural fact, selected as a picture or parable of a moral truth. Thus: A rolling stone gathers no moss; A bird in the hand is

worth two in the bush; A cripple in the right way will beat a racer in the wrong; Make hay while the sun shines; 'Tis hard to carry a full cup even; Vinegar is the son of wine; The last ounce broke the camel's back; Long-lived trees make roots first; and the like. In their primary sense these are trivial facts, but we repeat them for the value of their analogical import. What is true of proverbs is true of all fables, parables, and allegories.

This relation between the mind and matter is not fancied by some poet, but stands in the will of God, and so is free to be known by all men. It appears to men, or it does not appear. When in fortunate hours we ponder this miracle, the wise man doubts if at all other times he is not blind and deaf;

Can these things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud;
Without our special wonder?

for the universe becomes transparent, and the light of higher laws than its own shines through it. It is the standing problem which has exercised the wonder and the study of every fine genius since the world began; from the era of the Egyptians and the Brahmins to that of Pythagoras, of Plato, of Bacon, of Leibnitz, of Swedenborg. There sits the Sphinx at the roadside, and from age to age, as each prophet comes by, he tries his fortune at reading her riddle. There seems to be a necessity in spirit to manifest itself in material forms; and day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, preëxist in necessary Ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of preceding affections in the world of spirit. A Fact is the end or last issue of spirit. The visible creation is the terminus or the circumference

of the invisible world. "Material objects," said a French philosopher, "are necessarily kinds of *scoriæ* of the substantial thoughts of the Creator, which must always preserve an exact relation to their first origin; in other words, visible nature must have a spiritual and moral side."

This doctrine is abstruse, and though the images of "garment," "*scoriæ*," "mirror," etc., may stimulate the fancy, we must summon the aid of subtler and more vital expositors to make it plain. "Every scripture is to be interpreted by the same spirit which gave it forth," is the fundamental law of criticism. A life in harmony with nature, the love of truth and of virtue, will purge the eyes to understand her text. By degrees we may come to know the primitive sense of the permanent objects of nature, so that the world shall be to us an open book, and every form significant of its hidden life and final cause.

A new interest surprises us, whilst, under the view now suggested, we contemplate the fearful extent and multitude of objects; since "every object rightly seen unlocks a new faculty of the soul." That which was unconscious truth becomes, when interpreted and defined in an object, a part of the domain of knowledge—a new weapon in the magazine of power.

GIFTS¹

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Gifts of one who loved me,—
'Twas high time they came;
When he ceased to love me,
Time they stopped for shame.

It is said that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency, which involves in some sort all the population, to be the reason of the difficulty experienced at Christmas and New Year, and other times, in bestowing gifts; since it is always so pleasant to be generous, though very vexatious to pay debts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. If, at any time, it comes into my head that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give, until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents—flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. These gay natures contrast with the somewhat stern countenance of ordinary nature; they are like music heard out of a workhouse. Nature does not cocker us; we are children, not pets; she is not fond; everything is dealt to us without fear or favor, after severe universal laws. Yet these delicate flowers look like the frolic and interference of love and beauty. Men used to tell us that we love flattery, even though we are not deceived by it, because it shows that we are of importance enough to be courted. Something like that pleasure the flowers

¹From *Essays*.

give us: what am I to whom these sweet hints are addressed? Fruits are acceptable gifts, because they are the flower of commodities and admit of fantastic values being attached to them. If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him, and should set before me a basket of fine summer-fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labor and the reward.

For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is glad when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door has no shoes you have not to consider whether you could procure him a paint-box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread, or drink water, in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. In our condition of universal dependence, it seems heroic to let the petitioner be the judge of his necessity, and to give all that is asked, though at great inconvenience. If it be a fantastic desire, it is better to leave to others the office of punishing him. I can think of many parts I should prefer playing to that of the Furies. Next to things of necessity the rule for a gift, which one of my friends prescribed, is, that we might convey to some person that which properly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her

own sewing. This is right and pleasing, for it restores society in so far to the primary basis, when a man's biography is conveyed in his gift, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy me something, which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's. This is fit for kings, and rich men who represent kings, and a false state of property, to make presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbolical sin offering, or payment of blackmail.

The law of benefits is a difficult channel, which requires careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the office of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give them? We wish to be self-sustained. We do not quite forgive a giver. The hand that feeds us is in some danger of being bitten. We can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves; but not from anyone who assumes to bestow. We sometimes hate the meat which we eat, because there seems something of degrading dependence in living by it.

Brother, if Jove to thee a present make
Take heed that from his hands thou nothing take.

We ask the whole. Nothing less will content us. We arraign society, if it do not give us, besides earth, and fire, and water, opportunity, love, reverence, and objects of veneration.

He is a good man who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence, I think, is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift pleases me over-

much, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity and not him. The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at a level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, "How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine?" which belief of mine this gift seems to deny. Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. This giving is flat usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathize with the beneficiary than with the anger of my lord Timon. For, the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heartburning from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors."

The reason of these discords I conceive to be that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him, he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend, and now also. Compared with that goodwill I bear my

friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small. Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so incidental and at random, that we can seldom hear the acknowledgments of any person who would thank us for a benefit without some shame and humiliation. We can rarely strike a direct stroke, but must be content with an oblique one; we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received. But rectitude scatters favors on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all the people.

I fear to breathe any treason against the majesty of love, which is the genius and god of gifts, and to whom we must not affect to prescribe. Let him give kingdoms or flower-leaves indifferently. There are persons from whom we always expect fairy tokens; let us not cease to expect them. This is prerogative, and not to be limited by our municipal rules. For the rest, I like to see that we cannot be bought and sold. The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will, but in fate. I find that I am not much to you; you do not need me; you do not feel me; then am I thrust out of doors, though you proffer me house and lands. No services are of any value, but only likeness. When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick,—no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.

ON GOING A JOURNEY¹

WILLIAM HAZLITT

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedgerows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbowroom, and fewer encumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

——a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do, just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Where all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd,

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. In-

¹From *Table Talk*.

stead of a friend in a post chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like “sunken wrack and sumless treasures,” burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, arguments, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. “Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!” I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me “very stuff o’ the conscience.” Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better, then, keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone, I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge

your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship!" say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary.

I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that "he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time." So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said; but, in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid: if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for this synthetical method on a journey, in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomize them afterward. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with anyone for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a bean field crossing the road,

perhaps your fellow traveler has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is shortsighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the color of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill humor.

Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company seems extravagance or affectation; and, on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered), is a task to which few are competent. We must “give it an understanding, but no tongue.” My old friend Coleridge, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale a summer’s day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. “He talked far above singing.” If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have some one with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had “that fine madness in

them which our first poets had;" and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following:

—————Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams, with flow'rs as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.——

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds; but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot—I must have time to collect myself.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for Table-talk. Lamb is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world for out of doors; because he is the best within. I grant there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey, and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavor of the viands we expect at the end

of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn"! These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness, to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop; they will do to talk of or to write about afterward. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,

The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed on cowheel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen (getting ready for the gentleman in the parlor). *Procul, O procul este profani!* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend.

A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathize with him, and he breaks no squares. How

I love to see the camps of the gypsies, and to sigh my soul into that sort of life! If I express this feeling to another, he may qualify and spoil it with some objection. I associate nothing with my traveling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world; but your "unhoused free condition is put into circumspection and confine." The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges—"lord of one's self, uncumbered with a name." Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion; to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties; to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening; and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the gentleman in the parlor*! One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed commonplaces that we appear in the world; an inn

restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham Common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas—at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's (I think it was), where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in a boat between me and the twilight—at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read *Paul and Virginia*, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's *Camilla*. It was on the 10th of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the *New Heloise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux described his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bon bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighborhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphi-

theatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the highroad that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE, which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.

Still, I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share the influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness, as thou then wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly anything that shows the short-sightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than traveling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort, indeed, transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions; we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye; we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it: the horizon that shuts it from our sight also blots it from our memory like a dream. In traveling through a wild barren country, I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Topling Flutter, "all is a desert." All that part of the map that we do not see before us is blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, land to seas, making an image voluminous and vast—the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population, known by the name of China, to us? An inch of pasteboard on a wooden

globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life: things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived, and with which we have intimate associations, everyone must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten!

To return to the question I have quitted above, I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to; in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. "The mind is its own place;" nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our

journey. I can myself do the honors indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *éclat*—showed them that seat of the Muses at a distance,

With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd;

descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and colleges; was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered cicerone that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to commonplace beauties in matchless pictures. As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen: there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with

novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbor, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones: I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled; nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people! There is undoubtedly a sensation in traveling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else; but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must "jump" all our present comforts and connections. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful and, in one sense, instructive; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable, individual all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves

as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings:

Out of my country and myself I go.

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them: but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in traveling abroad, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterward at home!

THE TWO BOYHOODS¹

JOHN RUSKIN

Born half-way between the mountains and the sea—that young George of Castelfranco—of the Brave Castle: Stout George they called him, George of Georges, so goodly a boy he was—Giorgione.

Have you ever thought what a world his eyes opened on—fair, searching eyes of youth? What a world of mighty life, from those mountain roots to the shore;—of loveliest life, when he went down, yet so young, to the marble city—and became himself as a fiery heart to it?

A city of marble, did I say? nay, rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For truly, every pinnacle and turret glanced or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea, the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as

¹From *Modern Painters*, Part IX.

her pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armor shot angrily under their blood-red mantle folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sat her senate. In hope and honor, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but, for its power, it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, nor tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled, or fell, beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage, nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flower, so neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dream-like, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, tree winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will—brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea.

Such was Giorgione's school—such Titian's home.

Near the southwest corner of Covent Garden, a square brick pit or well is formed by a close-set block of houses, to the back windows of which it admits a few rays of light. Access to the bottom of it is obtained out of Maiden Lane, through a low archway and an iron gate; and if you stand long enough under the archway to accustom your eyes to the darkness, you may see on the left hand a narrow door, which formerly gave quiet access to a respectable barber's shop, of which the front window, looking into Maiden Lane, is still extant, filled in this year (1860), with a row of bottles, connected, in some defunct manner, with a brewer's business. A more fashionable neighborhood, it is said, eighty years ago than now—never certainly a cheerful one—wherein a boy being born on St. George's day, 1775, began soon after to take interest in the world of Covent Garden, and put to service such spectacles of life as it afforded.

No knights to be seen there, nor, I imagine, many beautiful ladies; their costume at least disadvantageous, depending much on incumbency of hat and feather, and short waists; the majesty of men founded similarly on shoebuckles and wigs;—impressive enough when Reynolds will do his best for it; but not suggestive of much ideal delight to a boy.

Bello ovile dov' io dormii agnello: of things beautiful, besides men and women, dusty sunbeams up or down the street on summer mornings; deep furrowed cabbage leaves at the greengrocer's; magnificence of oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner; and Thames' shore within three minutes' race.

None of these things very glorious; the best, however, that England, it seems, was then able to provide for a

boy of gift: who, such as they are, loves them—never, indeed, forgets them. The short waists modify to the last his visions of Greek ideal. His foregrounds had always a succulent cluster or two of greengrocery at the corners. Enchanted oranges gleam in Covent Garden of the Hesperides; and great ships go to pieces in order to scatter chests of them on the waves. That mist of early sunbeams in the London dawn crosses, many and many a time, the clearness of Italian air; and by Thames' shore, with its stranded barges and glidings of red sail, dearer to us than Lucerne lake or Venetial lagoon—by Thames' shore we will die.

With such circumstance round him in youth, let us note what necessary effects followed upon the boy. I assume him to have had Giorgione's sensibility (and more than Giorgione's, if that be possible) to color and form. I tell you farther, and this fact you may receive trustfully, that his sensibility to human affection and distress was no less keen than even his sense for natural beauty—heart-sight deep as eyesight.

Consequently, he attaches himself with the faithfulest child love to everything that bears an image of the place he was born in. No matter how ugly it is—has it anything about it like Maiden Lane, or like Thames' shore? If so, it shall be painted for their sake. Hence, to the very close of life, Turner could endure ugliness which no one else, of the same sensibility, would have borne with for an instant. Dead brick walls, blank square windows, old clothes, market-womanly types of humanity—anything fishy and muddy, like Billingsgate or Hungerford Market, had great attraction for him; black barges, patched sails, and every possible condition of fog.

You will find these tolerations and affections guiding or sustaining him to the last hour of his life; the notablest of all such endurances being that of dirt. No Venetian ever draws anything foul; but Turner devoted picture after picture to the illustration of effects of dinginess, smoke, soot, dust, and dusty texture; old sides of boats, weedy roadside vegetation, dunghills, straw yards, and all the soilings and stains of every common labor.

And more than this, he not only could endure, but enjoyed and looked for *litter*, like Covent Garden wreck after the market. His pictures are often full of it, from side to side; their foregrounds differ from all others in the natural way that things have of lying about in them. Even his richest vegetation, in ideal work, is confused; and he delights in shingle, *débris*, and heaps of fallen stones. The last words he ever spoke to me about a picture were in gentle exaltation about his St. Gothard: "that *litter* of stones which I endeavored to represent."

The second great result of this Covent Garden training was, understanding of and regard for the poor, whom the Venetians, we saw, despised; whom, contrarily, Turner loved, and more than loved—understood. He got no romantic sight of them, but an infallible one, as he prowled about the end of his lane, watching night effects in the wintry streets; nor sight of the poor alone, but of the poor in direct relations with the rich. He knew, in good and evil, what both classes thought of, and how they dwelt with, each other.

Reynolds and Gainsborough, bred in country villages, learned there the country boy's reverential theory of "the squire," and kept it. They painted the squire and the squire's lady as centers of the movements of the universe, to the end of their lives. But Turner perceived

the younger squire in other aspects about his lane, occurring prominently in its night scenery, as a dark figure, one of two, against the moonlight. He saw also the working of city commerce, from endless warehouse, towering over Thames, to the back shop in the lane, with its stale herrings—highly interesting these last; one of his father's best friends, whom he often afterward visited affectionately at Bristol, being a fishmonger and glueboiler; which gives us a friendly turn of mind toward herring-fishing, whaling, Calais *poissardes*, and many other of our choicest subjects in after life; all this being connected with that mysterious forest below London Bridge on one side;—and, on the other, with these masses of human power and national wealth which weigh upon us, at Covent Garden here, with strange compression, and crush us into narrow Hand Court.

“That mysterious forest below London Bridge”—better for the boy than wood of pine, or grove of myrtle. How he must have tormented the watermen, beseeching them to let him crouch anywhere in the bows, quiet as a log, so only that he might get floated down there among the ships, and round and round the ships, and with the ships, and by the ships, and under the ships, staring and clambering—these the only quite beautiful things he can see in all the world, except the sky; but these, when the sun is on their sails, filling or falling, endlessly disordered by sway of tide and stress of anchorage, beautiful unspeakably; which ships also are inhabited by glorious creatures—red-faced sailors, with pipes, appearing over the gunwales, true knights, over their castle parapets—the most angelic beings in the whole compass of London world. And Trafalgar happening long before we can draw ships, we, nevertheless, coax all current

stories out of the wounded sailors, do our best at present to show Nelson's funeral streaming up the Thames; and vow that Trafalgar shall have its tribute of memory some day. Which, accordingly, is accomplished—once, with all our might, for its death; twice, with all our might, for its victory; thrice, in pensive farewell to the old Temeraire, and, with it, to that order of things.

Now this fond companying with sailors must have divided his time, it appears to me, pretty equally between Covent Garden and Wapping (allowing for incidental excursions to Chelsea on one side, and Greenwich on the other), which time he would spend pleasantly, but not magnificently, being limited in pocket money, and leading a kind of "Poor-Jack" life on the river.

In some respects, no life could be better for a lad. But it was not calculated to make his ear fine to the niceties of language, nor form his moralities on an entirely regular standard. Picking up his first scraps of vigorous English chiefly at Deptford and in the markets, and his first ideas of female tenderness and beauty among nymphs of the barge and the barrow—another boy might, perhaps, have become what people usually term "vulgar." But the original make and frame of Turner's mind being not vulgar, but as nearly as possible a combination of the minds of Keats and Dante, joining capricious waywardness and intense openness to every fine pleasure of sense, and hot defiance of formal precedent with a quite infinite tenderness, generosity, and desire of justice and truth—this kind of mind did not become vulgar, but very tolerant of vulgarity, even fond of it in some forms; and, on the outside, visibly infected by it, deeply enough; the curious result, in its combination of elements, being to most people wholly incomprehensible. It was as if

a cable had been woven of blood-crimson silk, and then tarred on the outside. People handled it, and the tar came off on their hands; red gleams were seen through the black, underneath, at the places where it had been strained. Was it ochre?—said the world—or red lead?

Schooled thus in manners, literature, and general moral principles at Chelsea and Wapping, we have finally to inquire concerning the most important point of all. We have seen the principal differences between this boy and Giorgione, as respects sight of the beautiful, understanding of poverty, of commerce, and of order of battle; then follows another cause of difference in our training—not slight—the aspect of religion, namely, in the neighborhood of Covent Garden. I say the aspect; for that was all the lad could judge by. Disposed, for the most part, to learn chiefly by his eyes, in this special matter he finds there is really no other way of learning. His father taught him “to lay one penny upon another.” Of mother’s teaching, we hear of none; of parish pastoral teaching, the reader may guess how much.

I chose Giorgione rather than Veronese to help me in carrying out this parallel; because I do not find in Giorgione’s work any of the early Venetian monarchist element. He seems to me to have belonged more to an abstract contemplative school. I may be wrong in this; it is no matter—suppose it were so, and that he came down to Venice somewhat recusant, or insentient, concerning the usual priestly doctrines of his day—how would the Venetian religion, from an outer intellectual standing point, have *looked* to him?

He would have seen it to be a religion indisputably powerful in human affairs; often very harmfully so; sometimes devouring widows’ houses, and consuming the

strongest and fairest from among the young; freezing into merciless bigotry the policy of the old: also, on the other hand, animating national courage, and raising souls, otherwise sordid, into heroism: on the whole, always a real and great power; served with daily sacrifice of gold, time, and thought; putting forth its claims, if hypocritically, at least in bold hypocrisy, not waiving an atom of them in doubt or fear; and, assuredly, in large measure, sincere, believing in itself, and believed: a goodly system, moreover, in aspect; gorgeous, harmonious, mysterious;—a thing which had either to be obeyed or combated, but could not be scorned. A religion towering over all the city—many buttressed—luminous in marble stateliness, as the dome of our Lady of Safety shines over the sea; many-voiced also, giving, over all the eastern seas, to the sentinel his watchword, to the soldier his war cry; and, on the lips of all who died for Venice, shaping the whisper of death.

I suppose the boy Turner to have regarded the religion of his city also from an external intellectual standing point.

What did he see in Maiden Lane?

Let not the reader be offended with me; I am willing to let him describe, at his own pleasure, what Turner saw there; but to me, it seems to have been this. A religion maintained occasionally, even the whole length of the lane, at point of constable's staff; but, at other times, placed under the custody of the beadle, within certain black and unstately iron railings of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Among the wheelbarrows and over the vegetables, no perceptible dominance of religion; in the narrow, disquieted streets, none; in the tongues, deeds, daily ways of Maiden Lane, little. Some honesty, indeed,

and English industry, and kindness of heart, and general idea of justice; but faith, of any national kind, shut up from one Sunday to the next, not artistically beautiful even in those Sabbatical exhibitions; its paraphernalia being chiefly of high pews, heavy elocution, and cold grimness of behavior.

What chiaroscuro belongs to it—(dependent mostly on candlelight)—we will, however, draw considerably; no goodliness of escutcheon, nor other respectability being omitted, and the best of their results confessed, a meek old woman and a child being let into a pew, for whom the reading by candlelight will be beneficial.

For the rest, this religion seems to him discreditable—discredited—not believing in itself, putting forth its authority in a cowardly way, watching how far it might be tolerated, continually shrinking, disclaiming, fencing, finessing; divided against itself, not by stormy rents, but by thin fissures, and splittings of plaster from the walls. Not to be either obeyed or combated, by an ignorant, yet clear-sighted youth; only to be scorned. And scorned not one whit the less, though also the dome dedicated to *it* looms high over distant winding of the Thames; as St. Mark's campanile rose, for goodly landmark, over mirage of lagoon. For St. Mark ruled over life; the Saint of London over death; St. Mark over St. Mark's Place, but St. Paul over St. Paul's Churchyard.

Under these influences pass away the first reflective hours of life, with such conclusion as they can reach. In consequence of a fit of illness, he was taken—I cannot ascertain in what year—to live with an aunt, at Brentford; and here, I believe, received some schooling, which he seems to have snatched vigorously; getting knowledge,

at least by translation, of the more picturesque classical authors, which he turned presently to use, as we shall see. Hence also, walks about Putney and Twickenham in the summer time acquainted him with the look of English meadow ground in its restricted states of paddock and park; and with some round-headed appearances of trees, and stately entrances to houses of mark: the avenue at Bushy, and the iron gates and carved pillars of Hampton, impressing him apparently with great awe and admiration; so that in after life his little country house is—of all places in the world—at Twickenham! Of swans and reedy shores he now learns the soft motion and the green mystery, in a way not to be forgotten.

And at last fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin; and one summer's evening, after various wonderful stagecoach experiences on the north road, which gave him a love of stagecoaches ever after, he finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills. For the first time, the silence of nature round him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last; no roll of cart wheel, no mutter of sullen voices in the back-shop, but curlew cry in space of heaven, and welling of bell-toned streamlet by its shadowy rock. Freedom at last. Dead wall, dark railing, fenced field, gated garden, all passed away like the dream of a prisoner; and behold, far as foot or eye can race or range, the moor, and cloud. Loveliness at last. It is here then, among these deserted vales! Not among men. Those pale, poverty-struck, or cruel faces;—that multitudinous, marred humanity—are not the only things that God has made. Here is something He has made which no one has marred. Pride of purple rocks, and river pools of blue, and tender wilderness of glittering trees, and misty lights of evening on immeasurable hills.

Beauty, and freedom, and peace; and yet another teacher, graver than these. Sound preaching at last here, in Kirkstall crypt, concerning fate and life. Here, where the dark pool reflects the chancel pillars, and the cattle lie in unhindered rest, the soft sunshine on their dappled bodies, instead of priest's vestments; their white furry hair ruffled a little, fitfully, by the evening wind, deep-scented from the meadow thyme.

Consider deeply the import to him of this, his first sight of ruin, and compare it with the effect of the architecture that was around Giorgione. There were indeed aged buildings, at Venice, in his time, but none in decay. All ruin was removed, and its place filled as quickly as in our London; but filled always by architecture loftier and more wonderful than that whose place it took, the boy himself happy to work upon the walls of it; so that the idea of the passing away of the strength of men and beauty of their works never could occur to him sternly. Brighter and brighter the cities of Italy had been rising and broadening on hill and plain, for three hundred years. He saw only strength and immortality, could not but paint both; conceived the form of man as deathless, calm with power, and fiery with life.

Turner saw the exact reverse of this. In the present work of men, meanness, aimlessness, unsightliness: thin-walled, lath-divided, narrow-garreted houses of clay; booths of a darksome Vanity Fair, busily base.

But on Whitby Hill, and by Bolton Brook, remained traces of other handiwork. Men who could build had been there; and who also had wrought, not merely for their own days. But to what purpose? Strong faith, and steady hands, and patient souls—can this, then, be all you have left! this the sum of your doing on the

earth! a nest whence the night owl may whimper to the brook, and a ribbed skeleton of consumed arches, looming above the bleak banks of mist, from its cliff to the sea?

As the strength of men to Giorgione, to Turner their weakness and vileness, were alone visible. They themselves, unworthy or ephemeral; their work, despicable, or decayed. In the Venetian's eyes, all beauty depended on man's presence and pride; in Turner's, on the solitude he had left, and the humiliation he had suffered

And thus the fate and issue of all his work were determined at once. He must be a painter of the strength of nature, there was no beauty elsewhere than in that; he must paint also the labor and sorrow and passing away of men; this was the great human truth visible to him.

Their labor, their sorrow, and their death. Mark the three. Labor; by sea and land, in field and city, at forge and furnace, helm and plough. No pastoral indolence nor classic pride shall stand between him and the troubling of the world; still less between him and the toil of his country—blind, tormented, unwearied, marvelous England.

Also their Sorrow: Ruin of all their glorious work, passing away of their thoughts and their honor, mirage of pleasure; Fallacy of Hope; gathering of weed on temple step; gaining of wave on deserted strand; weeping of the mother for the children, desolate by her breathless first-born in the streets of the city, desolate by her last sons slain, among the beasts of the field.

And their Death. That old Greek question again—yet unanswered. The unconquerable spectre still flitting among the forest trees at twilight; rising ribbed out of

the sea sand; white, a strange Aphrodite—out of the sea foam; stretching its gray, cloven wings among the clouds; turning the light of their sunsets into blood. This has to be looked upon, and in a more terrible shape than ever Salvator or Durer saw it. The wreck of one guilty country does not infer the ruin of all countries, and need not cause general terror respecting the laws of the universe. Neither did the orderly and narrow succession of domestic joy and sorrow in a small German community bring the question in its breadth, or in any unresolvable shape, before the mind of Durer. But the English death—the European death of the nineteenth century—was of another range of power; more terrible a thousandfold in its merely physical grasp and grief; more terrible, incalculably, in its mystery and shame. What were the robber's casual pang, or the rage of the flying skirmish, compared to the work of the ax, and the sword, and the famine, which was done during this man's youth on all the hills and plains of the Christian earth, from Moscow to Gibraltar. He was eighteen years old when Napoleon came down on Arcola. Look on the map of Europe, and count the bloodstains on it, between Arcola and Waterloo.

Not alone those bloodstains on the Alpine snow, and the blue of the Lombard plain. The English death was before his eyes also. No decent, calculable, consoled dying; no passing to rest like that of the aged burghers of Nuremberg town. No gentle processions to churchyards among the fields, the bronze crests bossed deep on the memorial tablets, and the skylark singing above them from among the corn. But the life trampled out in the slime of the street, crushed to dust amidst the roaring of the wheel, tossed countless away into howling

winter wind along five hundred leagues of rock-fanged shore. Or, worst of all, rotted down to forgotten graves through years of ignorant patience, and vain seeking for help from man, for hope in God—infirm, imperfect yearning, as of motherless infants starving at the dawn; oppressed royalties of captive thought, vague ague-fits of bleak, amazed despair.

A goodly landscape this, for the lad to paint, and under goodly light. Wide enough the light was, and clear; no more Salvator's lurid chasm on jagged horizon, nor Durer's spotted rest of sunny gleam on hedgerow and field; but light over all the world. Full shone now its awful globe, one pallid charnel house—a ball strewn bright with human ashes, glaring in poised sway beneath the sun, all blinding-white with death from pole to pole,—death, not of myriads of poor bodies only, but of will, and mercy, and conscience; death, not once inflicted on the flesh, but daily fastening on the spirit; death, not silent or patient, waiting his appointed hour, but voiceful, venomous; death with the taunting word, and burning grasp, and infixed sting.

“Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe.” The word is spoken in our ears continually to other reapers than the angels—to the busy skeletons that never tire for stooping. When the measure of iniquity is full, and it seems that another day might bring repentance and redemption, “Put ye in the sickle.” When the young life has been wasted all away, and the eyes are just opening upon the tracks of ruin, and faint resolution rising in the heart for nobler things, “Put ye in the sickle.” When the roughest blows of fortune have been borne long and bravely, and the hand is just stretched to grasp its goal, “Put ye in the sickle.” And when

there are but a few in the midst of a nation, to save it, or to teach, or to cherish; and all its life is bound up in those few golden ears, "Put ye in the sickle, pale reapers, and pour hemlock for your feast of harvest home."

This was the sight which opened on the young eyes, this the watchword sounding within the heart of Turner in his youth.

So taught, and prepared for his life's labor, sat the boy at last alone among his fair English hills; and began to paint, with cautious toil, the rocks, and fields, and trickling brooks, and soft, white clouds of heaven.

COFFEE-HOUSES¹

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

The coffee-house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the City had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mohammedans a taste for their favorite beverage. The convenience of being able

¹From *The History of England from the Accession of James the Second.*

to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became what the journalists of our time have been called, a fourth estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made, during Danby's administration, to close the coffee-houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was a universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee-houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of

Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the houses, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guardroom; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench.

Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that *Venice Preserved* ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat.

In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the Laureate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuffbox was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses where dark-eyed money changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee-houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.

These gregarious habits had no small share in forming the character of the Londoner of that age.

RIVER OF HUMANITY PASSES CATAFALQUE¹

Washington, Nov. 10.—(By the Associated Press)—A river of humanity, American men, women, and children, Americans by heritage, Americans by election, flowed all day today and far into the night past the bier of the unknown soldier, under the great dome of the Capitol. It flowed as the life blood of the nation itself—a slow but overwhelming torrent of humanity, gathered to attest the valor of America's dead in France.

From early day until fifteen minutes before midnight the great stream surged up the eastern front of the rotunda, four abreast, up the granite stairway, in through the huge doorway, to pass solemnly, reverently, by the casket and its five guards, motionless as the statues of Lincoln and Grant at the far doorway which looked down at the moving spectacle.

Out through the doorway the stream passed, through the stately corridor and its marble stairway and down over the wide terraces of the western front to the homes in the city below. Each hour saw thousands make the slow journey of honor to the dead. Each hour saw new thousands pouring up the wide driveways that circle the great building to replenish the living stream. The Capitol police estimated that from 90,000 to 96,000 people had filed through the rotunda since 8 A. M.

That was the overshadowing element in the cycle of honors heaped upon this nameless soldier, this son of the

¹From the Associated Press report, written by Kirke L. Simpson, Nov. 10, 1921. Reprinted by permission of the Associated Press.

In this passage, the writer is intent on the significance of what he sees. Hence it is expository in spirit though narrative in method. It is interesting to note how the figure, "a river of humanity," unifies the impression and how the details chosen reveal a deep sympathy with human nature, so marked a requisite of the highest style.

people come home to claim the great reward his valiant heart had earned. And it was his own people, of every nook of the nation, that silently gave this reward, more precious than any jeweled or carven token that governments of the world will place tomorrow above the still breast of the sleeper.

To one side of the throng that rolled ceaselessly by the flag-draped casket a second unending ceremonial of honors for the dead went on. There great men, gathered in Washington to deal with great affairs, came humbly to place their wreaths and roses at the bier. There came comrades, limping from wounds that brought them down in France. There came gray-haired veterans of old wars, moved to do honor to the young, stricken comrade of the last great struggle; there, in ordered course, came the ambassadors and the ministers and the special envoys of government around the world.

There were formal services here, always with the shuffling footsteps of the human river beyond merging with the prayers and the chants and the spoken tributes to the dead. There were some, like those wounded boys from France, who stood awed and abashed at the solemn majesty that had come to this comrade. They placed their wreaths in wordless praise, their wounds and the eyes of that great, endless, living river beyond making them awkward, their crutches and canes tapping on the cold stones as they shuffled back into the obscurity they craved.

Came, too, black-gowned women, many bowed and gray with age and sorrow, and all wearing in pride the golden star that tells of a son who died over there. They brought always with their flowers the great stars that bring to this unknown son of liberty a message

from those comrades whose names stand above all others in the roll of the nation's servants—the great scroll of those who, like him, died for the flag.

As the hours moved by the vast reaches of the chamber seemed all too small to house the growing mass of flowers. As each cluster was set in place, roses that blossomed in France or England, that bloomed in Canada or South Africa, poppies that thrust up their slender stems through blood-drenched Flanders field, and flowers of every color and hue that blossom under American skies—the air grew heavy with the fragrance. Soldier guards stepped out to move each tribute after it had been set, and the long, rounded sweep of granite wall was banked with wreaths and greens over its whole length, and every vantage point over the stone floor held its weight of beauty, its share of honor for the brave dead.

Night had fallen before the soldiers and their comrade marines, who jointly shared the honor of guarding the resting place of the unknown dead, moved to check the stream of humanity that continued its measured flow. Another moment in his great hour of all eternity had ended for the Unknown, who is known to all the nation by his death.

The lights in the vaulted chamber dwindled and died to a dim glow, the great bronze doors swung shut, and, alone again with the tireless comrades who kept the last vigil with him, America's Unknown from France was left to await dawn and the coming of the cortège in which the President and all the highest figures in American national life will walk humbly to carry him to the grave.

ARE YOU RIM-FIRE?¹

CHARLES GRAY SHAW

Before the war, it was not an uncommon sight to see rifles and pistols with little rim-fire cartridges, which exploded as soon as they were touched on the edges of the metal. Since the war, we have grown used to great things, great men, great issues; that is, we have thrown little rim-fire cartridges out of our belts, and have filled them with ammunition which is center-fire; it will not shoot until it is hit right in the center.

The question for you to decide is whether your nature is such that it explodes easily like the old-style cartridge, or whether you have taught yourself to shoot only when something central and vital in your nature has been appealed to. Perhaps there is more to your nature than you imagine; since this is most likely the case, it will be well for you to try the center-fire cartridge of your brain.

The rim-fire man goes off in response to mere impressions when he should turn these over in his mind to see whether they have in them any of the central ideas of the brain. Just as the little rim-fire cartridge snaps as soon as it is touched, so this type of man explodes in the form of "snap judgment," snap action, snap emotion. He has still to learn how to use the center-fire cartridge.

The moment you begin to think and act in accordance with what is in your own nature and what is peculiar to your own experience, you begin to use the center-fire

¹From *Short Talks on Psychology*. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers, Brentano's, New York.

These essays were originally newspaper articles intended to explain abstruse psychological principles in terms of concrete experience. It is worth while in each case for the student to determine the isolated principle, and then to note how it is related in popular and vital manner to life.

forces in your mind. You have the will, which is like the hammer in the rifle; all that the will needs is the cartridge which is made to explode when its very center is touched and then only.

As Americans, we are beginning to see that the old-style shooting will not hit the mark the way it used to. We cannot be provincial, selfish, and isolated from the rest of the world; as Americans we must drop our rim-fire ammunition for the new style of cartridge. We honor the men who won victories with flintlocks, but we need better guns and we have them, too.

When you become center-fire, you will say less and utter more; you will do less but accomplish more; you will have fewer emotions and more experience. Your life is something more than a shooting gallery; it is a battlefield where your cartridge must be center-fire.

SKULL PRACTICE¹

CHARLES GRAY SHAW

This vivid but undignified term serves to indicate the importance which cool thought has for ardent action; for it is only as the preparatory thought works itself out in the "skull" that action can spring forth unfettered from the hand. The will stands in need of motivating ideas, which must be perfected and smoothed out in what is called skull practice.

It is not only in athletics with signal drills and the practice behind closed gates that mental preparation is of use. The mural painter, Puvis de Chavannes, was in the habit of spending days before the blank wall

¹From *Short Talks on Psychology*. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers, Brentano's, New York.

spaces he was to paint before he ever laid his brush to the plaster. He had to see his picture in his brain before he could let others see it upon the wall, and the fidelity of preliminary painting in the mind was a measure of the perfection which the painting was to attain.

From what we can gather of Marshal Foch's strategy, it seems as though the battle were first fought out within the coils of his own brain, the actual combat was but the bloody realization of the clear-cut ideas which he had fought through in his own military mind. It was the lack of just this "skull practice" which was responsible for the downfall of German arms.

The surgeon who is to succeed in difficult, dangerous operation in major surgery will be careful to operate first upon his own brain; that is, he will go through the acts which a few hours later are to become the real touches of the operation. Without such "bloodless surgery" beforehand the operation is not so likely to be successful.

In place of such brain practice, those who think about their work, their duties, their problems are more likely to surrender to daydreams. This looseness of the mind is far removed from that tight process which the athlete has assigned to the hard skull. Indeed it may be said that to think the act through is often more difficult than to carry it into operation.

In the same way that a little calisthenic exercise in the morning is good for the whole bodily system, so a bit of morning "skull practice" will serve the worker in the tasks he is to perform. If he has been through such mental calisthenics, the actual work will move with unexpected smoothness and speed. There is plenty of room in the brain for "skull practice;" there is quite a gymnasium there.

THE MUZZLE VELOCITY OF MIND¹

CHARLES GRAY SHAW

People are in the habit of blaming others for exaggeration, because this sort of excess is indulged in by the tongue. Doubtless we talk more than is necessary, our adjectives abound, we are guilty of over-statement. But there is a kind of exaggeration which has its place in the same way that the extreme muzzle velocity plays a part with the shell that is to land twenty miles away. For that sort of operation, there must be excessive muzzle velocity.

Great work means a high degree of muzzle velocity on the part of the mind which plans great deeds. The orator who seems to whisper to the hearers in the back row really shouts to those who are in front. The actor who seems natural to the spectators is exaggerating every movement, tone, or bit of mimicry. The singer who is to reach ears and hearts puts an extra amount of tone and feeling into every note. With all of these performers, the muzzle velocity of the mind is carefully calculated and executed.

Conscious exaggeration is one of the marks peculiar to genius, so that Shakespeare or Dante is little more than the average man raised to the second power; he is the ordinary man exaggerating his ideas so that they will carry like the shells shot from the gun with great muzzle velocity.

The successful person may be reserved in his speech, but he exaggerates in his actions. The candidate who wants a thousand votes acts as though he were after a

¹From *Short Talks on Psychology*. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers, Brentano's, New York.

million. The salesman who wishes to sell a dollar's worth has the intense air of a man who would make the bill a hundred. He is selling, not a book, but a library, not a chair but a suite of furniture, not a collar but a suit of clothes. He exaggerates by means of enterprise and courtesy.

The exaggeration which comes from intense muzzle velocity comes from the psychological sense of superabundance, so that when we come to deal with the person who is intense we are made to feel that there is a great deal behind what he says and does. In order to operate a great range, the successful person overdoes the little things.

To be one of the "big guns," you will have to overdo the common task, for the whole charge must go off behind each shell.

ARE YOU GETTING DOG-EARED?¹

CHARLES GRAY SHAW

The best books are the most likely to become dog-eared, because they are read so much that the pages turn down and frazzle out at the corners; in exactly the same way, the good man and efficient worker are the ones most likely to become a dog-eared man because they use their brains and bodies too much. The man of leisure among either the rich or poor is not so liable to this malady in the ears.

Routine is a good thing, and the engineer who runs his locomotive over the same route gets to be the best kind of man for that particular trip. In the same way,

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the man who has stuck to figures, or sold goods, or kept his mind on advertising is the most valuable sort of man to have in connection with the house. Nevertheless, these good men are like the best books, since both have the tendency to wear out on the edges and become dog-eared.

The dog-eared man needs a rest, but a rest in the best sense of the term, which does not mean idleness. His rest can come from a temporary change of occupation, or it may come about in the midst of routine work as an avocation which the man takes to refresh his mind.

President Garfield was famous for his side-interest in geometry, a famous bishop was known as a fine checker player. Franklin flew kites, a well-known mathematician collected plants, a great financier collected paintings.

On a less pretentious scale, the average man may save the book of business from becoming dog-eared when that man hits upon some side-interest which will give him little by-products of the main enterprise. Just as some travelers relieve the monotony of the journey by making the hum of the wheels play different tunes, so the necessary sameness of life and work may be turned into music by all those who have ears to hear.

Dog-ears on men often come when the man has given himself up to old ideas, and if men stick to those they wake up sometimes to find themselves in a sanatorium. If a man wants to be like a crisp volume right off the press, he ought to keep his brain open to new convictions; a man who gets away from the idea that everything will always be the same is the man who is saving himself from becoming dog-eared.

BROKERS' AND MARINE-STORE SHOPS

CHARLES DICKENS¹

When we affirm that brokers' shops are strange places, and that if an authentic history of their contents could be procured, it would furnish many a page of amusement, and many a melancholy tale, it is necessary to explain the class of shops to which we allude. Perhaps when we make use of the term "Brokers' Shop," the minds of our readers will at once picture large, handsome warehouses, exhibiting a long perspective of French-polished dining tables, rosewood chiffoniers, and mahogany washhand-stands, with an occasional vista of a four-post bedstead and hangings, and an appropriate foreground of dining-room chairs. Perhaps they will imagine that we mean a humble class of second-hand furniture repositories. Their imagination will then naturally lead them to that street at the back of Long Acre, which is composed almost entirely of brokers' shops; where you walk through groves of deceitful, showy-looking furniture, and where the prospect is occasionally enlivened by a bright red, blue, and yellow hearthrug, embellished with the pleasing device of a mail coach at full speed, or a strange animal, supposed to have been originally intended for a dog, with a mass of worsted-work in his mouth, which conjecture has likened to a basket of flowers.

This, by the by, is a tempting article to young wives in the humbler ranks of life, who have a first-floor front to furnish—they are lost in admiration, and hardly know which to admire most. The dog is very beautiful, but they have a dog already on the best teatray, and two

¹From *Sketches by Boz*

more on the mantelpiece. Then, there is something so genteel about that mail coach; and the passengers outside (who are all hat) give it such an air of reality!

The goods here are adapted to the taste, or rather to the means, of cheap purchasers. There are some of the most beautiful *looking* Pembroke tables that were ever beheld: the wood as green as the trees in the Park, and the leaves almost as certain to fall off in the course of a year. There is also a most extensive assortment of tent and turn-up bedsteads, made of stained wood, and innumerable specimens of that base imposition on society—a sofa bedstead.

A turn-up bedstead is a blunt, honest piece of furniture; it may be slightly disguised with a sham drawer; and sometimes a mad attempt is even made to pass it off for a bookcase; ornament it as you will, however, the turn-up bedstead seems to defy disguise, and to insist on having it distinctly understood that he is a turn-up bedstead, and nothing else—that he is indispensably necessary, and that being so useful, he disdains to be ornamental.

How different is the demeanor of a sofa bedstead! Ashamed of its real use, it strives to appear an article of luxury and gentility—an attempt in which it miserably fails. It has neither the respectability of a sofa, nor the virtues of a bed; every man who keeps a sofa bedstead in his house, becomes a party to a wilful and designing fraud—we question whether you could insult him more, than by insinuating that you entertain the least suspicion of its real use.

To return from this digression, we beg to say, that neither of these classes of brokers' shops forms the subject of this sketch. The shops to which we advert are immeasurably inferior to those on whose outward appearance

we have slightly touched. Our readers must often have observed in some by-street, in a poor neighborhood a small dirty shop, exposing for sale the most extraordinary and confused jumble of old, worn-out, wretched articles, that can well be imagined. Our wonder at their ever having been bought, is only to be equaled by our astonishment at the idea of their ever being sold again. On a board, at the side of the door, are placed about twenty books—all odd volumes; and as many wineglasses—all different patterns; several locks, an old earthenware pan full of rusty keys; two or three gaudy chimney ornaments—cracked, of course; the remains of a luster, without any drops; a round frame like a capital O, which has once held a mirror; a flute, complete with the exception of the middle joint; a pair of curling irons; and a tinder box. In front of the shop window are ranged some half dozen high-backed chairs, with spinal complaints and wasted legs; a corner cupboard; two or three very dark mahogany tables with flaps like mathematical problems; some pickle jars, some surgeons' ditto, with gilt labels and without stoppers; an unframed portrait of some lady who flourished about the beginning of the thirteenth century, by an artist who never flourished at all; an incalculable host of miscellanies of every description, including bottles and cabinets, rags and bones, fenders and street-door knockers, fire irons, wearing apparel and bedding, a hall lamp, and a room door. Imagine, in addition to this incongruous mass, a black doll in a white frock, with two faces—one looking up the street, and the other looking down, swinging over the door; a board with the squeezed-up inscription "Dealer in marine stores," in lanky white letters, whose height is strangely out of proportion to their width; and you have before you precisely the kind of shop to which we wish to direct your attention.

Although the same heterogeneous mixture of things will be found at all these places, it is curious to observe how truly and accurately some of the minor articles which are exposed for sale—articles of wearing apparel, for instance—mark the character of the neighborhood. Take Drury Lane and Covent Garden for example.

This is essentially a theatrical neighborhood. There is not a potboy in the vicinity who is not, to a greater or less extent, a dramatic character. The errand boys and chandler's-shopkeepers' sons are all stage-struck: they "get up" plays in back kitchens hired for the purpose, and will stand before a shop window for hours, contemplating a great staring portrait of Mr. Somebody or other, of the Royal Coburg Theatre, "as he appeared in the character of Tongo the Denounced." The consequence is, that there is not a marine-store shop in the neighborhood, which does not exhibit for sale some faded articles of dramatic finery, such as three or four pairs of soiled buff boots with turn-over red tops, heretofore worn by a "fourth robber," or "fifth mob," a pair of rusty broadswords, a few gauntlets and certain resplendent ornaments, which, if they were yellow instead of white, might be taken for insurance plates of the Sun Fire Office. There are several of these shops in the narrow streets and dirty courts, of which there are so many near the national theatres, and they all have tempting goods of this description, with the addition, perhaps, of a lady's pink dress covered with spangles; white wreaths, stage shoes, and a tiara like a tin lamp reflector. They have been purchased of some wretched supernumeraries, or sixth-rate actors, and are now offered for the benefit of the rising generation, who, on condition of making certain weekly payments, amounting in the whole to about ten times their value, may avail themselves of such desirable bargains.

Let us take a very different quarter, and apply it to the same test. Look at a marine-store dealer's, in that reservoir of dirt, drunkenness, and drabs; thieves, oysters, baked potatoes, and pickled salmon—Ratcliff Highway. Here, the wearing apparel is all nautical. Rough blue jackets, with mother-of-pearl buttons, oil-skin hats, coarse checked shirts, and large canvas trousers that look as if they were made for a pair of bodies instead of a pair of legs, are the staple commodities. Then, there are large bunches of cotton pocket handkerchiefs, in color and pattern unlike any one ever saw before, with the exception of those on the backs of the three young ladies without bonnets who passed just now. The furniture is much the same as elsewhere, with the addition of one or two models of ships, and some old prints of naval engagements in still older frames. In the window are a few compasses, a small tray containing silver watches in clumsy thick cases; and tobacco boxes, the lid of each ornamented with a ship, or an anchor or some such trophy. A sailor generally pawns or sells all he has before he has been long ashore, and if he does not, some favored companion kindly saves him the trouble. In either case, it is an even chance that he afterward unconsciously repurchases the same things at a higher price than he gave for them at first.

Again: pay a visit with a similar object, to a part of London, as unlike both of these as they are to each other. Cross over to the Surrey side, and look at such shops of this description as are to be found near the King's Bench prison, and in "the Rules." How different, and how strikingly illustrative of the decay of some of the unfortunate residents in this part of the metropolis! Imprisonment and neglect have done their work. There is contamination in the profligate denizens of a debtor's

prison; old friends have fallen off; the recollection of former prosperity has passed away; and with it all thoughts for the past, all care for the future. First, watches and rings, then cloaks, coats, and all the more expensive articles of dress, have found their way to the pawnbroker's. That miserable resource has failed at last, and the sale of some trifling article at one of these shops has been the only mode left of raising a shilling or two, to meet the urgent demands of the moment. Dressing cases and writing desks, too old to pawn but too good to keep; guns, fishing rods, musical instruments, all in the same condition, have first been sold, and the sacrifice has been but slightly felt. But hunger must be allayed, and what has already become a habit is easily resorted to, when an emergency arises. Light articles of clothing, first of the ruined man, then of his wife, at last of their children, even of the youngest, have been parted with, piecemeal. There they are, thrown carelessly together until a purchaser presents himself, old, and patched and repaired, it is true; but the make and materials tell of better days; and the older they are, the greater the misery and destitution of those whom they once adorned.

BOSCASTLE¹

WALTER BAGEHOT

Whatever doubt there may be as to the truth of Mr. Darwin's speculations on other points, there is no doubt that they are applicable to the coast cliffs of north Cornwall. No doubt every cliff owes its being to natural

¹From *The Spectator*.

selection. All the weak rocks have been worn away by ages of conflict with the whole Atlantic, and only the strong rocks are left. They often are worn, too, into shapes resembling the spare and gigantic veterans of many wars; wherever the subtle ocean detected a bit of soft stone, it set to and wore it away, so that the grim masses which stand are all granite—the “bones and sinews” of geology. The peculiarity of the coast, among other beautiful ones, is that it is a mere coast;—the picturesque stops at the cliff line. In the adjacent coast of north and west the high hills of the interior send down many streams, which in the course of ages have hollowed out deep valleys and softened with woody banks the wild and stony fields. But Cornwall is a thin county, has no deep interior to be a source of big streams, and the little ones which trickle forth have to rush over a rock too hard and too bleak for them to wear it into delicate valleys. But the shore line is charming, not only because the waves swell with the force of the full ocean, while the bays are scooped and the rocks scarred by its incessant hand—its careful hand, I had almost said, so minute and pervading are its touches—but the hard gray rock of the shore also contributes much to make *clean foam*. The softer rocks always mix something of their own alloy with the pure sea, but the gray grit here has no discoloring power; the white line of spray dances from headland to headland as pure and crystal-like as if it had not touched the earth.

But I have no intention of wearying you with a description of scenery. The seashore is a pretty thing, but it is not a discovery of my own. The coast is very curious, I do not mean in those ante-Roman remains which your most learned contributor has so well described. I cannot presume to tell you whether in truth in this place, as in so

many others, according to the last ideas and perhaps the hardest terms of ethnology, the dolichocephalic race of men attacked and extirpated the brachycephalic, or short-headed, ten thousand years before history began. Anyhow, if the theory is true, it must have been cold work on these cliffs and moors, when you picked up mussels and (if possible) crayfish, and cut skins, if you had any, into clothes with a blunt flint, when fire had just come in as a new and (Conservative thought!) suspicious thing, and tattooing was still the best of the fine arts. The year A. D. 1866 has defects, but it is better certainly than the B. C. 18,660, if the human races were really about then. But, as I said, I cannot deal with such matters; I have only a little to say about the changes of life and civilization which this coast marks in the last century or two.

We are familiar with the present state of trade, and with the phenomena it creates and the conditions it requires. It shows itself to the eye at once in immense warehouses, cities spreading over miles and miles, and not seeming even to anticipate a boundary, a population daily streaming from the thinly-inhabited outskirts, and daily concentrating itself more and more in the already thronged cities. Commerce gives much to those who have much, and from such as have little it takes that little away. But the prerequisites of our commerce are of recent growth, and our ancestors even lately did not possess them. They are—large and ready capital, rapid and cheap land-carriage, the power of making great breakwaters to keep out storms, the power of making large docks to hold many vessels, the ability to protect and the confidence to amass great wealth close to the seashore. But a very few generations ago these gifts were wanting. It was useless to bring all merchandise to one port, for when there you

could not use it; no railway and no canal distributed bulky articles; they had to be brought by water to the nearest possible market; they might nearly as well have stayed where they were grown, if they had to be conveyed a hundred or two hundred miles when here. All our great protective works against the sea, all our great accumulative works at the great ports, are modern in the strictest sense, post-modern, as geologists would say, part of the "drift" of this age.

But though in theory we know these things, yet they come upon us with a sudden completeness when we see the sort of place our ancestors thought a port. Boscastle is as good an example of their idea as can be found. It is a creek shaped like a capital S, with, I should think, the earliest and smallest breakwater on record just about the middle. The sea runs with great violence on all this coast, and no open bay is safe for a moment. But the turn or crook of the Boscastle Creek, which I have endeavored to describe by likening it to the letter S, in a great measure protects it, and even early masons were able to run out on the solid rock some few feet of compact stones, which help to add to the shelter. The whole creek is never nearly as broad as Regent Street, and it gradually runs away to be narrower than the Strand, while at the point of the breakwater there is a real Temple Bar, which hardly seems wide enough for a ship at all. The whole thing, when you first look down on it, gives you the notion that you are looking at a big port through a diminishing glass, so complete is the whole equipment, and yet so absurdly disproportionate, according to our notions, is the size. The principal harbor of Lilliput probably had just this look. But though its size across is small, the rocks which make its jaws are very formidable, and the

sea foams against them in an unpleasant manner. I suppose we ought to think much of the courage with which sailors face such dangers, and of the feelings of their wives and families when they wait the return of their husbands and fathers; but my City associations at once carried me away to the poor underwriter who should insure against loss at such a place. How he would murmur, "Oh! my premium," as he saw the ship tossing up to the great black rock and the ugly breakwater, and seeming likely enough to hit both. I shall not ask at Lloyd's what is the rate for Boscastle rocks, for I remember the grave rebuke I once got from a serious underwriter when I said some other such place was pretty. "Pretty! I should think it was," he answered; "why it is lined with our money!"

But our ancestors had no choice but to use such places. They could not make London and Liverpool; they had not the money; what wealth existed was scattered all over the country; the central money market was not. There was no use in going to the goldsmiths who made Lombard Street to ask for a couple of millions to make docks or breakwaters, even if our science could have then made large specimens of the latter, which it could not. And, as I said before, these large emporia when made would have been quite useless; the auxiliary facilities which alone make such places serviceable did not exist. The neighborhoods of Bideford and Boscastle had then to trust to Bideford and Boscastle; they had no access to London or Liverpool; they relied on their local port, and if that failed them had no resource or substitute.

The fringe of petty ports all over our coasts serves to explain the multitudes of old country houses, in proportion to the populations of old times, which are moldering in out-of-the-way and often very ugly places. The tourist

thinks—how did people come to build in such an inaccessible and unpicturesque place? But few of our old gentry cared for what we now call the beauties of nature; they built on their own estates when they could, and if those estates were near some wretched little haven they were much pleased. The sea was the railway of those days; it brought, as it did to Ellangowan in Dirk Hatterick's time, brandy for the men and "pinners" for the women to the lonest of coast castles. According to popular belief, King Arthur himself thus lived. The famous castle of Tintagel hangs over the edge of a cliff right over the next little bay to that of Boscastle—a very lone place, where a boat could get out to sea if the pilot knew the place, but where no stranger or pirate could get in with the tiniest craft, under peril of his life. By land, too, the Saxon must have had many a weary mile of bog and moorland to cross before he reached the crag's edge, and had very tough walls to deal with there, for they have not been repaired these thousand years, and at perhaps the most windy point in England some of them are standing still. King Arthur is out of luck just now. The skeptical, prosaic historians disbelieve in him, and the ethnologists despise him. What indeed is the interest of a dubious antiquity of thirteen hundred years, if we really can get to the people who dwelt "near Bedford" side by side in daily life with the long-horned rhinoceros and the woolly-haired mammoth? So between the literati who think him too far off to believe in, and the literati who consider him too modern to take an interest in, King Arthur is at his nadir. But how singular was his zenith before! Whatever may be the doubt as to the existence of his person, there is no doubt as to the existence of his reputation, and it is the queerest perhaps even in legend.

If he was anything, he was a Celt who resisted the Teutonic invaders, and yet years after, when these very Teutons created their own chivalry, they made into a fancied model of it this Celt, who never dreamed of it, who could not have understood an iota of it, who hated and perhaps slew the ancestors of those who made it. There are hundreds of kings whose reality is as uncertain as Arthur's, and some, though not many, whose fame has been as great as his; but there is no king or hero perhaps whose reality, if it were proved, *must* be so inconsistent with his fame.

I did not intend to have gone into this matter, but the "strong" legend of the place was too much for me. I meant only to have said that it was in the ruined small ports and coast granges and castles of Queen Elizabeth's time that our Raleighs, and Drakes, and Frobishers were formed. In the ante-Lancashire period, now forgotten, Devon was a great mercantile county, and adjacent Cornwall shared, though somewhat less, in its power and its celebrity. It was "Devonshire," local enthusiasts have said, "which beat the Spanish Armada." I am not sure of the history; according to my memory, the Armada was beaten by the waves; but Devonshire is right in this—she bred a main part of those who would have resisted the Armada, and who in that age fought the Spaniards whenever, in either hemisphere, propitious fate sent an opportunity.

Mr. Arnold has lately been writing on the influence of the Celtic character on the English. I wish he would consider whether the predominance of Southern England in old times, say in the Tudor period, had nothing to do with the largely romantic elements in the characters of those times. "North of the Trent" the population was

always thin till the manufacturing times, and there must have been a much scantier subjacent race of Celts there than in Devon and the South. It may be accident, but certainly the Tudor Englishman tends to crop up hereabouts. There is Mr. Kingsley, who was born, I believe, at Clovelly, and has drunk into his very nature all the life of this noble coast. There is in his style a vigor, softened, yet unrelaxed, which is like the spirit of these places. If he is not more like a Tudor Englishman than a nineteenth-century Englishman, then words have no meaning, and Mr. Arnold may be able to prove, though I can but suggest, that the source of all this compacted energy, fancy, and unsoundness lies in the universal local predominance of the Celtic nature. The datum is certain at least; we can all see that Mr. Kingsley is not like the pure Goth of Lancashire, for there can be little of the Celt there.

I do not feel able to confirm these ethnological speculations by any personal observations of my own upon the Boscastle natives. Their principal feature, to a stranger at least, is a theory they have that their peculiar pronunciation of the English language is the most correct. I asked a native the way to the chemist's, pronouncing *ch*, as is usual, like a *k*. The man looked at me wondering, then I repeated; when he said with pity, 'You mean the *t*chemist's.' Is this the last soft remnant of a Celtic guttural, or only the outcome of the inbred pragmatism of the natural rural mind?

WHAT BOOKS MEAN TO ME

ANONYMOUS

Before I was ten, I owned a make-believe library—a dozen shelves of 17-cent 12 mos. from the names advertised in the newspapers and on the colored book covers of the publishers; at the end of my graduate work, it was about 5,000 real books; and before the rumblings of the World War, all had emigrated to my Alma Mater, an Oriental College, or a Southern mountain school. This is the triangular story of the meaning of books to me: fancy, facts, and friends.

In the beginning, like a dog before his master, I stood in awe before printed matter between cloth covers. To see one drop was as the sight of a fallen horse. To see one abused by inserted pencils and papers, or merely opened with a jerk, made me exclaim like Shylock,

Thou stick'st a dagger in me.

Although my first possession was a paper-bound copy of *Peck's Bad Boy*, and I was told it was by pedigree—the one remembrance being the boy's putting a sign of "Take one" in the apple barrel at the store—my really first book was a 16-cent "alta" edition of the life of Daniel Webster, a book for adults, but my Christmas prize when eleven. The only thing I learned from it was an inscription on the cover which, like one of those old-fashioned mottoes, has ever since hung upon the walls of my memory as the golden text of my sermon on books: "May blessings be upon the head of the Caxtons, Cædmon, the Phœnicians, or whoever it was that invented books."

Like other boys, I rode the usual hobbies, and in turn dismounted the steeds of postage stamps, tobacco tags, cigarette cards, and coins; but like the Greek whose body was a horse, books became a part of me. The shelves of my mind were filled with five hundred of the popular Alta, Aldine, and Avon editions from Addison to Zola, and from Bertha M. Clay to Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Books became my "libido." When I looked up to the clouds through the apple blossoms, and peered at the stars through my attic window, books were in my fore—my un—my sub—my elevated, and my surface consciousness. I looked at them with a pure heart and saw only God and good in every one.

Prejudice came when I learned that the red-covered books with the black stringy flowers from the Sunday-School Library did not square up with Kingston, Henty, and Marryat. Soon I saw that one book differed from another in glory, and yet, had I the money and the shelves, my home would have become a second Congressional Library where almost any book "might come in handy" some time!

From the dream rôle of Fancy, they took on the part of Facts, for since the days when a worn and battered copy of Coffin's *Boys of '76* fell into my hands books became reality, history, and power. That famous old volume was as a broken statue from an ancient civilization, for it gave the clue to its real abode—the neglected little town library, which, when discovered, was like the finding of Tut-ankh-Amen's collection of scrolls. From that day every hill and hedge and wood was filled with red coats; and after the little blue volumes of the Civil War were unearthed, the color of my enemies was gray.

With wars exhausted, I was forced into the annals of peace. I recall how amazed I was that old Aunt Sally, aged seventy-eight, should go to sleep while I with knees on the chair, elbows on the table, astride a copy of Bancroft's history, was reading how the Constitution was formed.

At that period I had the idea that possession and ownership of a book were twin brothers. Soon there was born the pathetic longing to have the reality back of that impressive combination of words: *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*—26 volumes, 150 pounds, 6000 cubic inches, 10,000 illustrations, 20,000 "colyums," 2 million lines, and 3 trillion words. I knew it all by heart. To think of it made me feel educated. Then I would have facts, know history, and possess power.

Between the rôles of Facts and Friends, books have worked for me as finance agents, servants, tools. At preparatory school, by purchasing a few second-hand books from a financially embarrassed foot-ball team mate, was born the idea of a second-hand business, which during five years in college, two years in professional, and three years in graduate school never started a bank account for me or decreased my college debts; yet it was the cause of my ever-increasing private collection.

Owing to the fact that an "old lady" in my prep-school town could not or would not handle the so-called translations of Latin and Greek texts, there was discovered to me that benevolent and indispensable institution—the second-hand bookstore. This solved one of my "lead-pipe" dreams, for in ordering translations and second-hand books, besides buying them from the students and selling them at a profit, a business was established by which I could lay in a stock to buy more books for my library

and my stock—generally ending in my library. It was like the Iowa farmer who planted more corn to raise more hogs to get more money to plant more corn. Let me explain that these “ponies,” like “All Gaul,” were divided into three kinds: Ponies, Horses, and Mules. “Ponies” were little 16-mo. handy literal translations; “Horses” were the yellow-edged and covered 12-mo. interlinears; while the “Mules” were either literary paraphrases or such texts as the calf-bound Anthons of “copious notes” fame, which in class recitation would likely “throw you off.” The finest example for hiding them I know of was by a half-breed Indian student for the ministry, now a prominent leader in American Indian affairs, who bound one between the covers of his same-sized church Discipline.

Although this business was run for a year under a ban, I had the quiet joy in my senior year of hearing the President’s secretary ask me, upon my return from a serious operation for appendicitis, if I had any second-hand books for a newly-arrived ministerial student who was very poor.

College was a virgin field, for the Co-op did not and need not handle soiled and torn books. After “laying low” before “starting anything” too early, when I became a sophomore I put away freshman modesty, and a little shelf in the Y. M. C. A. grew to a hallway stacked with rubbishy boxes and shelves until an assistant was employed, and my library, which for some unique reason had to be moved every year, became a multitude which no man could number.

Books never played such a momentous rôle in my life as in my senior year. The Co-op, after refusing to adopt me and my business, and after being duly warned

that some day a rival would be set up just off the campus and then it would be good-bye, Co-op, finally said to me, "Yes," but it was too late. A crisis was precipitated because just across from the second-hand counter of our "Student Supply" were the new books. Freshmen and old students so swamped the place that the usual piles of texts in the Co-op were left unsold. So serious was the situation that the chancellor sent for me and greeted me with the kind and tactful words, "You must have a lot of gall to start this business." After I gave him the history and showed him who really was coöperating, he grew less aggressive and sent three times for the very busy manager. After dismissing him from the university for refusing to appear, he received a curt note from the young man stating that he had graduated the year before. I had the exultant joy before I left college of seeing the Co-op handle soiled and dirty books.

Those were the days when books were impersonal—a means of mere exchange. I followed the law of selection and survival and built my library upon the pulp of dead books of the past. I opened no bank account and paid no ancient debts, but every day in every way my library grew bigger and bigger. I made the rounds of every downtown store, the pawnshops, and Salvation Army warehouse. I watched for rummage sales and the auctions and the outlet of the newspaper book reviewers. Even New York City was not too far away; and when I went to professional school, almost every book-seller of that famous city knew me. Cornhill, Bromfield, Franklin, and Beacon Streets felt most the tread of my swift feet unless their shrines had an "open court" upon the pavement. But my commercial days of "frenzied finance" had passed. I bought to keep or sell and trade

in private; and since my fields of interest grew narrower and narrower, books took on the part of acquaintances and fellows.

When I entered one of these old stores, it was like being among a group of friends, for so deeply then did books impress me by their shape, color, binding, and title, that, like a person in a crowd at a distance or partly turned to me, I could recognize one among ten thousand as though it had a face and hands and voice and said, "Hello, here I am!" Many times have I answered queries for books by something like, "Down at Smith and McCance—east wall—next to top shelf near the back—you will find a pretty good copy for sixty-five cents."

By the time I had reached professional school, my collection numbered nearly 4000. How I got the money to buy them I do not know. I did not steal it. Perhaps my old prep-school coach was right when, being asked to guess how much I paid for a set, he snickered and said, "Umph, you never paid more than ten cents for any book."

The next four years found me in a religious educational experiment in a famous little town in Indiana and a famous large city in New York. During this time there were added to my library a thousand pieces of the most important literature in general education and the best in religious education from the Seventh-Day Adventists to the Latter-Day Saints.

About this time something strange came into my life, for I was just beginning to say to myself, "Soul, thou hast many volumes stacked on thy shelves. Read, note, and inwardly digest." I was just beginning to know them as friends, for all, more or less, had some interesting

associations. Some were "finds," eagerly snatched from ten-cent street counters; many were autographed by dead or living authors; some had come in by various underground railways lest my family or roommate rebuke me for the outbreak of the seven biblio-demons within me. One such, I recall, was a volume on booklore in which was a kindred experience of Beecher's, who left his purchase at a neighbor's before finding if his wife was at home. But now as this literary wealth began to dawn upon me, I was beginning to be impressed by the poverty of other students, professors, and struggling schools. As their personalities grew upon me, I began to be oppressed, seeing them unread, unopened, and uncut, and, like souls unjustly imprisoned to solitary confinement, silently watching me.

Their titles took on the lineaments of a face; their covers seemed as hands tied behind them to keep closed their pages; the dust upon their upper edges was as ashes on the head of a sorrowing soul. Some assumed the forms of frantic race horses boxed in their stalls; hunting hounds leashed in their kennels; ships chained to their moorings, growing heavy with barnacles and slime.

Some, and these I cherished most, appeared as teachers longing for a class; as poet bards, hoping for a market-place to sing their songs; as missionaries begging to be sent to some home or foreign field. Some asked to command them to be turned into mental bread for hungry professors; others begged me to cast them down from their resting places even to homes where greased hands would grasp them and eager eyes and hungry minds would devour their pictures and their phrases; while a few took me to an exceeding high mountain and

showed me the needy colleges of the world where waiting lines were gathered to feed upon their pages.

And so, strange to say, before even the rumbling of the World War, the day came when this glorious company of near-martyrs of their authors, held in bondage by their owner, assembled to take leave to become the third side of the triangular foundation of a school: brains, bricks, and books. This was done because books were not furniture but friends, and my hope was to set an example for others of my Alma Mater to give not their cast-off, out-of-date junk, but their best.

After my days in France, where I neither purchased nor visited books, I held a convention with my educational literature, and as a pledge of friendship to a nation toward which some of us held a suspicion, they took a long journey to their new home in a college in Tokio, where they narrowly missed destruction in the earthquake.

Then once more, and I hope you will see me not as parading a virtue but as marching in a parade, I saw a mountain school in Alabama, grown to a thousand pupils in twenty-five years, with just the obsolete volumes of the aged clergy and their families. Here went the members of my innermost circle.

This is the story of the meaning of books to me: richer in content and fewer in number.

My book problem is my human problem. Like people, there are too many. I want to go back to the place where the great mountains speak to me; where I talked to the giant trees; where the massive boulders sheltered me, and the river never lost its charm or lure.

In this far-away little secluded village of my Book-land, there are not many folks around; but I know them

through and through. They are characters, rather individuals—distinct and different. They are as elemental and even more permanent than the valleys and the hills. There folks do not come to town every night and, like wide-eyed dolls, which cannot turn or speak, sit mutely looking at the moving books made up of pictures only; instead, they meet around in the evenings in one another's homes, and never tire of each other's company.

In my country town of Bookland, I do not feel ignorant or out of date because I do not know the well-dressed folks who race through the village, leaving behind clouds of dust and gas. I do not take up with those tailored chaps from the city until I know what company they keep; what place finds them at their leisure—the barber shop where they look for the *Police Gazette*, or the parson's porch, where they ask for one of these heavy volumes, bound in crumbling calf. I also want to see who takes up with them.

No, give me the company of our old cobbler and Grandfather Williams. I learn something from them everyday. Once a week, Saturday night, I like to go to the old store and sit around the big stove, to hear the old wags as they lean against the counter or sit on the soap boxes, speechifying and talking about their neighbors and the nation, then passing around the weekly news from the country paper. I want to drop into our old sitting room with the kerosene lamp on the little table, and the Bible, Bunyan, Burns, and other great poets underneath. I do not miss the city apartment with the four corners of the living room occupied by phonograph, radio, spiograph, and pianola. I will wait even into the Beyond, when this mass of sound and type will be refined into the few deep books like those just near at hand.

My one sad thought as I look upon the thousands, worthy yet unread, is what will become of them in that world beyond; but I am sure there will be those who by memory can piece together the great books, and certainly the real authors of real books will be there, and as Franklin wrote on his epitaph, we will find these books

in a new
and more beautiful edition
corrected and amended
by
the author.

Q U E S T I O N S A N D P R O B L E M S

GROUP C ESSAYS: THE CRAFTSMAN'S ART

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

The questions and problems following are designed to lead the student inductively to see for himself the principles of composition so far as concerned with artistic and practical problems of treatment.

PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION AS RELATED TO
ARTISTIC QUALITIES

Style has been defined as the man. In writing, previous study has shown us that the man reveals his personality:

1. In the choice of subject matter and treatment.
2. In structure, or the power to arrange subject matter and present treatment effectively. But unless the love of beauty and an impulse to create the beautiful reside in his nature, the result will not be literary in its highest sense. And unless with the sense of beauty there is combined a certain magic sympathy with humanity, the result may be merely admirable craftsmanship of aesthetic value. On these two, a love of beauty

and sympathetic *rapport* with mankind, hang literary power and distinction: the one elevating to the romantic and ideal; the other clinging to earth's realism.

Cold intellect alone, keen and discriminating, may produce a scientific treatise of high practical value, a dissertation of carefully reasoned, broad scope, a lecture of lofty thought and style. A subtle appreciation of beauty alone may make a great stylist, a delicate, fanciful painter of rainbow light. The one alone will produce a Huxley, a Tyndall, an Emerson; the other a Pater or Keats. But an essayist must needs have a solution in which to blend all that comes his way from any source; his solution is sympathy with mankind, his art a "discursive reflection on man and manners." With this ever in mind as a result of the study of Group A and Group B essays, one must turn with a sense of perspective to the artistic aspects of composition, since the artistic aspects may not be divorced if literary distinction is to be attained.

Treatment: I. Artistic; II. Practical

I. Artistic

A. Governing Conception

- I. Is there some figurative idea used throughout the essay? Compare Shaw's essays.

2. What is the effect of the figure on the treatment? On the structure? Is it effective? Climactic? Clearer?
3. Does the figurative idea heighten or lower the artistic value?
4. Consider the subject matter with the figurative idea omitted throughout. Does the subject matter then appear to have been chosen with the idea of instructing the reader purely, or of appealing to his aesthetic taste chiefly? Is the figurative idea inherent in the subject matter, or a device added to attract the reader?
5. If the subject matter is technical, just what is the function of the figurative idea?
6. Where there is no figurative idea to act as pivot and control, is there nevertheless some limitation *or set purpose, or point of view* which acts as determiner of material and treatment? Compare essays of Eliot, Ruskin, Macaulay, Pater. What, specifically, is this element in each essay? What function does it exercise on the essay? Compare it to the central object of a painting: what likeness and differences?
7. From the artistic point of view sum up what you have noted about the governing conception.

B. Emotion

8. Is there any expression of likes and dislikes, and play of emotion in any of Group C essays? Or of Group B or Group A? Is it more noticeable in some than in others? Why?
9. What emotion is revealed?
10. Is the display genuine and simple, or superficial and forced? Gentle or strong?
11. What part does its frankness perform in enlisting the interest of the reader?
12. Artistically, does the emotion add depth to the intellectual idea? Does it add color?
13. What part does emotion play in revealing the personality of the writer? In revealing his originality, that is, his reaction to the outside world?
14. Summarize what you consider the artistic function of emotion in literary productions like the essay.

C. Illustration in Relation to Mental Vistas

Although the essay at its best is a harmonious, unified discussion of some one phase of a subject, in its discursive comment on the phase, it may open up vistas in all directions; for example, historical, literary, artistic, scientific, philan-

thropic, religious, and so on. See *Questions and Problems* of Group A essays.

15. Enumerate such vistas in any three essays of Group C or Group A.
16. Just how far in any three essays of Group C or Group A, say of Chesterton, Sill, Stevenson, or Newman, do these side lights illuminate the main significance of the phase? In how far do they give perspective and foreshortening as in painting? In how far are they artistic?
17. In how far do these vistas give richness of texture? Warmth of color? A tapestry effect, as if the design were inwoven in the structure?
18. Is the subject matter of each illustration in itself artistically valuable, or is it the accumulation of detail that counts?
19. What effect in emotional reaction, in interest, or in sympathy does the use of the familiar have? Is its use artistic because of such associations, or because of inherent characteristics? Study three or four essays.

D. Tone

In Shakespeare's plays, as *Julius Cæsar* or *Macbeth*, the introduction strikes a keynote or tone, sometimes symbolized.

20. Do you find any tone, note, or atmosphere in any of these essays? If so, which essays and what tone?
21. What quality of artistic effect is added? Dignity? Severity? Gracefulness? Spirituality? Or others?
22. How is the effect attained? Consciously, or by unconscious reaction? Give instances to sustain your position.
23. What relation does the tone bear to personality? To subject matter?

E. Dramatic Sense

So far as exposition is concerned, dramatic sense may be defined as ability so to marshal details as to make some one central fact or opinion stand out against a background of the others with unexpected clearness.

24. Does any essay reveal a dramatic sense in the author? What? How?
25. Is suspense felt at any point? How is it attained?
26. Is there any unexpected turn that attracts attention? Is it in thought or phraseology?
27. Is there any dramatic treatment in the introduction or in the conclusion?
28. Is the theme itself handled dramatically?

F. Rhythm

29. In any essay that strikes you as smooth-flowing, notice whether there is any recurring rhythm, though not as regular or marked as in poetry.
30. Mark the accented syllables. How regular are they? Are there many monosyllables together?

II. Practical*A. Development*

Aside from the relation of adequate and clear development to structure, as discussed under Group B essays, adequate and clear structure may have a charm of its own—a certain state in which all thoughts seem to be illumined in their own light, a lucidity, a clarity that approaches crystal.

31. Is any such effect obtained in any essay? How is it attained? By diction? By conciseness? By repetition of idea? By some other means?
32. Does the writer keep the reader in mind or not? How can you tell?
33. Turn to any essay outlined in studying Group B. Has the writer amplified each of his main points clearly and adequately? Prosaically or effectively?

B. Paragraph

In exposition, the paragraph so completely registers the progress of thought and analyzes and develops it, that in itself it adds but little to artistic effect. What artistic value it contributes comes either from the climactic massing of the inductive paragraph, or from the forceful repetition of the topic sentence at the end, or middle and end, of the deductive paragraph.

34. Point out any paragraphs that, because of their structure as distinct from their thought content and development, are of artistic value.
35. Study any two essays of this group to note what variety of paragraph structure may exist. What is the effect of the variety artistically?

C. Sentence Structure

If there is one thing above all others which makes or mars style, in its more technical sense of method of expression, it is lack of variety in the sentence. With possibilities of variety in rhetorical structure through loose, periodic, and balanced sentences; in length, through short, long, and medium sentences; in grammar, through simple, complex, and compound sentences with their eighteen types of subdivisions;

in mood, through declarative, interrogative, exclamatory, and imperative forms; in order, through normal and inverted position of elements; in types of elements, through words, phrases, and clauses; and in figures of arrangement like parallelism, antithesis, and climax, the English sentence becomes a pipe organ with hundreds of tones at its disposal.

Says Arthur Christopher Benson, "The labor of shaping sentences and lifting them to their places is very severe." A master of the sentence like Stevenson attained his power and range through an apprenticeship during which he wrote every sentence in at least ten different ways. It is only by buckling down to strenuous exercise in sentence structure, just as the musician works over his scales, that success will come in securing an effect easily and artistically—which is the essence of style so far as style depends on a medium.

36. Study the opening paragraphs of Newman, Macaulay, the first two essays of Lamb, one of Chesterton's essays, and one of Benson's and classify the first ten or fifteen sentences for: length, grammatical structure, rhetorical structure, mood, order of elements, figure of arrangement.

37. Notice how one sentence shades into the next in a series of ten sentences. (Compare Group B, page 112, *Coherence*.)
38. Study the proportion of normal to inverted sentences in several paragraphs. Can you suggest what led to inversion in each case?
39. Note contrasts of long and short sentences side by side. What is the effect of the continuous use of medium-length sentences?

D. Diction

Style, in the narrow technical sense of method of expression, depends in the last analysis on two factors: sentence structure and diction. Usually, excellence in one presupposes excellence in the other, inasmuch as the vivacity of a word so often depends on its position in the sentence that the structure of a sentence is frequently varied to make a word dramatic.

Aside from the power of a sentence to make or mar a word, there are two other considerations to be noted: words that carry the thought; and words that serve as mortar in building a sentence grammatically, as prepositions, articles, conjunctions, and auxiliaries of verbs. When the second class is crossed out, the first will nevertheless convey the idea intelligently.

40. Consider any one hundred words of an essay. How many words fall in the first category? How many in the second? How many repetitions are there in the second class? Can their number be reduced by changing the constructions; as from clause to phrase, phrase to word, singular to plural number, passive to active voice?

Example—The day drew its first long breath, *which was* steady and still.

41. Of the first class of words, those that convey the thought, note how many of one hundred, in two or three paragraphs of different essayists are:

General vs. specific.

Commonplace vs. picturesque.

42. Note the juxtaposition of words from unlike realms, as "square and sensible," applied to a woman; and the connotation of words, as "prodigal," instantly reminiscent of the Bible.

APPLYING ARTISTIC DEVICES TO WRITING

1. In your list of theme suggestions, note whether any figurative idea is or can be associated with any theme. Sketch out the development with and without this

- governing conception, and note the result.
2. Take any one theme suggestion and discover two viewpoints from which it may be treated. Sketch out the development of both. Would any difference in choice of subject matter and treatment result?
 3. Under two contrasting conditions jot down your mood or emotional reaction to the same theme. What difference results in choice of subject matter and treatment?
 4. Taking any one theme suggestion, note what mental vistas will be opened up in seeking illustrations to clarify it. How much familiar material has been used? How many vistas are artistic?
 5. After a theme has been written in full, mark the accented syllables. Note whether some parts are more regular in accent than others. Read aloud the extremes to note the effect on the ear.
 6. Underline what you consider the most important statements of your developed theme. Do you lead up to them dramatically by any suspense? By unexpected phrasing? By climax or antithesis? Do important statements occupy important places in the paragraph or paper?

7. Write any one paragraph inductively and deductively, using the same material as far as practical. Write any one deductive paragraph according to the three types. What difference results in choice of subject matter? In treatment? In effect?
8. Study the sentences of any one paragraph according to question 36 on page 338.

Alter the structure if monotony appears. Continue the revision of sentence structure throughout other paragraphs.

9. Using any one paragraph, cross out every word which does not flash a picture. Of the words left, how many express the thought? Of the words crossed out, how many are grammatical "mortar" terms, like prepositions, conjunctions, auxiliaries of verbs? Reduce the second class by change of construction. Heighten the first class by more vivid synonyms. Study the two drafts from the point of view of:
 - (a) Number of words in each
 - (b) Vividness
 - (c) Force.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

GROUP A ESSAYS

HOW A STUDY OF CHESTERTON MAY HELP BEGINNERS

This rather full lesson-plan is submitted in order to suggest to the teacher how this book may be used in a course of composition writing. The lesson is planned for a fifty-minute period with students of college freshman grade. The presentation should be inductive.

Preliminaries

Students should be told to come to this recitation after reading all of Chesterton's essays included in this volume, and be ready to discuss the four points below:

1. Type of personality revealed by Chesterton in these essays, and how revealed
2. The central idea, or starting point, or genesis of each essay
3. Illustrative material for any one essay listed, and its use noted
4. Ten phrases listed which are especially good

Object of the Lesson

To reveal to students their own resources of knowledge, experience, environment, and personal reaction, available for writing.

The quest for a theme, "something to write about," is the first problem a composition student faces. Hence the second week of the course, if not the first, should have, as its central object, orienting the student, that is, opening up to him vistas of subject matter, to all of which he is related, whether he knows it or not. Some of these vistas will lead far afield into the world's work; others will lie close at hand, yet undisclosed except by study of the material used by essayists. One such lesson with Sill, one with Chesterton, and one with Stevenson will be an unexpected revelation to most students of how close at hand and how homely and how apparently trivial may be the material, and yet how artistic and significant the result. For the first time, perhaps, they will appreciate the dictum of art, "the maximum of effect with the minimum of resource." To begin such a study with Sill is effective, in that his central idea or starting point is usually an experience very common—so common as

to be overlooked by most freshmen. Yet once they have their eyes opened to this type of subject matter, they are capable of doing good work in this field. It enlightens and encourages those who suffer from the delusion that they must search for material remote, recondite, and weighty, and must wait for an "inspiration." Since genesis, development, treatment, and personality are so different in the selections chosen from these three authors, the findings and applications of these three lessons will be different, though class method may be the same.

Method of Class Recitation

- Part I. Discussion of Chesterton, 35 minutes.
Part II. Application to work of students, 15 minutes.

PART I

A. *General Questions*, designed to secure *esprit de corps* in the class and keen reaction, critical and appreciative.

I. Do you like Chesterton?

If any student does not—which occasionally happens—call on him first, and then on the other students, to answer objections made. The more spirited the

reaction, the better. Spend not more than five minutes on this question.

2. How does he compare with Sill in personality?

As various students quickly and informally reply, let the teacher list on the board the attributes of character or personality ascribed to Chesterton, at the same time pausing to ask the student how he gets the impression that Chesterton has "a high ethical standard," or is a "hater of conventionality," or "devoutly religious," etc. In reply, the student should briefly refer to some passage to substantiate. Where the same attribute is predicated of Chesterton as of Sill the preceding day, as "lover of nature," or "humorous," ask the student if he can feel any differentiation and can describe it, but do not at this time press for a distinction if the student is puzzled. The teacher should not discuss so thoroughly as not to leave some subject matter for the student's own investigation, to be given in some theme.

Not more than ten minutes should be used in receiving swift answers and writing the attributes on the board.

B. Specific Questions on genes s and material of each essay.

1. What sort of subject matter starts Chesterton to thinking and writing?

The answer is, of course, indicated in the "Preface," namely, *objects and their significance*. Contrast this with personal experience, which is the genesis of most of Sill's essays. Note that the essay, "The Twelve Men," is an exception to Chesterton's usual genesis, though even here he is detached in his attitude toward people as contrasted with Sill's genial warmth.

2. What illustrative material is used to bring out the significance of "A Piece of Chalk"?

List the details on the board, grouping them roughly under various headings, such as nature, art, people, animals, history, religion, study, experience, etc.

3. Have the class note where the central idea in its full significance is brought out, namely, at the end. (See questions under Group C essays, on dramatic handling of material.) Note the contrast to Sill's method of handling material.
4. Turn to the phrases listed by the students. Note the unusual juxtaposition of

words, like "square and sensible," applied to a woman, and various epigrams and paradoxes.

Consider what the phrases imply—(a) accurate observation, (b) exact analysis, (c) power of comparison. *Example*—"Left-over Expression of Countenance" shows Sill's observation of phenomenon, analysis of its significance, and comparison with food. (This point may be taken up in the previous lesson on Sill, and just reviewed here as applied to Chesterton.) In taking up Stevenson, it may be much more effectively stressed, together with the rich tapestry effect of the illustrative material, obtained not only by passages and sentences but by the minute choice of a word.

- C. If time remains, "The Twelve Men" may be similarly treated according to points 2-4 inclusive under *B*.

PART II

Application

Chesterton's method of attacking a subject and of arranging his material is the point to be stressed because he

himself urges this procedure in the Preface.

A. Test of Chesterton's advice to a beginner:

Look at anything and bring out its significance.

Tell the class that in a minute a word will be mentioned naming an object, and each is to give in rapid turn whatever comes to the mind on mention of the object—ideas, emotions, ideals, in short any sort of reaction, physical, mental, moral, aesthetic, religious, social—anything. What is wanted is the subjective method, the personal reaction, the answering of the question, “What does this mean to me? What does it remind me of?”

Then let the teacher mention the word *window*.

Ideas like the following will result in any order—light, illumination within, privacy within, vision outside, vistas opened up into the outside world, air, solidity of matter, manufacturing process, cost, condition of glass, frame, shades, artistic possibilities, etc.

Then ask the class which idea mentioned was the most important in the sense of being capable of serving as a

symbol. The result may be something like this: Is life a window through which illumination is to shine on self-centered consciousness within, or a window which is to open up vistas into knowledge and humanity outside? Of course, any other central idea may please the class better. The point is that some one symbolical interpretation may be chosen, and all the rest of the material subordinated and related to this, which should be stated at the end in order of climax.

- B. Assignment.* Ask the class to test this method out by listing in their notebooks for the next recitation three objects with their attending train of associations. Let them arrange in order of climax the material of any one suggestion, and be prepared to write a class theme on it.

GROUP B ESSAYS

HOW TO TEACH THE ESSAY OUTLINE

This rather detailed lesson-plan is submitted in order to suggest to the teacher how this book may be used in a course of Composition Writing. The lesson is planned for a fifty-minute period with students of college freshman grade.

Preliminaries

For this recitation, the students should be told to outline the Eliot or the Palmer essay. Any form of outline they have been accustomed to using in secondary schools will be acceptable.

As soon as some students enter the room, even before the period begins, two students should be sent to the board to place side by side their outlines of the Eliot essay; and two, the outlines of the Palmer essay.

Objects of the Lesson

- I. To secure a clear and efficient form for outlining:
 - (a) As a means of conveying one's ideas quickly
 - (b) As a basis of comparison of ideas
- II. To review the psychology underlying exposition. This presupposes two lessons devoted to the processes of thinking in relation to exposition. See Dewey, *How We Think*, Chap. 6.
- III. To show the psychology of the outline.

Method of Class Recitation

So far as possible, all points should be reached inductively.

PART I

Review while four students are putting outlines on the board.

A. Review Material

Let the teacher ask for: (1) the fundamental processes of thought; namely, analysis and synthesis; and (2) the steps of thinking according to Dewey. These are (a) a felt difficulty or perplexity as a starting point of thought; (b) its location and definition, i. e., its nature determined; (c) suggestion of possible solutions; (d) development of the bearings of the suggestions; (e) further experiment leading to the conclusion.

B. Application to outline

The teacher may then ask the class to think for a few minutes what bearings points (1) and (2) above have on outline work. The resulting discussion should arrive inductively at the fact that an outline is the tabular analysis and registration of the parts of the problem which the author has formulated tersely in his theme sentence, which is his conclusion briefly put.

C. *Corollaries which the teacher should impress on the student inductively.*

1. The process of outlining is natural; the mind goes through all these stages swiftly or slowly, as the case may be.

This should be contrasted with the view sometimes advanced by students that outlining is an artificiality imposed upon them.

2. The process of outlining the thread of thought already logically worked out by some author is mere reproductive outlining—a comparatively easy thing to do. The more difficult task is the constructive outlining of one's own thought-processes, for this will involve a whole series of tentative outlines in rough form, the earlier ones being mere enumerations of the points that come to one when starting to think some phases out. Only later is one in a position to arrange these points, group them effectively, and mass them in relation to the fully formulated theme, which is the final outcome of one's thought.
3. There is a need for the student to take this step, outlining, more consciously so as to avoid jumping at conclusions or reaching one-sided, prejudiced opinions.

To say that one "can not outline" is untrue of the normal mind: such an assertion merely accuses oneself of being too lazy to do one's own thinking, or too careless to desire clear-cut presentation, or too indifferent to be scholarly.

Part I of this lesson should be finished by the time the four students have finished putting their outlines on the board.

PART II

Discussion on how to outline effectively. Since the outline form appeals to the mind through the eye, the first requirement is clearness to the eye.

- A. Testing the outline form for clearness to the eye.*
 1. Ask the students to look—without reading a word—at each outline on the board, moving around the room, if necessary, so as to obtain a good viewpoint for comparison to determine which outline is the most attractive to the eye.
 2. Then ask for the reasons why one outline has been voted the most attractive to the eye, and list the reasons on the board.

The following reasons will probably be named:

- (a) Successive indentation for each subordination of thought
- (b) Margins straight
- (c) Numbering and lettering
- (d) Brevity of phrasing
- (e) Legibility

If there is any disagreement, let it be understood that the outline *form*—as contrasted with the mental process of outlining—may be a conventionality, but not a fetich; it must stand the sharp test of efficiency and brevity in stating the idea clearly to the other person.

B. Testing the outline form for clearness to the mind.

To do this, the outlines must be read to see (a) whether the analysis is clear to the reader, and (b) whether it has been presented with economy of time and effort.

1. Ask what students have *not* read Eliot's essay; let them alone recite on these two outlines, in order that the test may have practical value. Similarly, all questions on the Palmer outlines should be answered only by the students who did *not* choose that essay for reading.

2. Let the teacher read the main points only of the two outlines of the one essay and then of the other, and have the two sections of the class note:

- (a) Whether the main points agree.
- (b) If they are so worded as to flash their meaning clearly and instantly.

If they agree, the presumption is that the analysis is fairly correct. But if they disagree, there may be two reasons: (1) poor analysis by one or both students; or (2) confusing form of presentation.

If (b) the wording is instantly clear to students who have not read the essay, well and good. But if the students are puzzled, emphasize by their confusion that it is not sufficient for one to be clear to himself: he must be clear to the other person.

3. Clearing up difficulties.—This step may be omitted if both sets of outlines on the board are correct in analysis, and if all four are equally clear in form and phrasing. Obviously the teacher must be guided by what is on the board in correcting (b); so no help can be offered here. In correcting (a) experience has

shown that the difficulties usually arise from omission of the theme sentence or vague formulation of it; or from failure to distinguish between introduction, body, and conclusion.

To attack the difficulty of (a), let the teacher ask the proper section to formulate from the main points, as given, the gist or theme-sentence of the essay. Four or five attempts will probably show confusion, due to the inability of the students who have not read the essay to distinguish between what belongs to the introduction, body, and conclusion, respectively. Then the teacher may turn to the section of the class which has read the essay and ask whether the author was as hazy in the formulation of his central idea as the recitations would suggest. Reference to the text will show the clear-cut formulation. Then ask, if the outline is to represent the author clearly as well as correctly, what good reason there can be for omitting the theme from the outline or not labeling it. Determination of the theme will also reveal that what precedes its statement is introductory material, and what follows is analysis and discussion. In the case of the Eliot

and the Palmer essays, it happens that the theme is restated at the end of the discussion, or body, and the conclusion follows. Again, if the outline is to represent an author clearly, it is obvious the three parts, introduction, body, and conclusion, should be labeled by the use of these three words, both for the sake of clarity to one unfamiliar with the subject matter, and for purposes of comparison.

4. There remains to be determined one other point about the theme—its position in the outline. In the essay it is the turning point between introduction and body. But in the outline, conditions require it to be placed at the end of the introduction or the beginning of the body. Which is more logical? After stating the case, let the instructor turn to the drawing-room for an illustration. When a tactful hostess introduces two people, it is usual for her, besides mentioning names, to suggest a topic of conversation, as, for example, that she knows they are both interested in mountain climbing. Then as she leaves, discussion centers around the topic mentioned in the introduction. Without such presentation of a topic, attempts at conversation often result in

rambling, haphazard floundering. If the student is asked to draw the analogy, he sees that, as the name implies, the introduction is so called because its function is to present the theme to the reader. Logically, therefore, in the outline it should be given as the last point of the introduction.

Further analogies may press the point home. Mathematically, for instance, $x^2 - y^2$ represents the statement of the theme in a nutshell, and $x - y$ and $x + y$ its factors, or the parts of the body into which it breaks up or analyzes. As in geometry there is an axiom that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts, so the total of the main points made in the body should equal the formulation of the theme. No foreign subject matter should be included; no related matter excluded. The main points, too, for clarity's sake, should be worded as closely as possible in terms of the theme.

Again, by another illustration the nature of the theme may be clarified. The process of digestion may be made the symbol of the mental process of comprehension. An apple, for instance, may not be swallowed whole: it must be

broken into parts, masticated, and mixed with the digestive juices before the body can assimilate it. So a theme is an idea too large to be grasped mentally: it must be broken up and analyzed in various ways so as to bring out its significance. "Fine weather we're having today," is not a theme; in fact, it is scarcely a crumb of greeting. "What are the main elements of instruction and discipline in a democratic school?" is a theme to be dissected.

5. Three questions of detail often puzzle a student of freshman college grade: details on the use of sentence structure, numbering and lettering, and symmetry in corresponding points.

- (a) The use of sentence structure and phrase.

This may be settled by appeal to the logic of the situation. What parts must be unerringly clear in formulation? The theme and main points, obviously. But what unit in English grammar is the briefest complete unit of thought? The sentence. Then, obviously, the theme and main points should be in sentence form. But if these are crystal-clear, will it really be efficient and advisable, in case of the sub-points, to repeat words

necessary for grammatical connection but not for sense? Test by the outlines on the boards to see—the main points being clear—whether phrases and simple words are not sufficient to flash the meaning of the sub-points, when placed in a subordinate position. Usually this will be found to be the case. Without making a fetish of the matter, the conclusion can thus be drawn that good practice usually requires complete sentences for main points, but merely phrases or words for sub-points.

Similarly, by trial, the efficacy of parallel phrasing for parallel functions, and of balance where possible, can be demonstrated to a class.

(b) Numbering and lettering.

As for numbering and lettering, a few pointed questions by the teacher can show the class that since there is but one introduction one body, and one conclusion, no numbering or lettering is needed before these words: they are self-explanatory. Numbering and lettering may therefore be reserved for main points and sub-points, in alternating manner, to differentiate sharply between differing grades of subordination.

(c) Symmetry in corresponding points.

Sometimes a student may be puzzled by a lack of symmetry in a Roman I without a corresponding Roman II, an A without a B, or an *a* without a *b*. Again an appeal to logic, supported by illustrations, will make clear that just as when one cuts a stick one will have at least two parts, so, if he dissects or analyzes a thought, he will have at least two main divisions if not more. "There are always two sides to a question" is an old proverb of the race. So it is illogical, a mark of prejudice, ignorance, or immaturity, to have but one main division. But by the time some minor sub-point has been reached, the question may already have been so thoroughly thrashed out that to strain for symmetry and balance of letters and figures would be to make a fetich of an outline whose value is a short-cut record of thought.

6. Lastly, the teacher may present to each student a mimeographed sheet giving a model outline. By way of review and enforcement of points, the instructor may ask questions so formulated as to bring out the student's reaction as to why the theme has been included in the intro-

duction; its relation to the main points; its wording so as to show that relationship; the relation of introduction and conclusion to the body and to each other; the value of various margins, etc. A student may then be called upon to summarize the whole lesson, including the relation of outlining to thinking.

If any teacher uses this textbook to teach a lesson of this type, he will quickly see that the more alert and interested the class, the less will be his chance to determine the order of presenting these points. Instead, the class will ask so many questions that it is they who will guide the discussion—which is as it should be.

Assignment

For the next recitation, have the students rework, so as to meet the requirements discussed, the outlines brought in at this period.

In making this assignment, the teacher should emphasize two points:

- I. The need for college students to spend more time in analysis if they are to arrive at their own conclusions and if their conclusions are to have any value.

2. The need to present, or synthesize, that analysis clearly and briefly for others and themselves.

Further, the teacher should make it a point to discuss only the main points in the outlines on the board. Otherwise, too much time will be spent on the subject matter of the essays instead of on outline form, and too little will be left for the students to study out for themselves when revising their outlines.

ON TENTATIVE OUTLINES AND DEVELOPMENT

In teaching, often the thing not said is as important as the thing said. In the realm of the "not said," the student draws his own conclusion, and because these conclusions spring from lack of experience they are apt to be based on insufficient or incorrect data. After experience in teaching, a teacher will soon learn to know when and where to safeguard students from pitfalls.

One such is the use of the creative outline—to apply that term to the outline which registers the student's own work, as distinguished from the reproductive outline, which merely registers the student's analysis of some one else's work. Since the student is a creator, the teacher should reiterate continually that an outline must be

considered tentative so long as a student is still working at a problem, and should be modified repeatedly as the student progresses in his study. He must be warned continually that he must not allow his own outline to hamper him: instead, creative outlines, one after the other, should merely register his reasoning until he is ready to draft the final form of his paper.

Another pitfall in the use of the creative outline is lack of freedom and spontaneity in development. To this end a teacher should hesitate to require too much minuteness in an outline, unless dealing with some rare student in whose nature it lies to be meticulously exact in planning before executing. It is better for the teacher to err on the side of brevity, requiring the main divisions and more important subdivisions only, in the faith that if these are logical the rest will be. Then at least the student will not fall into the trap of considering that to copy the outline in paragraph form is to develop the outline into an essay. Between the outline and the finished essay lies the word *development*. The teacher must emphasize this word. It should be shown that the outline bears about the same relation to the essay as the frame of steel girders to a finished skyscraper, or the skeleton to the body. Between the two ex-

tremes lie all the beauty of color, all the variety and harmony of line, all the grace of contour, and all the charm of decoration.

GROUP C ESSAYS

HOW TO TEACH REVISION FOR FORCEFUL STYLE

This rather full lesson-plan is submitted in order to suggest to the teacher how this book may be used in a course of Composition Writing. The lesson is planned for a fifty-minute period with students of college freshmen grade.

Preliminaries

Students should be told to come to this recitation prepared to write a theme on some subject about which they feel strongly.

Object of the Lesson

To teach students how to revise their own themes in order to secure a more forceful, terse phrasing.

Method of Class Recitation

Part I. Ten minutes for writing a theme about two pages long.

Part II. Twenty-five minutes for explanation and first revision.

Part III. Fifteen minutes for second revision.

PART I

Have students write promptly for no more than ten minutes the theme they come prepared to write.

PART II

A. General Directions

Tell the class that just as in studying the piano they are given exercises to develop facility in some one phase of technique, as *legato* touch, or strengthening of the little finger, exercises which they practice by the hour, so at this recitation an exercise will be tried throughout the hour, which, in ordinary writing might be applicable only here and there, as some passage may require. The exercise is a drill in securing a forceful, condensed, terse style. Ask the students to follow conscientiously the directions about to be given, although they may not at first see their significance, and to work as hard as if at scale work at a piano.

B. Specific Directions

Cross out every word by a slant stroke, thus /, if that word does not flash a meaning; that is, is not picturesque or at least concrete.

Example, which the teacher may put on the board before the class period:

~~Infering from the newspapers, it seems that the~~
~~endless numbers going to the~~ Hollywood movie
~~studios is becoming a~~ great social problem. Women,
 especially young girls, ~~seem to have been~~ seized ~~by~~
~~the~~ age-old spirit ~~of~~ adventure ~~that~~ sent men ~~to~~
 Jerusalem, Africa, ~~or to the~~ North Pole. This
 problem ~~is becoming~~ more and more serious. (56
 words).

Have class note that this will involve crossing out two classes of words: (a) words necessary for grammatical construction, like prepositions, articles, conjunctions, auxiliaries of verbs; and (b) concept words like nouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, if they are colorless

Next, read aloud the words in the above example *not* crossed out, to show the class (a) that these words really carry the sense of the passage; and (b) much of the rest is padding which should be eliminated.

Then let the class cross out such words on their papers in two minutes—not more.

C. *Class First Revision*

Tell the class to take another sheet of paper and at once rewrite their themes, eliminating as many of class (a) words as possible by reduction of clauses to phrases

or to words, passive to active voice, and tuning up class (b) words by substituting more colorful and concrete synonyms.

Stress that the student is not to omit any idea. Instead, he is to rephrase each idea as tersely and forcefully as he can, guided by the test he has applied to his paper.

Tell the student after he has finished this revision to count the number of words in the original paper, and the number in the revised paper, and put both numbers at the head of the sheet.

While the students are writing, the teacher may walk from seat to seat, inspecting both drafts and making suggestions, or have the students come to the desk for aid if they desire any.

As soon as several students have completed the first revision, the teacher may have one or two revised drafts read to the class, or perhaps an unrevised and then a revised draft.

D. Class Second Revision

Then let the teacher give directions for the second revision, which should be started by each student as soon as he finishes his first revision.

The second revision should consist of alterations:

- (a) To secure the best position for the important word, phrase, or clause of a sentence.
- (b) To secure flexibility of sentence structure.

Example—The quotation in B, as revised for the first time by most students, would read thus:

The newspapers report that the endless rush to the Hollywood movie studios is becoming a serious social problem. The age-old spirit of adventure, that sent men to Jerusalem, Africa, or to the North Pole, has seized women and especially young girls. This problem is becoming more and more serious.
(49 words).

Though the passage has been shortened by seven words, a dangling participial phrase eliminated, and the diction improved, this revision has made no attempt so to arrange the parts of the sentence as to put the important idea in an emphatic position. Nor has there been any attempt to break up the monotony of sentence structure caused by three sentences all in normal order, beginning with the subject, followed by clauses in the first two cases,

and concluding with the predicate in all three cases.

Directions for Second Revision

- I. Underline the most important word, phrase, or clause in each sentence, to see where it is located. Revise each sentence in such a way that the important idea shall be placed at the beginning of the sentence, or preferably at the end, not by normal order, but by inverted where possible.

The teacher should note that in the example given both primary and secondary important ideas were underlined in the first two sentences; and in the third, the primary idea only. If the students are unusually advanced, they can work over the position of both primary and secondary ideas at once; *but the typical student should work on the position of the primary idea only.*

2. Note the structure of succeeding sentences for the following points:
 - (a) Order of elements: normal or inverted?
 - (b) Length: any variety?
 - (c) Grammatical structure: any variety?
 - (d) Rhetorical structure: any variety?

The sentences should then be so revised as to secure a smooth-flowing result. The result with the typical student would be at least freedom from monotony; with the abler student, brilliancy. It is to be noted that sometimes this study reveals to the student faulty logic in arrangement of ideas. This can be remedied by combining sentences together, as is done with the first and third sentences in the following passage as revised the second time:

More and more serious, so the newspapers report, grows the problem arising from the endless rush to the Hollywood movie studios. The age-old spirit of adventure, that sent men to Jerusalem, Africa, and the North Pole, has seized women and especially young girls. (43 words).

A comparison of the first and third drafts will show at once not only the improvement gained by the elimination of thirteen words from three sentences, but the still more marked improvement made by the rearrangement of sentences, phrases, and words.

Within four or five minutes of the end of the period, some four or five students will probably have completed the second re-

vision. Let the teacher interrupt the class to have these revisions read and the improvement commented on.

Assignment

1. Let all unfinished second revisions be completed out of class and handed in at the next recitation.
2. Have class read Newman's essay to note how force is obtained. Especially let them note sentence structure, compactness of phrasing, position of the important ideas in a sentence, climax, and choice of diction for discussion at the next recitation.
3. The next theme handed in must have gone through two similar revisions.

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